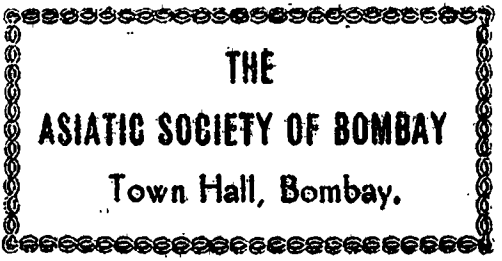
00052974



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016

THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

B 25

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

VOL. VI.

THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;

Collated with all the Former Editions,

AND CORRECTED;

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

52974

VOLUME THE SIXTH;

CONTAINING,

CAPTAIN;
PROPHETESS;
QUEEN OF CORINTH;
TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA;
KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

LONDON,

Printed by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;
For T. EVANS, and P. ELMSLEY, in the Strand;
J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street; J. WILLIAMS, No. 39,
Fleet-Street; and W. FOX, Holborn.

MDCCLXXVIII.

00052974

Good Frederick, let me go; I would fain try
If that thing do not counterfeit.

Act V.

THE CAPTAIN

A COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Hills and Gardiner aſcribe this Play to Fletcher alone; thoſe by Maine, to him and Beaumont. The Prologue ſpeaks of but one author. This Comedy was firſt printed in the folio of 1647. *We do not know of any alteration of it, or that it has been acted for many years.*

9x01

PROLOGUE.

TO pleaſe you with this play, we fear; will be
(So does the Author too) a myſtery
Somewhat above our art; for all mens' eyes,
Ears, faiths, and judgments, are not of one ſize.
For, to ſay truth, and not to flatter ye,
This is nor Comedy, nor Tragedy,
Nor Hiſtory, nor any thing that may
(Yet in a week) be made a perfect play:
Yet thoſe that love to laugh, and thoſe that think
Twelve-pence goes further this way than in drink,
Or damſels, if they mark the matter thro',
May ſtumble on a fooliſh toy, or two,
Will make 'em ſhew their teeth. Pray, for my ſake,
(That likely am your firſt man) do not take
A diſtaſte before you feel it; for ye may
When this is hiſs'd to aſhes, have a play,
And here, to out-hiſs this: Be patient then.
My honour done, you're welcome, gentlemen!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Julio, *a noble gentleman, in love with Lelia.*
Angelo, *friend to Julio.*
Lodovico, } *two cowardly gulls.*
Piſo, }
Frederick, *brother to Frank.*
Jacomo, *an angry* Captain, *a woman-hater.*
Fabritio, *a merry ſoldier, friend to Jacomo.*
Father *to Lelia, an old poor gentleman.*
Hoſt.
Vintner.
Drawers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Frank, *paſſionately in love with Jacomo.*
Clora, *ſiſter to Fabritio, a witty companion to Frank.*
Lelia, *a cunning wanton widow.*
Waiting-woman.
Maid-ſervants.

SCENE, VENICE.

THE

THE

CAPTAIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lodovico and Piſo.

Lodovico. THE truth is, Piſo, ſo ſhe be a woman,
And rich and wholeſome, let her be of what
Condition and complexion it pleaſe,
She ſhall pleaſe me, I'm ſure: Thoſe men are fools
That make their eyes their chooſers, not their needs.

Piſo. Methinks, I would have her honeſt too, and handſome.

Lod. Yes, if I could have both; but ſince they are
Wiſhes ſo near impoſſibilities,
Let me have that that may be.

Piſo. If it were ſo,
I hope your conſcience would not be ſo nice
To ſtart at ſuch a bleſſing.

Lod. No, believe me,
I do not think I ſhould.

Piſo. But thou wouldſt be,
I do not doubt, upon the leaſt ſuſpicion,
Unmercifully jealous.

Lod. No, I ſhould not;
For I believe thoſe mad that ſeek vexations:
A wife, tho' ſhe be honeſt, is a trouble.
Had I a wife as fair as Helen was,

That drew ſo many cuckolds to her cauſe,
Theſe eyes ſhould ſee another in my ſaddle
Ere I believe my beaſt would carry double.

Piſo. So ſhould not I, by'r lady! and I think
My patience (by your leave) as good as yours.
Report would ſtir me mainly, I am ſure on't.

Lod. Report? you are unwiſe; report is nothing;
For if there were a truth in what men talk,
(I mean of this kind) this part of the world
I'm ſure would be no more call'd Chriſtendom.

Piſo. What then?

Lod. Why, Cuckoldom; for we ſhould loſe
Our old faiths clean, and hold their new opinions:
If talk could make me ſweat, before I would marry
I'd tie a ſurer knot, and hang myſelf.
I tell thee, there was never woman yet,
(Nor never hope there ſhall be) tho' a ſaint,
But ſhe has been a ſubject to mens' tongues,
And in the worſt ſenſe: And that deſperate huſband,
That dares give up his peace, and follow rumours[1],
(Which he ſhall find too buſy, if he ſeek 'em)
Beſide the forcing of himſelf an aſs,
He dies in chains, eating himſelf with anger.

Piſo. Having theſe antidotes againſt opinion,
I would marry any one; an arrant whore.

Lod. Thou doſt not feel the nature of this phyſic;
Which I preſcribe not to beget diſeaſes,
But, where they are, to ſtop them.

Piſo. I conceive you:
What think'ſt thou, thy way, of the widow Lelia?

Lod. Faith, thou haſt found out one, I muſt confeſs,
Would ſtagger my beſt patience: From that woman,
As I would bleſs myſelf from plagues and ſurfeits,
From men of war at ſea, from ſtorms, and quickſands,
From hearing treaſon and concealing it,
From daring of a madman, or a drunkard,

[1] *Follow* humours.] The variation in the text was made in 1750. The whole converſation is on the ſubject of *report*, for which *rumour* is ſynonimous, and conſequently genuine.

From

From hereſy, ill wine, and ſtumbling poſt-horſe,
So would I pray each morning, and each night,
(And if I ſaid each hour, I ſhould not lie)
To be deliver'd of all theſe in one,
The woman thou haſt named.

Piſo. Thou haſt ſet her in a pretty Litany.

Enter Julio, Angelo, and Father.

Ang. Pray take my counſel.

Jul. When I am myſelf,
I'll hear you any way; love me tho' thus,
As thou art honeſt, which I dare not be,
Leſt I deſpiſe myſelf. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Piſo. Do you hear, my friend? Sir! are you not a ſetter
For the fair widow here, of famous memory?

Father. Ha! am I taken for a bawd? Oh, God!
To mine own child too? Miſery, I thank thee,
That keep'ſt me from their knowledge.—Sir, believe me,
I underſtand you not.

Lod. You love plain-dealing:
Are you not parcel bawd? Confeſs your function;
It may be, we would uſe it.

Father. Were ſhe worſe,
(As I fear ſtrangely ſhe is ill enough)
I would not hear this tamely.

Piſo. Here's a ſhilling,
To ſtrike good luck withal.

Father. Here's a ſword, Sir,
To ſtrike a knave withal; Thou lieſt, and baſely,
Be what thou wilt!

Ang. Why, how now, gentlemen?

Father. You are many: I ſhall meet you, Sir, again,
And make you underſtand, you've wrong'd a woman
Compar'd with whom thy mother was a ſinner.
Farewell! [*Exit.*

Piſo. He has amaz'd me.

Ang. With a blow?
By'r lady, 'twas a ſound one! Are ye good

At taking knocks? I ſhall know ye hereafter.
You were to blame to tempt a man ſo far,
Before you knew him certain. H'has not hurt ye?

Piſo. No, I think.

Lod. We were to blame indeed to go ſo far;
For men may be miſtaken: If h'had ſwing'd us,
H'had ſerv'd us right. Beſhrew my heart, I think,
We've done the gentlewoman as much wrong too;
For hang me if I know her,
In my particular.

Piſo. Nor I. This 'tis to credit
Mens' idle tongues: I warrant they have ſaid
As much by our two mothers.

Lod. Like enough.

Ang. I ſee a beating now and then does more
Move and ſtir up a man's contrition
Than a ſharp ſermon; here *probatum eſt.*

Enter Frederick and Servant.

Serv. What ſhall I tell your ſiſter?

Fred. Tell her this;
'Till ſhe be better converſation'd,
And leave her walking by herſelf, and whining
To her old melancholy lute, I'll keep
As far from her as th' gallows. [*Exit Servant.*

Ang. Who's that? Frederick?

Fred. Yes, marry is't. Oh, Angelo, how doſt thou?

Ang. Save you, Sir! How does my miſtreſs?

Fred. She is in love, I think; but not with you,
I can aſſure you. Saw you Fabritio?

Ang. Is he come over?

Fred. Yes, a week ago:
Shall we dine?

Ang. I cannot.

Fred. Prithee do.

Ang. Believe me, I have buſineſs.

Fred. Have you too, gentlemen?

Piſo. No, Sir.

Fred. Why then, let's dine together.

Lod.

Lod. With all my heart.

Fred. Go then. Farewell, good Angelo,
Commend me to your friend.

Ang. I will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Frank and Clora.

Clora. Do not diſſemble, Frank; mine eyes are quicker
Than ſuch obſervers, that do ground their faith
Upon one ſmile or tear: You are much alter'd,
And are as empty of thoſe excellencies
That were companions to you, (I mean mirth,
And free diſpoſure of your blood and ſpirit)
As you were born a mourner.

Frank. How, I prithee?
For I perceive no ſuch change in myſelf.

Clora. Come, come, this is not wiſe, nor provident,
To halt before a cripple. If you love,
Be liberal to your friend, and let her know it:
I ſee the way you run, and know how tedious
'Twill prove without a true companion.

Frank. Sure thou wouldſt have me love.

Clora. Yes, marry would I;
I ſhould not pleaſe you elſe.

Frank. And who, for God's ſake?
For I aſſure myſelf, I know not yet:
And prithee, Clora, ſince thou'lt have it ſo
That I muſt love, and do I know not what,
Let him be held a pretty handſome fellow,
And young; and if he be a little valiant,
'Twill be the better; and a little wiſe,
And, faith, a little honeſt.

Clora. Well, I'll ſound you yet, for all your craft.

Frank. Heigh-ho! I'll love no more.

Clora. Than one; and him
You ſhall love Frank.

Frank. Which him? Thou art ſo wiſe,

People

People will take thee ſhortly for a witch.
But, prithee tell me, Clora, if I were
So mad as thou wouldſt make me, what kind of man
Wouldſt thou imagine him?

Clora. Faith, ſome pretty fellow,
With a clean ſtrength, that cracks a cudgel well,
And dances at a wake, and plays at nine-holes.

Frank. Oh, God!
What pretty commendations thou haſt giv'n him!
Faith, if I were in love (as, I thank God,
I do not think I am) this ſhort epiſtle
Before my love, would make me burn the legend.

Clora. You are too wild: I mean, ſome gentleman.

Frank. So do not I, till I can know 'em wiſer.
Some gentleman? No, Clora, till ſome gentleman
Keep ſome land, and fewer whores, believe me,
I'll keep no love for him: I do not long
To go a-foot yet, and ſolicit cauſes.

Clora. What think you then of an adventurer?
I mean ſome wealthy merchant.

Frank. Let him venture
In ſome decay'd crare of his own[2]: He ſhall not
Rig me out, that's the ſhort on't. Out upon't!
What young thing of my years would endure

---

[2] *In ſome decayed* crare *of his own.*] Thus rightly reads the copy of 1647. The editor of 1679 has corrupted the paſſage, though at the ſame time I own he has well explain'd it; for thus he reads,

In ſome decayed crare *or* carrack:

Crare here ſignifies juſt what *carrack* does, being the name of a trading veſſel then, though I believe at this time 'tis entirely diſuſed.

Mr. Warburton I hope will pardon me, if after him I endeavour to correct a paſſage in Cymbeline from this line in our authors, act iv. ſcene ii.

Bel. *Oh, melancholy!*
Who ever yet could——find
The ooze to ſhew what coaſt thy ſluggiſh care
Might eaſieſt harbour in.

This reading our great critic judiciouſly rejects, and gives the paſſage thus,

——— *thy ſluggiſh* carrack,

Which certainly continues and compleats the metaphor; but we may yet come much nearer the traces of the letters, by reading thus,

— *what*

To have her husband in another country,
Within a month after she is married,
Chopping for rotten raisins, and lie pining
At home, under the mercy of his foreman? No;
Tho' they be wealthy, and indifferent wise,
I do not see that I am bound to love 'em.

Clora. I see you are hard to please; yet I will please you.

Frank. Faith, not so hard neither, if consider'd
What woman may deserve as she is worthy.
But why do we bestow our time so idly?
Prithee, let's entertain some other talk;
This is as sickly to me as faint weather.

Clora. Now I believe I shall content you, Frank:
What think you of a courtier?

Frank. Faith, so ill,
That, if I should be full, and speak but truth,
'Twould shew as if I wanted charity.
Prithee, good wench, let me not rail upon 'em;
Yet I have an excellent stomach, and must do it:
I have no mercy of these infidels,
Since I am put in mind on't; good, bear with me.

Clora. Can no man fit you? I will find him out.

Frank. This summer-fruit, that you call Courtier,
While you continue cold and frosty to him,
Hangs fast, and may be found[3]; but when you fling
Too full a heat of your affections
Upon his root, and make him ripe too soon,
You'll find him rotten in the handling:
His oaths and affections are all one
With his apparel, things to set him off;

—— *what coast thy sluggish* crare
Might easiest harbour in. *Sympson.*

Mr. Sympson is wrong in his assertion about the lection of the second folio, for that exhibits

Some decayed WARE, *or carrack*, &c.

Common sense and the first folio both authorise *crare*.—Mr. Steevens adopts Sympson's variation in Cymbeline; and adds, 'A *crare*, says 'the author of *The Revisal*, is a small trading vessel, called in the 'Latin of the middle ages *crayera*.'

[3] *Hangs fast and may be* found.] Corrected in 1750.

He

He has as many miſtreſſes as faiths,
And all Apocrypha[4]; his true belief
Is only in a private ſurgeon:
And, for my ſingle ſelf, I'd ſooner venture
A new converſion of the Indies[5],
Than to make courtiers able men, or honeſt.

Clora. I do believe you love no courtier;
And, by my troth, to gueſs you into love
With any I can think of, is beyond
Either your will, or my imagination:
And yet I'm ſure you're caught, and I will know him.
There's none left now worthy the thinking of,
Unleſs it be a ſoldier; and, I'm ſure,
I would ever bleſs myſelf from ſuch a fellow.

Frank. Why, prithee?

Clora. Out upon 'em, firelocks!
They're nothing in the world but buff and ſcarlet,
Tough unhewn pieces, to hack ſwords upon;
I had as lieve be courted by a cannon,
As one of thoſe.

Frank. Thou art too malicious;
Upon my faith, methinks they're worthy men.

Clora. Say you ſo? I'll pull you on a little further.—
What worth can be in thoſe men, whoſe profeſſion
Is nothing in the world but drink and *damn me?*
Out of whoſe violence they are poſſeſs'd
With legions of unwholeſome whores and quarrels?
I am of that opinion, and will die in't,
There is no underſtanding, nor can be,
In a ſous'd ſoldier.

Frank. Now 'tis ignorance,
I eaſily perceive, that thus provokes thee,

---

[4] *All* Aprocrypha.] Mr. Sympſon (and he acknowledges the variation!) reads, *apocryphal.* But *apocrypha* conveys the ſame ſenſe as the adjective, and is rather a more elegant reading.

[5] ——— *I'd ſooner* VENTURE
A new CONVERSION *of the* Indies.] Mr. Sympſon, thinking that to *venture* a *converſion* is not a clear expreſſion, propoſes reading *Indians* for *Indies.* The text certainly is beſt.

And

And not the love of truth. I'll lay my life,
If God had made thee man, th'hadſt been a coward.
Clora. If to be valiant, be to be a ſoldier,
I'll tell you true, I had rather be a coward;
I am ſure with leſs ſin.
Frank. This hereſy
Muſt be look'd-to in time; for if it ſpread,
'Twill grow too peſtilent. Were I a ſcholar,
I would ſo hamper thee for thy opinion,
That, ere I left, I would write thee out of credit
With all the world, and make thee not believ'd
Ev'n in indifferent things; that I would leave thee
A reprobate, out of the ſtate of honour.
By all good things, thou haſt flung a perſions
So like a fool (for I am angry with thee)
Upon a ſort of men, that, let me tell thee,
Thy mother's mother would have been a ſaint
Had ſhe conceiv'd a ſoldier! They are people
(I may commend 'em, while I ſpeak but truth)
Of all the old world, only left to keep
Man as he was, valiant and virtuous.
They are the model of thoſe men, whoſe honours
We heave our hands at when we hear recited.
Clora. They are,
And I have all I ſought for: 'Tis a ſoldier
You love (hide it no longer); you've betray'd your-
ſelf!
Come, I have found your way of commendations,
And what I ſaid was but to pull it from you.
Frank. 'Twas pretty! Are you grown ſo cunning,
Clora?
I grant I love a ſoldier; but what ſoldier
Will be a new taſk to you? But all this,
I do imagine, was but laid to draw me
Out of my melancholy.
Clora. I will have the man,
Ere I forſake you.
Frank. I muſt to my chamber.
Clora. May not I go along?

Frank.

Frank. Yes; but, good wench,
Move me no more with theſe fond queſtions;
They work like rhubarb with me.
Clora. Well, I will not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lelia and her Waiting-Woman.

Lelia. How now! who was that you ſtay'd to ſpeak withal?
Woman. The old man, forſooth.
Lelia. What old man?
Woman. The poor old man,
That uſes to come hither; he that you call father.
Lelia. Have you diſpatch'd him?
Woman. No; he would fain ſpeak with you.
Lelia. Wilt thou ne'er learn more manners, than to draw in
Such needy raſcals to diſquiet me?
Go, anſwer him, I will not be at leiſure.
Woman. He will needs ſpeak with you; and, good old man!
He weeps ſo, that, by my troth, I have not
The heart to deny him. Pray let him ſpeak with you.
Lelia. Lord!
How tender-ſtomach'd you are grown of late!
You are not in love with him, are you? If you be,
Strike up the match; you ſhall have three pounds
And a pair of blankets! Will you go anſwer him?
Woman. Pray let him ſpeak with you; he'll not away elſe.
Lelia. Well, let him in then, if there be no remedy:
I thank God, I am able to abuſe him; [*Exit Woman.*
I ſhall ne'er come clear elſe of him.

Re-enter Woman, with Father.

Now, Sir; what is your buſineſs? Pray be ſhort;
For I have other matters, of more moment,

To

To call me from you.

Father. If you but look upon me like a daughter,
And keep that love about you that makes good
A father's hope, you'll quickly find my buſineſs,
And what I would ſay to you, and, before
I aſk, will be a giver: Say that ſleep,
(I mean that love) or be but numb'd within you,
The nature of my want is ſuch a ſearcher,
And of ſo mighty power, that, where he finds
This dead forgetfulneſs, it works ſo ſtrongly,
That if the leaſt heat of a child's affection
Remain unperiſh'd, like another nature,
It makes all new again! Pray do not ſcorn me,
Nor ſeem to make yourſelf a greater buſineſs
Than my relieving.

Lelia. If you were not old,
I ſhould laugh at you! What a vengeance ails you,
To be ſo childiſh to imagine me
A founder of old fellows[6]?—Make him drink, wench;
And if there be any cold meat in the buttery,
Give him ſome broken bread, and that, and rid him.

Father. Is this a child's love? or a recompenſe
Fit for a father's care? Oh, Lelia,
Had I been thus unkind, thou hadſt not been;
Or, like me, miſerable! But 'tis impoſſible
Nature ſhould die ſo utterly within thee,
And loſe her promiſes: Thou art one of thoſe
She ſet her ſtamp more excellently on,
Than common people, as foretelling thee
A general example of her goodneſs.
Or, ſay ſhe could lie, yet Religion
(For love to parents is religious)
Would lead thee right again: Look well upon me;
I am the root that gave thee nouriſhment,
And made thee ſpring fair; do not let me periſh,

[6] *A* founder *of old fellows?*] Mr. Sympſon propoſes reading *fondler* for *founder*; but the latter word is certainly right, and very good ſenſe, alluding to charitable foundations. See note 67 on Wit without Money.

Now

Now I am old and ſapleſs.
Lelia. As I live,
I like you far worſe now you grow thus holy!
I grant you are my father; am I therefore
Bound to conſume myſelf, and be a beggar
Still in relieving you? I do not feel
Any ſuch mad compaſſion yet within me.
Father. I gave up all my ſtate, to make your's thus!
Lelia. 'Twas as you ought to do; and now you cry for't,
As children do for babies, back again.
Father. How wouldſt thou have me live?
Lelia. I would not have you;
Nor know no reaſon fathers ſhould deſire
To live, and be a trouble, when their children[7]
Are able to inherit; let them die;
'Tis fit, and look'd for, that they ſhould do ſo.
Father. Is this your comfort?
Lelia. All that I feel yet.
Father. I will not curſe thee!
Lelia. If you do, I care not.
Father. Pray you give me leave to weep.
Lelia. Why, pray take leave,
If it be for your eaſe.
Father. Thy mother died
(Sweet peace be with her!) in a happy time.
Lelia. She did, Sir, as ſhe ought to do; 'would you
Would take the pains to follow! What ſhould you,
Or any old man do, wearing away
In this world with diſeaſes, and deſire
Only to live to make their children ſcourge-ſticks,
And hoard up mill-money? Methinks, a marble
Lies quieter upon an old man's head
Than a cold fit o' th' palſy.
Father. Oh, good God!
To what an impudence, thou wretched woman,
Haſt thou begot thyſelf again! Well, Juſtice

[7] *When children.*] I have inſerted *their* for the ſake both of the meaſure and the ſenſe. *Sympſon.*

Will

Will puniſh diſobedience.
Lelia. You miſtake, Sir;
'Twill puniſh beggars. Fy for ſhame! go work,
Or ſerve; you're grave enough to be a porter
In ſome good man of worſhip's houſe, and give
Sententious anſwers to the comers-in;
(A pretty place!) or be of ſome good concert,
You had a pleaſant touch o' th' cittern once,
If idleneſs have not bereft you of it:
Be any thing but old and beggarly,
Two ſins that ever do out-grow compaſſion.
If I might ſee you offer at a courſe
That were a likely one, and ſhew'd ſome profit,
I would not ſtick for ten groats, or a noble.
Father. Did I beget this woman?
Lelia. Nay, I know not;
And, till I know, I will not thank you for't:
However, he that got me had the pleaſure,
And that, methinks, is a reward ſufficient.
Father. I am ſo ſtrangely ſtrucken with amazement,
I know not where I am, nor what I am.
Lelia. You'd beſt take freſh air ſomewhere elſe;
'twill bring you
Out of your trance the ſooner.
Father. Is all this
As you mean, Lelia?
Lelia. Yes, believe me, is it;
For yet I cannot think you are ſo fooliſh,
As to imagine you are young enough
To be my heir, or I ſo old to make
A nurſe at theſe years for you, and attend
While you ſup up my ſtate in penny pots
Of malmſey. When I'm excellent at caudles,
And cullices, and have enough ſpare gold
To boil away, you ſhall be welcome to me;
'Till when, I'd have you be as merry, Sir,
As you can make yourſelf with that you have,
And leave to trouble me with theſe relations,
Of what you have been to me, or you are;

For as I hear them, ſo I loſe them. This,
For aught I know yet, is my reſolution.

Father. Well, God be with thee! for I fear thy end
Will be a ſtrange example. [*Exit.*

Lelia. Fare you well, Sir!
Now would ſome poor tender-hearted fool have wept,
Relented, and have been undone: Such children
(I thank my underſtanding) I hate truly;
For, by my troth, I had rather ſee their tears
Than feel their pities! My deſires and ends
Are all the kindred that I have, and friends.

Enter Woman.

Is he departed?

Woman. Yes; but here's another.

Lelia. Not of his tribe, I hope: Bring me no more,
I would wiſh you, ſuch as he is. If thou ſeeſt
They look like men of worth, and ſtate, and carry
Ballaſt of both ſides, like tall gentlemen,
Admit 'em; but no ſnakes to poiſon us
With poverty. Wench, you muſt learn a wiſe rule;
Look not upon the youths of men, and making,
How they deſcend in blood, nor let their tongues,
(Tho' they ſtrike ſuddenly, and ſweet as muſic)
Corrupt thy fancy: See, and ſay them fair too,
But ever keep thyſelf without their diſtance,
Unleſs the love thou ſwallow'ſt be a pill
Gilded, to hide the bitterneſs it brings;
Then fall on without fear, wench; yet ſo wiſely
That one encounter cloy him not; nor promiſe
His love hath made thee more his, than his monies:
Learn this, and thrive; then let thine honour ever
(For that's the laſt rule) be ſo ſtood upon,
That men may fairly ſee
'Tis want of means, not virtue, makes thee fall;
And if you weep, 'twill be a great deal better,
And draw on more compaſſion, which includes
A greater tenderneſs of love and bounty;
This is enough at once; digeſt it well.

Go,

Go, let him in, wench, if he promiſe profit,
Not elſe.—Oh, you are welcome, my fair ſervant!

Enter Julio.

Upon my troth, I have been longing for you.

Woman. This, by her rule, ſhould be a liberal man:
I ſee, the beſt on's may learn ev'ry day. [*Exit.*

Lelia. There's none come with you?

Julio. No.

Lelia. You do the wiſer;
For ſome that have been here (I name no man),
Out of their malice, more than truth, have done me
Some few ill offices.

Julio. How, ſweet?

Lelia. Nay, nothing;
Only have talk'd a little wildly of me,
As their unruly youth directed 'em;
Which, tho' they bite me not, I would have wiſh'd
Had lit upon ſome other that deſerv'd 'em.

Julio. Tho' ſhe deſerve this of the looſeſt tongue,
(Which makes my ſin the more) I muſt not ſee it;
Such is my miſery [*aſide*].—I would I knew him!

Lelia. No, no; let him go;
He is not worth your anger.—I muſt chide you
For being ſuch a ſtranger to your miſtreſs;
Why would you be ſo, ſervant?

Julio. I ſhould chide,
If chiding would work any thing upon you,
For being ſuch a ſtranger to your ſervant;
I mean, to his deſires: When, my dear miſtreſs,
Shall I be made a happy man?

Lelia. Fy, ſervant!
What do you mean? Unhand me; or, by Heav'n,
I ſhall be very angry! This is rudeneſs.

Julio. 'Twas but a kiſs or two, that thus offends you.

Lelia. 'Twas more, I think, than you have warrant for.

Julio. I'm ſorry I deſerv'd no more.

Lelia. You may;

But not this rough way, ſervant: We are tender,
And ought in all to be reſpected ſo.
If I had been your horſe, or whore, you might
Back me with this intemperance! I thought
You had lov'd as worthy men, whoſe fair affections
Seek pleaſures warranted, not pull'd by violence.
Do ſo no more.

Julio. I hope you are not angry?

Lelia. I ſhould be with another man, I'm ſure,
That durſt appear but half thus violent.

Julio. I did not mean to raviſh you.

Lelia. You could not.

Julio. You are ſo willing?

Lelia. How!

Julio. Methinks this ſhadow,
If you had ſo much ſhame as fits a woman,
(At leaſt, of your way, miſtreſs) long ére this
Had been laid off to me that underſtand you.

Lelia. That underſtand me? Sir, you underſtand,
Nor ſhall, no more of me than Modeſty
Will, without fear, deliver to a ſtranger:
You underſtand I'm honeſt; elſe, I tell you,
(Tho' you were better far than Julio)
You and your underſtanding are two fools.
But, were we ſaints, thus we are ſtill rewarded:
I ſee that woman had a pretty catch on't,
That had made you the maſter of a kindneſs,
She durſt not anſwer openly. Oh, me!
How eaſily we women may be cozen'd!
I took this Julio, as I have a faith,
(This young diſſembler, with the ſober vizard)
For the moſt modeſt-temper'd gentleman,
The cooleſt, quieteſt, and beſt companion,
For ſuch an one I could have wiſh'd a woman——

Julio. You've wiſh'd me ill enough o' conſcience;
Make me no worſe, for ſhame! I ſee, the more
I work by way of ſervice to obtain you,
You work the more upon me. Tell me truly
(While I am able to believe a woman,

For,

For, if you uſe me thus, that faith will periſh)
What is your end? and whither you will pull me?
Tell me; but tell me that I may not ſtart at,
And have a cauſe to curſe you.

Lelia. Bleſs me, goodneſs!
To curſe me, did you ſay, Sir? Let it be
For too much loving you then; ſuch a curſe
Kill me withal, and I ſhall be a martyr.
You've found a new way to reward my doting,
And, I confeſs, a fit one for my folly;
For you yourſelf, if you have good within you,
And dare be maſter of it, know how dearly
This heart hath held you ever. Oh, good God,
That I had never ſeen that falſe man's eyes,
That dares reward me thus with fears[8] and curſes!
Nor never heard the ſweetneſs of that tongue,
That will, when this is known, yet cozen women!
Curſe me, good Julio, curſe me bitterly;
(I do deſerve it for my confidence)
And I beſeech thee, if thou haſt a goodneſs
Of power yet in thee to confirm thy wiſhes,
Curſe me to earth! for what ſhould I do here,
Like a decaying flower, ſtill withering
Under his bitter words, whoſe kindly heat
Should give my poor heart life? No; curſe me, Julio!
Thou canſt not do me ſuch a benefit
As that, and well done, that the Heav'ns may hear it.

Julio. Oh, fair tears! were you but as chaſte as ſubtle,
Like bones of ſaints, you would work miracles.
What were theſe women to a man that knew not
The thouſand, thouſand ways of their deceiving?
What riches had he found? Oh, he would think
Himſelf ſtill dreaming of a bleſſedneſs,
That, like continual ſpring, ſhould flouriſh ever:
For if ſhe were as good as ſhe is ſeeming,
Or, like an eagle, could renew her virtues,
Nature had made another world of ſweetneſs.—
Be not ſo griev'd, ſweet miſtreſs; what I ſaid,

[8] *Fears.*] *i. e.* Actions that *ſhock*, or *terrify* me.

You do, or ſhould know, was but paſſion:
Pray wipe your eyes, and kiſs me. Take theſe trifles,
And wear them for me, which are only rich
When you will put them on. Indeed, I love you:
Beſhrew my ſick heart, if I grieve not for you!

Lelia. Will you diſſemble ſtill? I am a fool,
And you may eaſily rule me. If you flatter,
The ſin will be your own.

Julio. You know I do not.

Lelia. And ſhall I be ſo childiſh once again,
After my late experience of your ſpite,
To credit you? You do not know how deep
(Or, if you did, you would be kinder to me)
This bitterneſs of yours has ſtruck my heart.

Julio. I pray, no more.

Lelia. Thus you would do, I warrant,
If I were married to you.

Julio. Married to me?
Is that your end?

Lelia. Yes; is not that the beſt end,
And, as all hold, the nobleſt way of love?
Why do you look ſo ſtrange, Sir? Do not you
Deſire it ſhould be ſo?

Julio. Stay!

Lelia. Anſwer me.

Julio. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Lelia. Ay! are you there? are all theſe tears loſt then?
Am I ſo overtaken by a fool,
In my beſt days and tricks? My wiſe fellow,
I'll make you ſmart for't, as I am a woman!
And, if thou be'ſt not timber, yet I'll warm thee.
And is he gone?

Enter Woman.

Woman. Yes.

Lelia. He's not ſo lightly ſtruck,
To be recover'd with a baſe repentance;
I ſhould be ſorry then. Fortune, I prithee
Give me this man but once more in my arms,
And, if I loſe him, women have no charms! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Jacomo and Fabritio.

Jac. SIGNIOR, what think you of this ſound of wars?

Fab. As only of a ſound: They that intend
To do are like deep waters, that run quietly,
Leaving no trace[9] of what they were behind 'em.
This rumour is too common, and too loud,
To carry truth.

Jac. Shall we ne'er live to ſee
Men look like men again, upon a march?
This cold dull ruſty peace makes us appear
Like empty pictures, only the faint ſhadows
Of what we ſhould be. 'Would to God my mother
Had given but half her will to my begetting,
And made me woman, to ſit ſtill and ſing,
Or be ſick when I liſt, or any thing
That is too idle for a man to think of!
Would I had been a whore! 't had been a courſe
Certain, and (of my conſcience) of more gain
Than two commands, as I would handle it.
'Faith, I could wiſh I had been any thing,
(Rather than what I am, a ſoldier)
A carrier, or a cobler, when I knew
What 'twas to wear a ſword firſt! for their trades
Are, and ſhall be, a conſtant way of life,
While men ſend cheeſes up, or wear out buſkins.

Fab. Thou art a little too impatient,
And mak'ſt thy anger a far more vexation

9 *Leaving no* face.] Mr. Seward ſubſtitutes *noiſe* for *face*; as the latter word does not 'agree, ſays he, with the former or ſubſequent 'metaphors.' Mr. Sympſon thinks 'that neither *face* or *noiſe* are 'at all proper in this place.' We think *trace* a much better word than either of the others, if not the original.

Than the not having wars. I am a ſoldier,
Which is my whole inheritance, yet I,
Tho' I could wiſh a breach with all the world,
If not diſhonourable, I am not ſo malicious
To curſe the fair peace of my mother-country.
But thou want'ſt money, and the firſt ſupply
Will bury theſe thoughts in thee.

Jac. 'Pox o' peace!
It fills the kingdom full of holidays,
And only feeds the wants of whores and pipers,
And makes the idle drunken rogues get ſpinſters.
'Tis true, I may want money, and no little,
And almoſt cloaths too; of which if I'd both
In full abundance, yet againſt all peace
(That brings up miſchiefs thicker than a ſhower)
I would ſpeak louder than a lawyer.
By Heav'n, it is the ſurfeit of all youth,
That makes the toughneſs and the ſtrength of nations
Melt into women; it is an eaſe that
Broods thieves and baſtards only.

Fab. This is more
(Tho' it be true) than we ought to lay open,
And ſeaſons only of an indiſcretion.
Believe me, Captain, ſuch diſtemper'd ſpirits,
Once out of motion, tho' they be proof-valiant,
If they appear thus violent and fiery,
Breed but their own diſgraces, and are nearer
Doubt and ſuſpect in princes, than rewards.

Jac. 'Tis well they can be near 'em any way.
But call you thoſe true ſpirits ill-affected,
That, whilſt the wars were, ſerv'd like walls and ribs
To girdle in the kingdom, and now, fall'n
Thro' a faint peace into affliction,
Speak but their miſeries? Come, come, Fabritio,
You may pretend what patience you pleaſe,
And ſeem to yoke your wants like paſſions[10];

[10] *To yoke your wants* like *paſſions.*] Mr. Seward, conſidering *want* as 'one of our paſſions,' objects to this reading, and propoſes to ſubſtitute, *wants* AND *paſſions*. Mr. Sympſon would read,

—— *to*

But, while I know thou art a ſoldier,
And a deſerver, and no other harveſt
But what thy ſword reaps for thee to come in,
You ſhall be pleas'd to give me leave to tell you,
You wiſh a devil of this muſty peace:
To which prayer, as one that's bound in conſcience,
And all [11] that love our trade, I cry, Amen!

Fab. Prithee no more; we ſhall live well enough:
There's ways enough beſides the wars, to men
That are not logs, and lie ſtill for the hands
Of others to remove 'em.

Jac. You may thrive, Sir;
Thou'rt young and handſome yet, and well enough
To pleaſe a widow; thou canſt ſing, and tell
Theſe fooliſh love-tales, and indite a little,
And, if need be, compile a pretty matter,
And dedicate it to the Honourable;
Which may awaken his compaſſion,
To make you clerk o' th' kitchen, and at length
Come to be married to my lady's woman,
After ſhe's crack'd i' th' ring [12].

Fab. 'Tis very well, Sir.

Jac. But what doſt thou think ſhalt become of me,
With all my imperfections? Let me die,
If I think I ſhall ever reach above
A forlorn tapſter, or ſome frothy fellow,
That ſtinks of ſtale beer!

—— *to* CLOAK *your wants like paſſions.*

To yoke your wants like paſſions may, for aught we ſee, be the right reading; and the whole paſſage ſignifies, that 'Fabritio might 'indeed pretend to patience, and endeavour to curb his neceſſities 'and his appetites, yet he was in reality an enemy to peace.'

[11] And *all that love*, &c.] Seward reads, WITH *all*, &c. and ſays, 'the old text is ſcarcely grammar. The grammar is not more licentious than that of many other paſſages, and the meaning is obvious.

[12] *After* ſhe's crack'd i' th' ring.] This phraſe occurs in Hamlet, act ii. ſcene ii. 'Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent 'gold, *be not crack'd within the ring.*' And again, as Mr. Steevens obſerves, in Ben Jonſon's Magnetic Lady; 'Light gold, and *crack'd* 'within the ring.' See alſo vol. ii. p. 297, of this Work. *R.*

Fab.

Fab. Captain Jacomo,
Why ſhould you think ſo hardly of your virtues?
Jac. What virtues? By this light, I have no virtue
But down-right buffeting! What can my face,
(That is no better than a ragged map now,
Of where I've march'd and travell'd) profit me?
Unleſs it be for ladies to abuſe,
And ſay 'twas ſpoil'd for want of a *bongrace*
When I was young, and now 'twill make a true
Prognoſtication of what man muſt be?
Tell me of a fellow that can mend noſes? and complain,
So tall a ſoldier ſhould want teeth to his ſtomach?
And how it was great pity, that it was,
That he that made my body was ſo buſied
He could not ſtay to make my legs too, but was driv'n
To clap a pair of cat-ſticks to my knees,
For which I am indebted to two ſchool-boys?
This muſt follow neceſſary.
Fab. There's no ſuch matter.
Jac. Then for my morals, and thoſe hidden pieces
That art beſtows upon me, they are ſuch,
That, when they come to light, I'm ſure will ſhame me;
For I can neither write, nor read, nor ſpeak,
That any man ſhall hope to profit by me;
And for my languages, they are ſo many,
That, put them all together, they will ſcarce
Serve to beg ſingle beer in. The plain truth is,
I love a ſoldier, and can lead him on,
And if he fight well, I dare make him drunk:
This is my virtue, and if this will do,
I'll ſcramble yet amongſt 'em.
Fab. 'Tis your way
To be thus pleaſant ſtill; but fear not, man,
For tho' the wars fail, we ſhall ſcrew ourſelves
Into ſome courſe of life yet.
Jac. Good Fabritio,
Have a quick eye upon me, for I fear
This peace will make me ſomething that I love not;
For, by my troth, tho' I am plain and dudgeon,

I would

I would not be an aſs; and to ſell parcels,
I can as ſoon be hang'd. Prithee beſtow me,
And ſpeak ſome little good, tho' I deſerve not.

Enter Father.

Fab. Come, we'll conſider more. Stay! this
Should be another windfall of the wars.

Jac. He looks indeed like an old tatter'd colours,
That every wind would borrow from the ſtaff:
Theſe are the hopes we have for all our hurts.
They have not caſt his tongue too?

Father. They that ſay
Hope never leaves a wretched man that ſeeks her,
I think are either patient fools, or liars;
I'm ſure I find it ſo! for I am maſter'd
With ſuch a miſery and grief together,
That that ſtay'd anchor men lay hold upon
In all their needs, is to me lead that bows,
Or breaks, with every ſtrong ſea of my ſorrows.
I could now queſtion Heaven (were it well
To look into their juſtice) why thoſe faults,
Thoſe heavy ſins others provoke 'em with,
Should be rewarded on the heads of us
That hold the leaſt alliance to their vices:
But this would be too curious; for I ſee
Our ſuffering, not diſputing, is the end
Reveal'd to us of all theſe miſeries.

Jac. Twenty ſuch holy hermits in a camp
Would make 'em all Carthuſians: I'll be hang'd
If he know what a whore is, or a health;
Or have a nature liable to learn,
Or ſo much honeſt nurture to be drunk.
I do not think he has the ſpleen to ſwear
A greater oath than ſempſters utter ſocks with [15],
Spur him a queſtion.

[15] UTTER *ſocks.*] i. e. *Sell* them. So in Shakeſpeare's Romeo,

'Such mortal drugs I have, but Mantua's law'
'Is death to any he that *utters* them.'

Every *ſale*, which tends to render things common, is metaphorically conſidered as a kind of publication.

Father.

Father. They are ſtrangers both
To me, as I to them, I hope. I would not have
Me and my ſhame together known by any:
I'll rather lie myſelf unto another.

Fab. I need not aſk you, Sir, your country;
I hear you ſpeak this tongue: Pray what more are you?
Or have you been? if it be not offenſive
To urge you ſo far. Miſery in your years
Gives every thing a tongue to queſtion it.

Father. Sir, tho' I could be pleas'd to make my ills
Only mine own, for grieving other men,
Yet, to ſo fair and courteous a demander,
That promiſes compaſſion, at worſt pity [13],
I will relate a little of my ſtory.
I am a gentleman, however thus
Poor and unhappy; which, believe me, Sir,
Was not born with me; for I well have tried
Both the extremes of fortune, and have found
Both dangerous. My younger years provok'd me,
(Feeling in what an eaſe I ſlept at home,
Which to all ſtirring ſpirits is a ſickneſs)
To ſee far countries, and obſerve their cuſtoms:
I did ſo, and I travell'd till that courſe
Stor'd me with language, and ſome few ſlight manners,
Scarce worth my money; when an itch poſſeſs'd me
Of making arms my active end of travel.

Fab. But did you ſo?

Father. I did; and twenty winters
I wore the Chriſtian cauſe upon my ſword,
Againſt his enemies [14]. At Buda ſiege,
Full many a cold night have I lodg'd in armour,
When all was frozen in me but mine honour;
And many a day, when both the ſun and cannon

[13] *That promiſes* compaſſion, *at worſt* pity.] The Poets ſeem to uſe *compaſſion* in the ſenſe of *relief* added to pity; *pity* as ſimple *commiſeration.*

[14] *Againſt* his *enemies.*] Mr. Seward would have us read *its* for *his*, as neceſſary to the grammar of the paſſage: I ſee no reaſon for this, becauſe it is uſual in the Saxon writers, and thoſe who ſucceeded 'em; Spenſer particularly abounds in it; our Authors too, as the learned reader will obſerve, have it more than once in their plays, and even Milton himſelf has approv'd the practice. *Sympſon.*

Strove

Strove who ſhould moſt deſtroy us, have I ſtood
Mail'd up in ſteel, when my tough ſinews ſhrunk,
And this parch'd body ready to conſume
As ſoon to aſhes, as the pike I bore.
Want has been to me as another nature;
Which makes me with this patience ſtill profeſs it.
And if a ſoldier may, without vainglory,
Tell what h'has done, believe me, gentlemen,
I could turn over annals of my dangers!
With this poor weakneſs have I man'd a breach,
And made it firm with ſo much blood, that all
I had to bring me off alive was anger.
Thrice was I made a ſlave, and thrice redeem'd
At price of all I had; the miſeries
Of which times, if I had a heart to tell,
Would make ye weep like children; but I'll ſpare ye.
Jac. Fabritio, we two have been ſoldiers
Above theſe fourteen years, yet, o' my conſcience,
All we have ſeen, compar'd to his experience,
Has been but cudgel-play, or cock-fighting[15]!
By all the faith I have in arms, I reverence
The very poverty of this brave fellow;
Which were enough itſelf, and his[16], to ſtrengthen
The weakeſt town againſt half Chriſtendom.
I was never ſo aſham'd of ſervice
In all my life before, now I conſider
What I have done; and yet the rogues would ſwear
I was a valiant fellow: I do find
The greateſt danger I have brought my life thro',
Now I have heard this worthy, was no more

[15] *Or* cock-fighting.] What *cock-fighting* has to do with gentleman of the ſword, wou'd perhaps puzzle a grand council of war to explain. But *mock fighting*, as I read, carries on the ſenſe of the authors, and makes it conſiſtent; cudgels being properly to be look'd upon as no more than the *tela luſoria* of the ancients. *Sympſon.*

Cock-fighting is much the beſt reading, and quite in Jacomo's character.

[16] And *his.*] The Editors of 1750 object to this reading, conjecture various others, and at laſt exhibit AS *his.* The line is, to be ſure, rather hard; but as it may be underſtood, cannot warrantably be altered.

Than

Than ſtealing of a May-pole, or, at worſt,
Fighting at ſingle billet with a bargeman.
Fab. I do believe him, Jacomo.
Jac. Believe him?
I have no faith within me, if I do not.
Father. I ſee they are ſoldiers,
And, if we may judge by affections,
Brave and deſerving men. How they are ſtirr'd
But with a mere relation of what may be!
Since I have won belief, and am not known,
Forgive me, Honour! I'll make uſe of thee.
Fab. Sir, 'would I were a man or great or able,
To look with liberal eyes upon your virtue.
Jac. Let's give him all we have, and leave off prating.
Here, ſoldier; there's even five months' pay; be merry,
And get thee handſome cloaths.
Fab. What mean you, Jacomo?
Jac. You are a fool!
The very ſtory's worth a hundred pounds.
Give him more money.
Father. Gentlemen, I know not
How I am able to deſerve this bleſſing;
But if I live to ſee fair days again,
Something I'll do in honour of your goodneſs,
That ſhall ſhew thankfulneſs, if not deſert.
Fab. If you pleaſe, Sir, till we procure you place,
To eat with us, or wear ſuch honeſt garments
As our poor means can reach to, you ſhall be
A welcome man: To ſay more, were to feed you
Only with words. 'We honour what you've been,
For we are ſoldiers, tho' not near the worth
You ſpake of lately.
Father. I do gueſs ye ſo;
And knew, unleſs ye were a ſoldier,
Ye could not find the way to know my wants.
Jac. But methinks all this while you are too temperate:
Do you not tell men ſometimes of their dullneſs,
When you are grip'd, as now you are, with need?
I do;

I do; and let them know thoſe ſilks they wear,
The war weaves for 'em; and the bread they eat
We ſow, and reap again, to feed their hunger.
I tell them boldly, they are maſters of
Nothing but what we fight for; their fair women
Lie playing in their arms, whilſt we, like Lares,
Defend their pleaſures. I am angry too,
And often rail at theſe forgetful great men
That ſuffer us to ſue, for what we ought
To have flung on us, ere we aſk.

Father. I have
Too often told my griefs that way, when all
I reap'd was rudeneſs of behaviour:
In their opinions, men of war that thrive,
Muſt thank 'em when they rail, and wait to live.

Fab. Come, Sir; I ſee your wants need more relieving,
Than looking what they are: Pray go with us.

Father. I thank you, gentlemen! Since you are pleas'd
To do a benefit, I dare not croſs it:
And what my ſervice or endeavours may
Stand you in ſtead, you ſhall command, not pray.

Jac. So you ſhall us;
I'll to the taylor's with you bodily. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Frederick, Lodovico, and Piſo.

Lod. Well, if this be true, I'll believe a woman
When I have nothing elſe to do.

Piſo. 'Tis certain, if there be a way of truth
In bluſhes, ſmiles, and commendations;
For, by this light, I've heard her praiſe yon fellow
In ſuch a pitch, as if ſh' had ſtudied
To crowd the worths of all men into him:
And I imagine theſe are ſeldom us'd
Without their ſpecial ends, and by a maid
Of her deſires and youth.

Fred.

Fred. It may be ſo.
She's free, as you, or I am, and may have,
By that prerogative, a liberal choice
In the beſtowing of her love.
Lod. Beſtowing?
If it be ſo, ſhe has beſtow'd herſelf
Upon a trim youth! Piſo, what do you call him?
Piſo. Why, captain Jacomo.
Lod. Oh, captain Jack-boy;
That is the gentleman.
Fred. I think he be
A gentleman at worſt.
Lod. So think I too;
'Would he would mend, Sir!
Fred. And a tall one too.
Lod. Yes, of his teeth; for of my faith I think
They're ſharper than his ſword, and dare do more,
If the *beuffe* meet him fairly [17].
Fred. Very well!
Piſo. Now do I wonder what ſhe means to do
When ſhe has married him.
Lod. Why, well enough;
Trail his pike under him, and be a gentlewoman
Of the brave Captain's company.
Fred. Do you hear me?
This woman is my ſiſter, gentlemen.
Lod. I'm glad ſhe's none of mine. But, Frederick,
Thou art not ſuch a fool ſure to be angry,
Unleſs it be with her: We are thy friends, man.
Fred. I think ye are.
Lod. Yes, faith! and do but tell thee
How ſhe will utterly o'erthrow her credit,
If ſhe continue gracing of this pot-gun.
Piſo. I think ſhe was bewitch'd, or mad, or blind;
She would ne'er have taken ſuch a ſcare-crow elſe
Into protection. O' my life, he looks
Of a more ruſty, ſwarth complexion,

[17] *If the* beuffe *meet him fairly.*] Firſt folio. The two following editions ſay, *buff.* Seward, *beif.*

Than

Than an old arming doublet!

Lod. I would ſend
His face to th' cutlers then, and have it ſanguin'd;
'Twill look a great deal ſweeter. Then his noſe
I would have ſhorter; and my reaſon is,
His face will be ill-mounted elſe.

Piſo. For his body,
I will not be my own judge, leſt I ſeem
A railer; but let others look upon't,
And if they find it any other thing
Than a trunk-cellar, to ſend wines down in,
Or a long walking bottle, I'll be hang'd for't.
His hide (for ſure he is a beaſt) is ranker
Then the Muſcovy-leather, and grain'd like it;
And, by all likelihoods, he was begotten
Between a ſtubborn pair of winter boots;
His body goes with ſtraps, he is ſo churliſh.

Lod. He's poor and beggarly, beſides all this,
And of a nature far uncapable
Of any benefit; for his manners cannot
Shew him a way to thank a man that does one,
He's ſo uncivil. You may do a part
Worthy a brother, to perſuade your ſiſter
From her undoing: If ſhe prove ſo fooliſh
To marry this caſt captain, look to find her,
Within a month, where you, or any good man,
Would bluſh to know her; ſelling cheeſe and prunes[18],
And retail'd bottle-ale. I grieve to think,
Becauſe I lov'd her, what a march this Captain
Will ſet her into.

Fred. You are both, believe me,
Two arrant knaves; and, were it not for taking
So juſt an execution from his hands
You have belied thus, I would ſwaddle ye[19],
'Till I could draw off both your ſkins like ſcabbards.

[18] *Prunes.*] See note 66 on the Mad Lover.

[19] Swaddle *ye.*] He means *beat.* So Hudibras, b. i. c. i. 23, 24.
'Great on the bench, great in the ſaddle,
'That cou'd as well bind o'er as *ſwaddle.*' *Sympſon.*

That man that you have wrong'd thus, tho' to me
He be a ſtranger, yet I know ſo worthy,
However low in fortune, that his worſt parts,
The very wearing of his cloaths, would make
Two better gentlemen than you dare be;
For there is virtue in his outward things.

Lod. Belike you love him then?

Fred. Yes, marry do I.

Lod. And will be angry for him?

Fred. If you talk,
Or pull your face into a ſtitch again [20],
As I love truth, I ſhall be very angry!
Do not I know thee (tho' thou haſt ſome land,
To ſet thee out thus among gentlemen)
To be a prating and vain-glorious aſs?
I do not wrong thee now, for I ſpeak truth.
Do not I know th' haſt been a cudgel'd coward,
That has no cure for ſhame but cloth of ſilver?
And think'ſt the wearing of a gaudy ſuit
Hides all diſgraces?

Lod. I underſtand you not; you hurt not me,
Your anger flies ſo wide.

Piſo. Signior Frederick,
You much miſtake this gentleman.

Fred. No, Sir.

Piſo. If you would pleaſe to be leſs angry,
I'd tell you how——

Fred. You had better ſtudy, Sir,
How to excuſe yourſelf, if you be able;
Or I ſhall tell you once again——

Piſo. Not me, Sir;

---

[20] *A* ſtitch *again.*] 'Tis plain by *ſtitch* here we muſt underſtand *ſmile*, but how it is to be made out, perhaps may not be ſo eaſy to every capacity: I have not altered the text, though I ſuſpect it is corrupted, and as ſuch propoſe a conjecture which may ſtand or fall according to its worth.

Or draw your face into a ſmirk *again.*

Smirk comes from the A. S. *Smercian, ſubridere, arridere*, to ſmile. *Sympſon.*

Stitch alludes to the face being, in laughter, *contracted*, or in a manner *convulſed.*

For,

For, I proteſt, what I have ſaid was only
To make you underſtand your ſiſter's danger.
Lod. He might, if it pleas'd him, conceive it ſo.
Fred. I might, if it pleas'd me, ſtand ſtill and hear
My ſiſter made a May-game, might I not?
And give allowance to your liberal jeſts
Upon his perſon, whoſe leaſt anger would
Conſume a legion of ſuch wretched people,
That have no more to juſtify their actions
But their tongues' ends? that dare lie every way,
As a mill grinds? From this hour, I renounce
All part of fellowſhip that may hereafter
Make me take knowledge of you, but for knaves;
And take heed, as ye love whole ſkins and coxcombs,
How, and to whom, ye prate thus. For this time,
I care not if I ſpare ye: Do not ſhake;
I will not beat ye, tho' ye do deſerve it
Richly.
Lod. This is a ſtrange courſe, Frederick!
But ſure you do not, or you would not, know us,
Beat us?
Piſo. 'Tis ſomewhat low, Sir, to a gentleman.
Fred. I'll ſpeak but few words, but I'll make 'em truths:
Get you gone both, and quickly, without murmuring,
Or looking big; and yet, before you go,
I will have this confeſs'd, and ſeriouſly.
That you two are two raſcals.
Lod. How!
Fred. Two raſcals.
Come, ſpeak it from your hearts; or, by this light,
My ſword ſhall fly among ye! Anſwer me,
And to the point, directly.
Piſo. You ſhall have
Your will for this time, ſince we ſee you're grown
So far untemperate: Let it be ſo, Sir,
In your opinion.
Fred. Do not mince the matter,
But ſpeak the words plain. And you, Lodovick,

That ſtand ſo tally [21] on your reputation,
You ſhall be he ſhall ſpeak it.
Lod. This is pretty!
Fred. Let me not ſtay upon't!
Lod. Well, we are raſcals;
Yes, Piſo, we are raſcals.
Fred. Get ye gone now! [*Exeunt Lod. and Piſo.*
Not a word more! you're raſcals!

Enter Fabritio and Jacomo.

Fab. That ſhould be Frederick.
Jac. 'Tis he. Frederick!
Fred. Who's that?
Jac. A friend, Sir.
Fred. It is ſo, by th' voice.
I've ſought you, gentlemen; and, ſince I've found you
So near our houſe, I'll force ye ſtay a while:
I pray let it be ſo.
Fab. It is too late;
We'll come and dine tomorrow with your ſiſter,
And do our ſervices.
Jac. Who were thoſe with you?
Fab. We met two came from hence.
Fred. Two idle fellows,
That you ſhall beat hereafter; and I'll tell you,
Some fitter time, a cauſe ſufficient for it.
Fab. But, Frederick, tell me truly; do you think
She can affect my friend?
Fred. No certainer [22]
Than when I ſpeak of him, or any other,
She entertains it with as much deſire
As others do their recreations.
Fab. Let not him have this light by any means:

[21] *So* tally.] From *tall*, i. e. *brave*, &c.

[22] *No certainer*
Than when I ſpeak of him, or any other.] This line may eaſily be miſunderſtood for want of attending to the conſtruction, as well as one in Jonſon's Sejanus,
'Mean time give order that his books be burnt
'To th' Ædiles.' *Sympſon.*

He

He will but think he's mock'd, and ſo grow angry,
Ev'n to a quarrel, he's ſo much diſtruſtful
Of all that take occaſion to commend him,
Women eſpecially; for which he ſhuns
All converſation with 'em, and believes
He can be but a mirth to all their ſex.—
Whence is this muſick?

Fred. From my ſiſter's chamber.

Fab. The touch is excellent; let's be attentive.

Jac. Hark! are the waits abroad?

Fab. Be ſofter, prithee;
'Tis private muſick.

Jac. What a din it makes?
I'd rather hear a Jew's trump than theſe lutes;
They cry like ſchool-boys.

Fab. Prithee, Jacomo!

Jac. Well, I will hear, or ſleep, I care not whether.

Enter, at the window, Frank and Clora.

THE SONG.

1. Tell me, deareſt, what is love?
2. 'Tis a lightning from above;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Deſire.
Both. 'Tis a grave,
Gapes to have
Thoſe poor fools that long to prove.

1. Tell me more, are women true?
2. Yes, ſome are, and ſome as you.
Some are willing, ſome are ſtrange,
Since you men firſt taught to change.
Both. And till troth
Be in both,
All ſhall love, to love anew.

1. Tell me more yet, can they grieve?
2. Yes, and ſicken ſore, but live:

And be wiſe, and delay,
When you men are as wiſe as they.
Both. Then I ſee,
Faith will be,
Never 'till they both believe.

Frank. Clora! come hither! who are theſe below there?
Clora. Where?
Frank. There.
Clora. Ha! I ſhould know their ſhapes,
Tho' it be darkiſh. There are both our brothers:
What ſhould they make thus late here?
Frank. What's the other?
Clora. What t'other?
Frank. He that lies along there.
Clora. Oh, I ſee him,
As if he had a branch of ſome great pedigree
Grew out on's belly.
Frank. Yes.
Clora. That ſhould be,
If I have any knowledge in proportion——
Fab. They ſee us.
Fred. 'Tis no matter.
Fab. What a log's this,
To ſleep ſuch muſick out?
Fred. No more; let's hear 'em.
Clora.[23] The Captain Jacomo; thoſe are his legs,
Upon my conſcience.
Frank. By my faith, and neat ones!
Clora. You mean, the boots; I think they're neat by nature[24].
Frank. As thou art knaviſh. 'Would I ſaw his face!
Clora. 'Twould ſcare you in the dark.
Frank. A worſe than that
Has never ſcar'd you, Clora, to my knowledge.
Clora. 'Tis true, for I have never ſeen a worſe;

[23] Clora. *If I have any knowledge in proportion* ——] The repetition of this line ſeems to be a miſtake of the preſs or tranſcriber; we have therefore omitted it.

[24] 'Neat *by nature.*] A pun upon NEAT's *leather.*

Nor,

Nor, while I ſay my prayers heartily,
I hope I ſhall not.

Frank. Well, I am no tell-tale:
But is it not great pity, tell me, Clora,
That ſuch a brave deſerving gentleman
As every one delivers this to be,
Should have no more reſpect and worth ſlung on him
By able men? Were I one of theſe great ones,
Such virtue ſhould not ſleep thus.

Clora. Were he greater,
He would ſleep more, I think. I'll waken him.

Frank. Away, you fool!

Clora. Is he not dead already,
And they two taking order about his blacks?
Methinks they're very buſy.
A fine clean corſe he is! I'd have him buried
Ev'n as he lies, croſs-leg'd, like one o'th' Templers,
(If his Weſtphalia gammons will hold croſſing)
And on his breaſt a buckler, with a pike in't[25],
In which I would have ſome learned cutler
Compile an epitaph; and at his feet
A muſquet, with this word[26] upon a label,
(Which from the cock's mouth thus ſhould be deliver'd)
'I have diſcharg'd the office of a ſoldier.'

Frank. Well, if thy father were a ſoldier,
Thus thou wouldſt uſe him.

Clora. Such a ſoldier
I would indeed.

Fab. If he hear this, not all
The power of man could keep him from the windows,
'Till they were down, and all the doors broke open.
For God's ſake, make her cooler; I dare not venture

[25] *Pike* in't.] The pike and ſword in funerals are laid upon the ſhield, perhaps therefore the original might be *on't*; unleſs the term *in't* be us'd in heraldry. *Seward.*

In't, we apprehend, means *ſtuck in it*; and the whole deſign makes a ludicrous picture.

[26] *Word* here means *ſentence*. So Spenſer in his Fairy Queen, more than once. *Sympſon.*

To bring him elſe: I know he'll go to buffets
Within five words with her, if ſhe holds this ſpirit.
Let's waken him, and away; we ſhall hear worſe elſe.
Frank. Well, if I be not even with thee, Clora,
Let me be hang'd, for this! I know thou doſt it
Only to anger me, and purge thy wit,
Which would break out elſe.
Clora. I have found ye; I'll
Be no more croſs. Bid 'em good night.
Frank. No, no;
They ſhall not know we've ſeen 'em. Shut the window.
[*Exeunt Frank and Clora.*
Fab. Will you get up, Sir?
Jac. Have you paid the fidlers?
Fab. You are not left to do it. Fy upon thee!
Haſt thou forſworn manners?
Jac. Yes; unleſs they
Would let me eat my meat without long graces,
Or drink without a preface to the pledger[27],
Of 'Will it pleaſe you?' 'Shall I be ſo bold, Sir?'
'Let me remember your good bedfellow!'
And lie, and kiſs my hand unto my miſtreſs
As often as an ape does for an apple.
Theſe are mere ſchiſms in ſoldiers; (where's my friend?)
Theſe are to us as bitter as purgations:
We love that general freedom we are bred to;
Hang theſe faint fooleries! they ſmell of peace.
Do they not, friend?
Fab. Faith, Sir, to me they are
As things indifferent; yet I uſe 'em not,
Or, if I did, they would not prick my conſcience.
Fred. Come, ſhall we go? 'Tis late.
Jac. Yes, any whither:
But no more muſick; it has made me dull.
Fab. Faith, any thing but drinking diſturbs thee,
Jacomo.
We'll ev'n to bed.

[27] ——*to the pledger;*
Oft *will it pleaſe*, &c.] Corrected in 1750.

Jac.

Jac. Content.
Fab. Thou'lt dream of wenches.
Jac. I never think of any, (I thank God)
But when I'm drunk; and then, 'tis but to caſt
A cheap way how they may be all deſtroy'd,
Like vermin. Let's away; I'm very ſleepy.
Fab. Ay, thou art ever ſo, or angry. Come. [*Exe.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Julio and Angelo.

Julio. I WILL but ſee her once more, Angelo,
That I may hate her more, and then I am
Myſelf again.
Ang. I would not have thee tempt luſt;
'Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee,
Hadſt thou the conſtancy of all men in thee.
Julio. Having her ſins before me, I dare ſee her,
Were ſhe as catching as the plague, and deadly,
And tell her ſhe is fouler than all thoſe,
And far more peſtilent, if not repentant;
And, like a ſtrong man, chide her well, and leave her.
Ang. 'Tis eaſily ſaid. Of what complexion is ſhe?
Julio. Make but a curious frame unto thyſelf,
As thou wouldſt ſhape an angel in thy thought;
Such as the poets, when their fancies ſweat,
Imagine Juno is, or fair-ey'd Pallas;
And one more excellent than all thoſe figures
Shalt thou find her. She's brown, but of a ſweetneſs,
(If ſuch a poor word may expreſs her beauty)
Believe me, Angelo, would do more miſchief
With a forc'd ſmile, than twenty thouſand Cupids,
With their love-quivers full of ladies' eyes,
And twice as many flames, could fling upon us.
Ang. Of what age is ſhe?
Julio. As a roſe at faireſt,

Neither

Neither a bud, nor blown; but ſuch a one,
Were there a Hercules to get again
With all his glory, or one more than he,
The god would chuſe out 'mongſt a race of women
To make a mother of[28]. She's outwardly
All that bewitches ſenſe, all that entices;
Nor is it in our virtue to uncharm it.
And when ſhe ſpeaks, oh, Angelo, then muſick
(Such as old Orpheus made, that gave a ſoul
To aged mountains, and made rugged beaſts
Lay by their rages; and tall trees, that knew
No ſound but tempeſts, to bow down their branches,
And hear, and wonder; and the ſea, whoſe ſurges
Shook their white heads in Heav'n, to be as midnight
Still and attentive) ſteals into our ſouls
So ſuddenly, and ſtrangely, that we are
From that time no more ours, but what ſhe pleaſes!

Ang. Why look, how far you've thruſt yourſelf again
Into your old diſeaſe! Are you that man,
With ſuch a reſolution, that would venture
To take your leave of folly, and now melt
Ev'n in repeating her?

Julio. I had forgot me.

Ang. As you will ſtill do.

Julio. No; the ſtrongeſt man
May have the grudging of an ague on him;

[28] *The God would chuſe, &c.*] In Dryden's All for Love, or the World Well Loſt, act iv. is a beautiful paſſage, ſomething ſimilar to this of our Authors:

'I pity Dolabella: but ſhe's dangerous:
'Her eyes have pow'r, beyond Theſſalian charms,
'To draw the moon from Heav'n; for eloquence,
'The ſea-green ſyrens taught her voice their flatt'ry;
'And, while ſhe ſpeaks, night ſteals upon the day,
'Unmark'd of thoſe that hear: Then ſhe's ſo charming,
'Age buds at ſight of her, and ſwells to youth:
'The holy prieſts gaze on her when ſhe ſmiles;
'And with heav'd hands, forgetting gravity,
'They bleſs her wanton eyes: Ev'n I who hate her,
'With a malignant joy behold ſuch beauty;
'And, while I curſe, deſire it.

R.

This

This is no more. Let's go; I'd fain be fit
To be thy friend again, for now I'm no man's!
Ang. Go you: I dare not go, I tell you truly;
Nor were it wiſe I ſhould.
Julio. Why?
Ang. I am well,
And, if I can, will keep myſelf ſo.
Julio. Ha?
Thou mak'ſt me ſmile, tho' I have little cauſe,
To ſee how prettily thy fear becomes thee:
Art thou not ſtrong enough to ſee a woman?
Ang. Yes, twenty thouſand; but not ſuch a one
As you have made her: I'll not lie for th' matter;
I know I'm frail, and may be cozen'd too,
By ſuch a ſyren.
Julio. Faith, thou ſhalt go, Angelo!
Ang. Faith, but I will not! No; I know how far, Sir,
I'm able to hold out, and will not venture
Above my depth. I do not long to have
My ſleep ta'en from me, and go pulingly,
Like a poor wench had loſt her market-money;
And, when I ſee good meat, ſit ſtill and ſigh,
And call for ſmall beer, and conſume my wit
In making anagrams, and faithful poeſies:
I do not like that itch; I'm ſure I had rather
Have the main pox, and ſafer.
Julio. Thou ſhalt go;
I muſt needs have thee as a witneſs with me
Of my repentance. As thou lov'ſt me, go!
Ang. Well, I will go, ſince you will have it ſo;
But if I prove a fool too, look to have me
Curſe you continually, and fearfully.
Julio. And if thou ſeeſt me fall again, good Angelo,
Give me thy counſel quickly, leſt I periſh.
Ang. Pray God, I have enough to ſave myſelf!
For, as I have a ſoul, I'd rather venture
Upon a ſavage iſland than this woman! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Father and Servant.

Father. From whom, Sir, comes this bounty? for I think
You are miſtaken.
Serv. No, Sir; 'tis to you,
I'm ſure, my miſtreſs ſent it.
Father. Who's your miſtreſs,
That I may give her thanks?
Serv. The virtuous widow.
Father. The virtuous widow, Sir? I know none ſuch.
Pray what's her name?
Serv. Lelia.
Father. I knew you err'd;
'Tis not to me, I warrant you. There, Sir;
Carry't to thoſe ſhe feeds fat with ſuch favours;
I am a ſtranger to her.
Serv. Good Sir, take it,
And, if you will, I'll ſwear ſhe ſent it to you;
For I am ſure mine eye never went off you
Since you forſook the gentlemen you talk'd with
Juſt at her door.
Father. Indeed, I talk'd with two,
Within this half-hour, in the ſtreet.
Serv. 'Tis you, Sir,
And none but you, I'm ſent to. Wiſer men
Would have been thankful ſooner, and receiv'd it;
'Tis not a fortune every man can brag of,
And from a woman of her excellence.
Father. Well, Sir, I'm catechiz'd. What more belongs to't?
Serv. This only, Sir; ſhe would entreat you come
This evening to her without fail.
Father. I will.
Serv. You gueſs where.
Father. Sir, I have a tongue elſe. [*Exit Servant.*

She

She is downright devil; or elſe my wants
And her diſobedience have provok'd her
To look into her foul ſelf, and be ſorry.
I wonder how ſhe knew me! I had thought
I'd been the ſame to all I am to them
That chang'd me thus: God pardon me for lying!
For I have paid it home: Many a good man,
That had but found the profit of my way,
Would forſwear telling true again in haſte.

Enter Lodovico and Piſo.

Here are my praters: Now, if I did well,
I ſhould belabour 'em; but I have found
A way to quiet 'em, worth a thouſand on't.

Lod. If we could get a fellow that would do it!

Father. What villainy is now in hand?

Piſo. 'Twill be hard to be done, in my opinion,
Unleſs we light upon an Engliſhman
With ſevenſcore ſurfeits in him.

Lod. Are the Engliſhmen
Such ſtubborn drinkers [29]?

Piſo. Not a leak at ſea
Can ſuck more liquor: You ſhall have their children
Chriſten'd in mull'd ſack, and, at five years old,
Able to knock a Dane down. Take an Engliſhman,
And cry 'St. George!' and give him but a raſher,
And you ſhall have him upon even terms
Defy a hogſhead. Such a one would do it
Home, boy, and like a workman.

Lod. At what weapon [30]?

Piſo.

---

[29] *Such ſtubborn drinkers.*] This qualification in our countrymen is taken notice of by Iago in act ii. ſcene iii. of Othello. *R.*

[30] Lod. *At what weapon?*] I have made a change in the perſons of the ſpeakers *Lodovic* and *Piſo*, giving to *Lodovic* what was in the other edition ſpoke by *Piſo* and *è contra*; as thinking the ſpeeches ſomething out of character. Piſo's deſign ſeems to be, by the whole tenor of the converſation, to make Jacomo ſoundly drunk: His hope of doing this is built upon one of our countrymen, whom he deſcribes as capable of turning down an hogſhead with the ſhoeing-horn of a raſher.

Piſo. Sherry ſack: I would have him drink ſtark dead,
If it were poſſible; at worſt, paſt portage.
Lod. What is the end then?
Piſo. Doſt thou not perceive it?
If he be drunk dead, there's a fair end of him.
If not, this is my end, or by enticing,
Or by deceiving, to conduct him where
The fool is that admires him; and if ſober
His nature be ſo rugged, what will't be
When he is hot with wine? Come, let's about it:
If this be done but handſomely, I'll pawn
My head ſh' hath done with ſoldiers.
Lod. This may do well.
Father. Here's a new way to murder men alive!
I'll choak this train.—God ſave ye, gentlemen!
It is to you—ſtay!—yes, it is to you.
Lod. What's to me?
Father. You're fortunate: I can't ſtand to tell you more now;
Meet me here ſoon, and you'll be made a man. [*Exit.*
Lod. What viſion's this?
Piſo. I know not.
Lod. Well, I'll meet it;
Think you o' th' other, and let me a while
Dream of this fellow.
Piſo. For the drunkard, Lodovic,
Let me alone.
Lod. Come, let's about it then.

[*Exeunt.*

---

raſher. But would the poet on this ſuppoſition put *At what weapon* into the mouth of *Piſo*, make him aſk himſelf a queſtion and let *Lodovic* give the anſwer? No ſurely. *Lod.* has certainly been dropt upon us, who ſhould have interrupted *Piſo*'s narrative, both as to the means and end of making the Captain drunk. What ſeems to confirm this, is the ſpeech of *Lodovic* at the cloſe of the ſcene, where he bids *Piſo think of the other*, *viz.* making Jacomo ſuddled; to which *Piſo* anſwers,

For the drunkard Lodovic
Let me alone.

Sympſon.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Clora and Frank.

Clora. Ha, ha, ha! Pray let me laugh extremely.
Frank. Why? prithee why? haſt thou ſuch cauſe?
Clora. Yes, faith;
My brother will be here ſtraightway, and——
Frank. What?
Clora. The other party. Ha, ha, ha!
Frank. What party?
Wench, thou art not drunk?
Clora. No, faith.
Frank. Faith, thou haſt been among the bottles, Clora.
Clora. Faith, but I have not, Frank. Prithee be handſome!
The Captain comes along too, wench.
Frank. Oh, is that it
That tickles ye?
Clora. Yes, and ſhall tickle you too;
You underſtand me!
Frank. By my troth, thou'rt grown
A ſtrange lewd wench! I muſt e'en leave thy company;
Thou wilt ſpoil me elſe.
Clora. Nay, thou art ſpoil'd to my hand.
Hadſt thou been free; as a good wench ought to be,
When I went firſt a-birding for thy love,
And roundly ſaid, that is the man muſt do it,
I had done laughing many an hour ago.
Frank. And what doſt thou ſee in him, now thou know'ſt him,
To be thus laugh'd at?
Clora. Prithee be not angry,
And I'll ſpeak freely to thee.
Frank. Do; I will not.
Clora. Then, as I hope to have a handſome huſband,
This fellow, in mine eye (and, Frank, I'm held
To have a ſhrewd gueſs at a pretty fellow)

Appears

Appears a ſtrange thing.

Frank. Why? how ſtrange, for God's ſake?
He is a man, and one that may content
(For any thing I ſee) a right good woman:
And ſure I am not blind.

Clora. There lies the queſtion;
For (but you ſay he is a man, and I
Will credit you) I ſhould as ſoon have thought him
Another of God's creatures: Out upon him!
His body, that can promiſe nothing
But lazineſs and long ſtrides.

Frank. Theſe are your eyes!
Where were they, Clora, when you fell in love
With the old footman, for ſinging of Queen Dido?
And ſwore he look'd, in his old velvet trunks,
And his ſlic'd Spaniſh jerkin, like Don John?
You had a parlous judgment then, my Clora.

Clora. Who told you that?

Frank. I heard it.

Clora. Come, be friends!
The ſoldier is a Mars. No more; we're all
Subject to ſlide away.

Frank. Nay, laugh on ſtill.

Clora. No, faith; thou art a good wench, and 'tis pity
Thou ſhouldſt not be well quarried at thy entering,
Thou art ſo high-flown for him. Look, who's there!

Enter Fabritio and Jacomo.

Jac. Prithee, go ſingle; what ſhould I do there?
Thou know'ſt I hate theſe viſitations,
As I hate peace or perry.

Fab. Wilt thou never
Make a right man?

Jac. You make a right fool of me,
To lead me up and down to viſit women,
And be abus'd and laugh'd at. Let me ſtarve
If I know what to ſay, unleſs I aſk 'em
What their ſhoes coſt!

Fab.

Fab. Fy upon thee, coward!
Canſt thou not ſing?
Jac. Thou know'ſt I can ſing nothing
But Plumpton-Park.
Fab. Thou wilt be bold enough,
When thou art enter'd once.
Jac. I'd rather enter
A breach: If I miſcarry, by this hand,
I'll have you by th' ears for't!
Fab. Save ye, ladies!
Clora. Sweet brother, I dare ſwear you're welcome hither;
So is your friend.
Fab. Come, bluſh not, but ſalute 'em.
Frank. Good Sir, believe your ſiſter; you're moſt welcome!
So is this worthy gentleman, whoſe virtues
I ſhall be proud to be acquainted with.
Jac. Sh' has found me out already, and has paid me.
Shall we be going?
Fab. Peace!—Your goodneſs, lady,
Will ever be afore us. For myſelf
I will not thank you ſingle, leſt I leave
My friend, this gentleman, out of acquaintance.
Jac. More of me yet?
Frank. 'Would I were able, Sir,
From either of your worths to merit thanks!
Clora. But, brother, is your friend thus ſad ſtill? Methinks,
'Tis an unſeemly nature in a ſoldier.
Jac. What hath ſhe to do with me, or my behaviour?
Fab. He does but ſhew ſo: Prithee to him, ſiſter!
Jac. If I don't break thy head, I am no Chriſtian,
If I get off once!
Clora. Sir, we muſt entreat you
To think yourſelf more welcome, and be merry:
'Tis pity a fair man, of your proportion,
Should have a ſoul of ſorrow.
Jac. Very well!—

Pray, gentlewoman, what would you have me ſay?
Clora. Do not you know, Sir?
Jac. Not ſo well as you,
That talk continually.
Frank. You've hit her, Sir.
Clora. I thank him, ſo he has;
Fair fall his ſweet face for it!
Jac. Let my face
Alone, I'd wiſh you, leſt I take occaſion
To bring a worſe in queſtion.
Clora. Meaning mine?
Brother, where was your friend brought up? H'has ſure
Been a great lover in his youth of pottage,
They lie ſo dull upon his underſtanding.
Fab. No more of that; thou'lt anger him at heart.
Clora. Then let him be more manly; for he looks
Like a great ſchool-boy, that had been blown up
Laſt night at Duſt-Point.
Frank. You will never leave,
'Till you be told how rude you are. Fy, Clora!
Sir, will it pleaſe you ſit?
Clora. And I'll ſit by you.
Jac. Woman, be quiet, and be rul'd, I'd wiſh you.
Clora. I've done, Sir Captain.
Fab. Art thou not aſham'd?
Jac. You are an aſs! I'll tell you more anon;
Y'had better have been hang'd than brought me hither!
Fab. You're grown a ſullen fool! Either be handſome,
Or, by this light, I will have wenches bait thee!
Go to the gentlewoman, and give her thanks,
And hold your head up! what?
Jac. By this light, I'll brain thee!
Frank. Now, o' my faith, this gentleman does nothing
But it becomes him rarely. Clora, look
How well this little anger, if it be one,
Shews in his face.
Clora. Yes, it ſhews very ſweetly.
Frank. Nay, do not bluſh, Sir; o' my troth, it does!
I would be ever angry to be thus.

Fabritio,

Fabritio, o' my conſcience, if I ever
Do fall in love, (as I will not forſwear it,
'Till I am ſomething wiſer) it muſt be,
I will not ſay directly with that face;
But certainly ſuch another as that is,
And thus diſpos'd may chance to hamper me[31].
Fab. Doſt thou hear this, and ſtand ſtill?
Jac. You will prate ſtill!
I would you were not women; I would take
A new courſe with ye.
Clora. Why, Courageous?
Jac. For making me a ſtone to whet your tongues on.
Clora. Prithee, ſweet Captain!
Jac. Go, go ſpin, go hang!
Clora. Now could I kiſs him.
Jac. If you long for kicking,
You'd beſt come kiſs me; do not tho', I'd wiſh ye.
I'll ſend my footman to thee; he ſhall leap thee,
An thou want'ſt horſing. I will leave ye, ladies.
Frank. Beſhrew my heart, you are unmannerly
To offer this unto a gentleman
Of his deſerts, that comes ſo worthily
To viſit me! I cannot take it well.
Jac. I come to viſit you, you fooliſh woman?
Frank. I thought you did, Sir, and for that I thank you;
I would be loth to loſe thoſe thanks. I know
This is but ſome odd way you have, and, faith,
It does become you well, to make us merry:
I have heard often of your pleaſant vein.
Fab. What wouldſt thou aſk more?
Jac. Pray, thou ſcurvy fellow!
Thou haſt not long to live. Adieu, dear damſels!
You filthy women, farewell, and be ſober,

[31] Diſpoſe my *chance.*] Thus read the old copies, contrary both to ſenſe and grammar: The ſlight change in two words which I have made, make the whole clear and conſiſtent; Frank is praiſing Jacomo's anger, and ſays naturally enough, *that a face thus diſpos'd may chance to captivate her affections.* *Seward.*

And keep your chambers!
Clora. Farewell, old don Diego!
Frank. Away, away!—You muſt not be ſo angry,
To part thus roughly from us: Yet to me
This does not ſhew as if 'twere yours; the wars
May breed men ſomething plain, I know; but not
Thus rude. Give me your hand, good Sir: I know
'Tis white, and——
Jac. If I were not patient,
What would become of you two prating houſewives?
Clora. For any thing I know, we would in to ſupper,
And there begin a health of luſty claret,
To keep care from our hearts; and it ſhould be——
Fab. I'faith to whom?—Mark but this, Jacomo.
Clora. Ev'n to the handſom'ſt fellow now alive.
Fab. Do you know ſuch a one?
Frank. He may be gueſs'd at,
Without much travel.
Fab. There's another item.
Clora. And he ſhould be a ſoldier.
Frank. 'Twould be better.
Clora. And yet not you, ſweet Captain.
Frank. Why not he?
Jac. Well! I ſhall live to ſee your huſbands beat you,
And hiſs 'em on like bandogs.
Clora. Ha, ha, ha!
Jac. Green ſickneſſes and ſerving-man light on ye,
With greaſy codpieces, and woollen ſtockings!
The devil (if he dare deal with two women)
Be of your counſels! Farewell, plaiſterers! [*Exit.*
Clora. This fellow will be mad at Midſummer,
Without all doubt.
Fab. I think ſo too.
Frank. I'm ſorry,
He's gone in ſuch a rage. But ſure this holds him
Not every day.
Fab. Faith, every other day,
If he come near a woman.
Clora. I wonder how his mother could endure

To

To have him in her belly, he's ſo boiſterous.

Frank. He's to be made more tractable, I doubt not.

Clora. Yes, if they taw him, as they do whit-leather,
Upon an iron, or beat him ſoft like ſtock-fiſh. [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Lelia and her Waiting-Woman, with a veil.

Lelia. Art ſure 'tis he?

Woman. Yes, and another with him.

Lelia. The more the merrier. Did you give that money,
And charg'd it be deliver'd where I ſhew'd you?

Woman. Yes, and what elſe you bad me.

Lelia. That brave fellow,
Tho' he be old, whate'er he be, ſhews toughneſs;
And ſuch a one I long for, and muſt have
At any price; theſe young ſoft melting griſtles
Are only for my ſafer ends.

Woman. They're here.

Lelia. Give me my veil; and bid the boy go ſing
That ſong above, I gave him; the ſad ſong.
Now if I miſs him, I am curs'd. Go, wench,
And tell 'em I have utterly forſworn
All company of men; yet make a venture
At laſt to let 'em in: Thou know'ſt theſe things;
Do 'em to th' life.

Woman. I warrant you; I'm perfect.

Lelia. Some ill woman, for her uſe, would give
A million for this wench, ſhe is ſo ſubtle.

Enter, to the door, Julio and Angelo.

Woman. Good Sir, deſire it not; I dare not do it;
For ſince your laſt being here, Sir, believe me,
She has griev'd herſelf out of all company,
And, ſweet ſoul, almoſt out of life too.

Julio. Prithee,
Let me but ſpeak one word.

Woman. You will offend, Sir;

And yet your name is more familiar with her
Than any thing but ſorrow. Good Sir, go.

Ang. This little varlet hath her leſſon perfect;
Theſe are the baits they bob with.

Jul. Faith, I will not.

Woman. I ſhall be chidden cruelly for this;
But you are ſuch a gentleman——

Julio. No more.

Ang. There's a new tire, wench. Peace; thou'rt well enough.

Julio. What, has ſhe muſick?

Woman. Yes; for God's ſake, ſtay;
'Tis all ſhe feeds upon.

Julio. Alas, poor ſoul!

Ang. Now will I pray devoutly; for there's need on't.

THE SONG.

Away, delights; go ſeek ſome other dwelling,
For I muſt die:
Farewell, falſe love; thy tongue is ever telling
Lie after lie.
For ever let me reſt now from thy ſmarts;
Alas, for pity go,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee; mine was not ſo.

Never again deluding Love ſhall know me,
For I will die;
And all thoſe griefs that think to over-grow me,
Shall be as I:
For ever will I ſleep, while poor maids cry,
Alas, for pity ſtay,
And let us die
With thee; men cannot mock us in the clay[32].

[32] *Mock us in the* day.] Varied in 1750. In ſupport of the alteration, Seward produces the following paſſage in Henry V.

'The dead with Charity incloſ'd in *clay*.'

The corruption is very eaſy; the *c* and *l* in the manuſcript looking like a *d*.

Julio.

Julio. Miſtreſs! not one word, miſtreſs? If I grieve you,
I can depart again.
Ang. Let's go then quickly;
For if ſhe get from under this dark cloud,
We ſhall both ſweat, I fear, for't.
Julio. Do but ſpeak,
Tho' you turn from me, and ſpeak bitterly,
And I am gone; for that I think will pleaſe you.
Ang. Oh, that all women were thus ſilent ever,
What fine things were they!
Julio. You have look'd on me,
When, if there be belief in womens' words,
Spoken in tears, you ſwore you lov'd to do ſo.
Lelia. Oh, me, my heart!
Ang. Now, Julio, play the man,
Or ſuch another 'oh, me!' will undo thee.
'Would I had any thing to keep me buſy,
I might not hear her; think but what ſhe is,
Or I doubt mainly, I ſhall be i'th' meſh too.
Julio. Pray, ſpeak again.
Lelia. Where is my woman?
Woman. Here.
Ang. Mercy upon me! what a face ſhe has!
'Would it were veil'd again!
Lelia. Why did you let
This flattering man in to me? Did not I
Charge thee to keep me from his eyes again,
As carefully as thou wouldſt keep thine own?
Th'haſt brought me poiſon in a ſhape of Heav'n,
Whoſe violence will break the hearts of all,
Of all weak women, as it hath done mine,
That are ſuch fools to love, and look upon him.
Good Sir, be gone; you know not what an eaſe
Your abſence is.
Ang. By Heav'n, ſhe is a wonder!
I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am qualmiſh [33].

[33] *But I am* ſqueamiſh.] So firſt folio. The ſubſequent editions, *qualmiſh.*

Julio. Tho' I deſire to be here more than Heav'n,
As I am now, yet, if my ſight offend you,
So much I love to be commanded by you,
That I will go. Farewell!

Lelia. I ſhould ſay ſomething
Ere you depart, and I would have you hear me.
But why ſhould I ſpeak to a man that hates me,
And will but laugh at any thing I ſuffer?

Julio. If this be hate——

Lelia. Away, away, deceiver!

Julio. Now help me, Angelo!

Ang. I'm worſe than thou art.

Lelia. Such tears as thoſe might make another woman
Believe thee honeſt, Julio; almoſt me,
That know their ends; for I confeſs they ſtir me.

Ang. What will become of me? I cannot go now,
If you would hang me, from her. Oh brave eye!
Steal me away, for God's ſake, Julio.

Julio. Alas, poor man! I'm loſt again too, ſtrangely.

Lelia. No, I will ſooner truſt a crocodile
When he ſheds tears, (for he kills ſuddenly,
And ends our cares at once) or any thing
That's evil to our natures, than a man:
I find there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no avoiding 'em, if we give way.
I was requeſting you to come no more,
And mock me with your ſervice; 'tis not well,
Nor honeſt, to abuſe us ſo far: You may love too;
For tho', I muſt confeſs, I am unworthy
Of your love every way, yet I would have you
Think I am ſomewhat too good to make ſport of.

Julio. Will you believe me?

Lelia. For your vows and oaths,
And ſuch deceiving tears as you ſhed now,
I will, as you do, ſtudy to forget 'em.

Julio. Let me be moſt deſpis'd of men——

Lelia. No more!
There is no new way left, by which your cunning

Shall

Shall once more hope to catch me. No, thou falſe man,
I will avoid thee, and, for thy ſake, all
That bear thy ſtamp, as counterfeit in love!
For I am open-ey'd again, and know thee.
Go, make ſome other weep, as I have done,
That dare believe thee; go, and ſwear to her
That is a ſtranger to thy cruelty,
And knows not yet what man is, and his lyings,
How thou dieſt daily for her; pour it out
In thy beſt lamentations; put on ſorrow,
As thou canſt, to deceive an angel, Julio,
And vow thyſelf into her heart, that when
I ſhall leave off to curſe thee for thy falſhood,
Still a forſaken woman may be found
To call to Heav'n for vengeance!

Ang. From this hour,
I heartily deſpiſe all honeſt women:
(I care not if the world took knowledge on't)
I ſee there's nothing in them, but that folly
Of loving one man only. Give me henceforth,
(Before the greateſt bleſſing can be thought of,
If this be one) a whore; that's all I aim at.

Julio. Miſtreſs, the moſt offending man is heard
Before his ſentence: Why will you condemn me
Ere I produce the truth to witneſs with me,
How innocent I am of all your angers?

Lelia. There is no truſting of that tongue; I know't,
And how far, if it be believ'd, it kills: No more, Sir!

Julio. It never lied to you yet; if it did,
'Twas only when it call'd you mild and gentle.

Lelia. Good Sir, no more! Make not my underſtanding,
(After I've ſuffer'd thus much evil by you)
So poor to think I have not reach'd the end
Of all your forc'd affections: Yet, becauſe
I once lov'd ſuch a ſorrow, too, too dearly,
As that would ſtrive to be, I do forgive you,
Ev'n heartily as I would be forgiven,
For all your wrongs to me (my charity

Yet loves you ſo far, tho' again I may not);
And wiſh, when that time [34] comes you will love truly,
(If you can ever do ſo) you may find
The worthy fruit of your affections,
True love again, not my unhappy harveſt;
Which, like a fool, I ſow'd in ſuch a heart,
So dry and ſtony, that a thouſand ſhowers,
From theſe two eyes continually raining,
Could never ripen.

Julio. You have conquer'd me!
I did not think to yield; but make me now
Ev'n what you will, my Lelia, ſo I may
Be but ſo truly happy to enjoy you.

Lelia. No, no; thoſe fond imaginations
Are dead and buried in me; let 'em reſt!

Julio. I'll marry you.

Ang. The devil thou wilt, Julio?
How that word waken'd me! Come hither, friend!
Thou art a fool! Look ſtedfaſtly upon her:
Tho' ſhe be all that I know excellent,
As ſhe appears; tho' I could fight for her,
And run thro' fire; tho' I am ſtark mad too,
Never to be recover'd; tho' I would
Give all I had i' th' world to lie with her,
Ev'n to my naked ſoul (I'm ſo far gone);
Yet, methinks ſtill, we ſhould not dote away
That that is ſomething more than ours, our honours.
I would not have thee marry her by no means
(Yet I ſhould do ſo): Is ſhe not a whore?

Julio. She is; but ſuch a one——

---

34 *And wiſh when that time*—] Mr. Seward ſuſpects ſomething left out here, neceſſary to complete the ſenſe and grammar, or elſe this line muſt be corrupted through the tranſpoſition of ſome particles; and would read thus,

I wiſh when the time comes, that you love truly,
(If you can ever do ſo) you may find, &c.

I have not indeed altered the text, though I ſuſpect it ſtrongly to be corrupt, and would propoſe reading thus,

And wiſhes when th' time comes that you love, &c. *Sympſon.*

We confeſs ourſelves unable to comprehend this note; but do not perceive the leaſt difficulty in the text.

Ang. 'Tis true, ſhe's excellent;
And, when I well conſider, Julio,
I ſee no reaſon we ſhould be confin'd
In our affections; when all creatures elſe
Enjoy ſtill where they like.

Julio. And ſo will I then.

Lelia. He's faſt enough I hope, now, if I hold him.

Ang. You muſt not do ſo tho', now I conſider
Better what 'tis.

Julio. Do not conſider, Angelo;
For I muſt do it.

Ang. No; I'll kill thee firſt:
I love thee ſo well, that the worms ſhall have thee
Before this woman, friend.

Julio. It was your counſel.

Ang. As I was a knave; not as I lov'd thee.

Julio. All this is loſt upon me, Angelo;
For I muſt have her.—I will marry you
When you pleaſe: Pray look better on me.

Ang. Nay then, no more, friend; farewell, Julio!
I have ſo much diſcretion left me yet
To know, and tell thee, thou art miſerable.

Julio. Stay; thou art more than ſhe, and now I find it.

Lelia. Is he ſo?

Julio. Miſtreſs!

Lelia. No; I'll ſee thee ſtarv'd firſt! [*Exit.*

Julio. Friend!

Ang. Fly her as I do, Julio; ſhe's a witch.

Julio. Beat me away then; I ſhall grow here ſtill elſe.

Ang. That were the way to have me grow there with thee.
Farewell, for ever! [*Exit.*

Julio. Stay! I am uncharm'd.
Farewell, thou curſed houſe! from this hour be
More hated of me than a leproſy! [*Exit.*

Enter Lelia.

Lelia. Both gone? A plague upon 'em both!

Am

Am I deceiv'd again? Oh, I would rail,
And follow 'em, but I fear the ſpite of people,
'Till I have emptied all my gall.
The next I ſeize upon ſhall pay their follies
To the laſt penny; this will work me worſe;
He that comes next, by Heav'n, ſhall feel their curſe!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Jacomo at one door, and Fabritio at another.

Fab. Oh, you're a ſweet youth, ſo uncivilly
To rail, and run away?

Jac. Oh! are you there, Sir?
I'm glad I've found you? You've not now your ladies,
To ſhew your wit before.

Fab. Thou wou'lt not, wou'lt 'ou?

Jac. What a ſweet youth I am, as you have made me, [*Draws.*
You ſhall know preſently.

Fab. Put up your ſword;
I've ſeen it often; 'tis a fox.

Jac. It is ſo;
And you ſhall feel it too. Will you diſpatch, Sir,
And leave your mirth out? or I ſhall take occaſion
To beat you, and diſgrace you too.

Fab. Well; ſince
There is no other way to deal with you,
(Let's ſee your ſword; I'm ſure you ſcorn all odds)
I will fight with you.
[*They meaſure, and Fabritio gets his ſword.*

Jac. How now?

Fab. Nay, ſtand out;
Or, by this light, I'll make you!

Jac. This is ſcurvy,
And out of fear done.

Fab. No, Sir; out of judgment;
For he that deals with thee (thou'rt grown ſo boiſterous)
Muſt

Muſt have more wits, or more lives than another,
Or always be in armour, or enchanted,
Or he is miſerable.

Jac. Your end of this, Sir?

Fab. My end is only mirth, to laugh at thee,
Which now I'll do in ſafety: Ha, ha, ha!

Jac. 'Sheart! then I'm grown ridiculous!

Fab. Thou art;
And wilt be ſhortly ſport for little children,
If thou continueſt this rude ſtubbornneſs.

Jac. Oh, God, for any thing that had an edge!

Fab. Ha, ha, ha!

Jac. Fy, what a ſhame it is,
To have a lubber ſhew his teeth!

Fab. Ha, ha!

Jac. Why doſt thou laugh at me, thou wretched fellow?
Speak, with a pox! and look you render me
Juſt ſuch a reaſon——

Fab. I ſhall die with laughing!

Jac. As no man can find fault with. I ſhall have
Another ſword, I ſhall, you fleering puppy!

Fab. Does not this teſtineſs ſhew finely in thee?
Once more, take heed of children! If they find thee,
They'll break up ſchool to bear thee company,
(Thou wilt be ſuch a paſtime) and hoot at thee,
And call thee Bloody-bones, and Spade[35], and Spit-fire,

[35] *And* Spade *and Spit-fire.*] If one would compare theſe Authors with themſelves, there ſeems to be reaſon to ſuſpect this paſſage as corrupted: To put in *Spade*, which is a name that carries no terror in it to children, between two which are uſually made uſe of for that purpoſe, ſeems to me not a little odd: What I conjecture we ſhould read is this,

And call thee Bloody-bones, Raw-head, *and Spit-fire,*

So in act iv. ſcene iii. of this play, Clora ſays of Jacomo,

Here's Raw-head *come again.*

And in the Propheteſs, act iv. ſcene v.

——— *Now I look*
Like Bloody-bones and Raw-head *to fright children.* *Sympſon:*

It is common to this day, among the vulgar, to ſay, when abuſed, 'Call me any thing but *ſpade*.'

And

And Gaffer Madman, and Go-by-Jeronimo [36],
And Will with a Whiſp, and Come-Aloft, and Crack-Rope,
And old Saint Dennis with the dudgeon codpiece,
And twenty ſuch names.

Jac. No, I think they will not.

Fab. Yes, but they will; and nurſes ſtill their children
Only with thee, and 'Here take him, Jacomo!'

Jac. God's precious, that I were but over thee
One ſteeple height! I'd fall and break thy neck.

Fab. This is the reaſon I laugh at thee, and,
While thou art thus, will do. Tell me one thing.

Jac. I wonder how thou durſt thus queſtion me!
Prithee reſtore my ſword.

Fab. Tell me but one thing,
And it may be I will. Nay, Sir, keep out.

Jac. Well, I will be your fool now; ſpeak your mind, Sir.

Fab. Art thou not breeding teeth?

Jac. How! teeth?

Fab. Yes, teeth;
Thou wouldſt not be ſo froward elſe.

Jac. Teeth?

Fab. Come; 'twill make thee
A little rheumatic, but that's all one;
We'll have a bib, for ſpoiling of thy doublet,
And a fring'd muckender hang at thy girdle;
I'll be thy nurſe, and get a coral for thee,
And a fine ring of bells.

Jac. Faith, this is ſomewhat
Too much, Fabritio, to your friend that loves you:
Methinks, your goodneſs rather ſhould invent
A way to make my follies leſs, than breed 'em.
I ſhould have been more moderate to you;
But I ſee you deſpiſe me.

Fab. Now I love you.

[36] *Go by, Jeronimo*] An expreſſion in the play of Jeronimo, which was the but of ridicule for almoſt every author of the times. *R.*

There,

There, take your ſword; continue ſo. I dare not
Stay now to try your patience; ſoon I'll meet you:
And, as you love your honours, and your ſtate,
Redeem yourſelf well to the gentlewoman.
Farewell, 'till ſoon! [*Exit.*
Jac. Well, I ſhall think of this. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Hoſt, Piſo, and Boy with a glaſs of wine.

Piſo. Nothing i' th' world but a dried tongue or two.
Hoſt. Taſte him, and tell me.
Piſo. He's a valiant wine;
This muſt be he, mine Hoſt.
Hoſt. This ſhall be *ipſe.*
Oh, he's a deviliſh biting wine, a tyrant
Where he lays hold, Sir; this is he that ſcorns
Small beer ſhould quench him, or a fooliſh caudle
Bring him to bed; no, if he flinch I'll ſhame him,
And draw him out to mull amongſt old midwives.
Piſo. There is a ſoldier, I would have thee batter[17]
Above the reſt, becauſe he thinks there's no man
Can give him drink enough.
Hoſt. What kind of man?
Piſo. That thou mayſt know him perfectly, he's one
Of a left-handed making, a lank thing,
As if his belly were ta'en up with ſtraw,
To hunt a match.
Hoſt. Has he no beard to ſhew him?
Piſo. Faith, but a little; yet enough to note him,
Which grows in parcels, here and there a remnant:
And that thou mayſt not miſs him, he is one
That wears his forehead in a velvet ſcabbard.
Hoſt. That note's enough; he's mine; I'll fuddle him,
Or lie i' th' ſuds. You will be here too?
Piſo. Yes.

[17] *Have thee* better.] Amended in 1750.

'Till

'Till ſoon, farewell, and bear up.
Hoſt. If I do not,
Say I am recreant; I'll get things ready. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Julio and Angelo.

Julio. 'TIS ſtrange thou ſhouldſt be thus, with thy diſcretion.
Ang. I'm ſure I am ſo.
Julio. I am well, you ſee.
Ang. Keep yourſelf warm then, and go home and ſleep,
And pray to God thou mayſt continue ſo.
'Would I had gone to th' devil of an errand,
When I was made a fool to ſee her! Leave me;
I am not fit for converſation.
Julio. Why, thou art worſe than I was.
Ang. Therefore leave me;
The nature of my ſickneſs is not eas'd
By company or counſel: I am mad;
And, if you follow me with queſtions,
Shall ſhew myſelf ſo.
Julio. This is more than error.
Ang. Pray be content that you have made me thus,
And do not wonder at me.
Julio. Let me know
But what you mean to do, and I am gone:
I would be loth to leave you thus elſe.
Ang. Nothing
That needs your fear; that is ſufficient.
Farewell, and pray for me.
Julio. I would not leave you.
Ang. You muſt and ſhall.
Julio. I will then. 'Would yon woman
Had been ten fathom under ground, when firſt
I ſaw her eyes!

Ang.

Ang. Yet ſhe had been dangerous;
For to ſome wealthy rock of precious ſtone,
Or mine of gold as tempting, her fair body
Might have been turn'd; which once found out by labour,
And brought to uſe, having her ſpells within it,
Might have corrupted ſtates, and ruin'd kingdoms;
Which had been fearful, friend. Go; when I ſee thee
Next, I will be as thou art, or no more.
Pray do not follow me; you'll make me angry.
Julio. Heav'n grant you may be right again!
Ang. Amen! [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tavern-Boys, &c.

Boy. Score a gallon of ſack, and a pint of olives, to the Unicorn.
Above within. Why, drawer!
Boy. Anon, anon!
Another Boy. Look into the Nag's-head there.
2 *Boy.* Score a quart of claret to the Bar;
And a pound of ſauſages into the Flower-pot.

Enter Firſt Servant, with wine.

1 *Serv.* The devil's in their throats. Anon, anon!

Enter Second Servant.

2 *Serv.* Mull a pint
Of ſack there for the women in the Flower-de-luce,
And put in ginger enough; they belch like pot-guns:
And, Robin, fetch tobacco for the Peacock;
They will not be drunk till midnight elſe. How now!
How does my maſter?
2 *Boy.* Faith, he lies, drawing on apace.
1 *Boy.* That's an ill ſign.

2 *Boy.* And fumbles with the pots too[38].
1 *Boy.* Then there's no way but one with him.
2 *Boy.* All the reſt,
Except the Captain, are in *limbo patrûm*,
Where they lie ſod in ſack.
1 *Boy.* Does he bear up ſtill?
2 *Boy.* Afore the wind ſtill, with his lights up bravely:
All he takes in I think he turns to juleps,
Or h'has a world of ſtowage in his belly;
The reſt look all like fire-drakes, and lie ſcatter'd
Like ruſhes round about the room. My maſter
Is now the loving'ſt man, I think, above ground——
1 *Boy.* 'Would he were always drunk then!
Within. Drawer!
2 *Boy.* Anon, anon, Sir!
1 *Boy.* And ſwears I ſhall be free tomorrow; and ſo weeps,
And calls upon my miſtreſs!
2 *Boy.* Then he's right.
1 *Boy.* And ſwears the Captain muſt lie this night with her,
(And bad me break it to her with diſcretion)
That he may leave an iſſue after him,
Able to entertain a Dutch ambaſſador:
And tells him feelingly how ſweet ſhe is,
And how he ſtole her from her friends i'th' country,
And brought her up diſguiſed with the carriers,
And was nine nights bereaving her her maidenhead,
And the tenth got a drawer. Here they come.

Enter Jacomo, Hoſt, Lodovico, and Piſo.

Within. Drawer!
1 *Boy.* Anon, anon! Speak to the Tiger, Peter.
Hoſt. There's my bells, boys, my ſilver bell.
Piſo. 'Would he were hang'd

[38] I wiſh our poets had been a little leſs ſatirical upon their maſter Shakeſpear: This expreſſion is a plain ſneering parody upon the deſcription of Falſtaff's death, in Henry V. act ii. ſcene iii.
'For after I ſaw him *fumble* with the ſheets, &c.' *Sympſon.*

As

As high as I could ring him!
Hoſt. Captain.
Jac. Ho, Boy?
Lod. Robin, ſufficient ſingle beer, as cold
As cryſtal; quench, Robin, quench.
1 *Boy.* I'm gone, Sir.
Hoſt. Shall we bear up ſtill? Captain, how I love thee!
Sweet Captain, let me kiſs thee! By this hand,
I love thee next to malmſey in a morning,
Of all things tranſitory.
Jac. I love thee too,
As far as I can love a fat man.
Hoſt. Doſt thou, Captain?
Sweetly? and heartily?
Jac. With all my heart, boy.
Hoſt. Then, welcome, Death!—Come, cloſe mine eyes, ſweet Captain;
Thou ſhalt have all.
Jac. What ſhall your wife have then?
Hoſt. Why, ſhe ſhall have
(Beſides my bleſſing, and a ſilver ſpoon)
Enough to keep her ſtirring in the world,
Three little children; one of them was mine,
Upon my conſcience; th' other two are Pagans [39].
Jac. 'Twere good ſhe had a little fooliſh money
To rub the time away with.
Hoſt. Not a rag [40],
Not a denier: No; let her ſpin, a God's name,
And raiſe her houſe again.
Jac. Thou ſhalt not die tho'.
Boy, ſee your maſter ſafe deſivered;
He's ready to lie in.

[39] *Th' other two are* Pagans.] In the Second part of Henry IV. act ii. ſcene ii. Prince Henry, enquiring concerning Doll Tearſheet, ſays, 'What *Pagan* may that be?' upon which paſſage Mr. Steevens remarks, that '*Pagan* ſeems to have been a cant term implying 'irregularity, either of birth or manners;' and to prove it, cites theſe two lines of our Author. *R.*

[40] A cant term this for a *farthing*. *Sympſon.*

Hoſt. Good night!
Jac. Good morrow!
Drink till the cow come home, 'tis all paid, boys.
Lod. A pox of ſack!
Hoſt. Marry, God bleſs my buts! Sack is a jewel;
'Tis comfortable, gentlemen.
Jac. More beer, boy;
Very ſufficient ſingle beer.
Boy. Here, Sir.
How is it, gentlemen?
Jac. But e'en ſo ſo.
Hoſt. Go before finely, Robin, and prepare
My wife; bid her be right and ſtraight; I come, boy.
And, ſirrah, if they quarrel, let 'em uſe
Their own diſcretions, by all means, and ſtir not;
And he that's kill'd ſhall be as ſweetly buried.
Captain, adieu! adieu, ſweet bully Captain!
One kiſs before I die, one kiſs!
Jac. Farewell, boy!
Hoſt. All my ſweet boys, farewell! [*Exit.*
Lod. Go ſleep; you're drunk.
Jac. Come, gentlemen; I'll ſee you at your lodging.
You look not luſtily; a quart more?
Lod. No, boy.
Piſo. Get us a torch.
Boy. 'Tis day, Sir.
Jac. That's all one.
Piſo. Are not thoſe the ſtars, thou ſcurvy boy?
Lod. Is not Charle-wain there? tell me that! there?
Jac. Yes;
I've paid 'em truly. Do not vex him, ſirrah.
Piſo. Confeſs it, boy; or, as I live, I'll beat
Midnight into thy brains.
Boy. I do confeſs it.
Piſo. Then live; and draw more ſmall beer preſently.
Jac. Come, boys, let's hug together, and be loving,
And ſing, and do brave things. Cheerly, my hearts!
A pox o' being ſad! Now could I fly,
And turn the world about upon my finger.

Come,

Come, ye ſhall love me; I'm an honeſt fellow:
Hang care and fortune! we are friends.

Lod. No, Captain.

Jac. Do not you love me? I love you two dearly.

Piſo. No, by no means; you are a fighting captain,
And kill up ſuch poor people as we are by th' dozens.

Lod. As they kill flies with fox-tails, Captain.

Jac. Well, Sir?

Lod. Methinks now, as I ſtand, the Captain ſhews
To be a very merciful young man.
And prithee, Piſo, let me have thy opinion.

Piſo. Then he ſhall have mercy that merciful is,
Or all the painters are Apocrypha.

Jac. I'm glad you have your wits yet. Will ye go?

Piſo. You had beſt ſay we're drunk.

Jac. Ye are.

Lod. You lie!

Jac. Ye're raſcals, drunken raſcals!

Piſo. 'Tis ſufficient.

Jac. And now I'll tell you why, before I beat ye:
You have been tampering any time theſe three days,
Thus to diſgrace me.

Piſo. That's a lie too.

Jac. Well, Sir!
Yet, I thank God, I've turn'd your points on you;
For which I'll ſpare ye ſomewhat, half a beating.

Piſo. I'll make you ſart fire, Captain, by this hand,
An ye provoke—Do not provoke, I'd wiſh you.

Jac. How do you like this? [*Beats them.*

Lod. Sure I am enchanted.

Piſo. Stay till I draw——

Jac. Diſpatch then; I am angry.

Piſo. And thou ſhalt ſee how ſuddenly I'll kill thee.

Jac. Thou dar'ſt not draw. Ye cold, tame, mangy cowards,
Ye drunken rogues, can nothing make ye valiant?
Not wine, nor beating?

Lod. If this way be ſuffer'd——
'Tis very well!

Jac. Go; there's your way; go and ſleep!
I've pity on you; you ſhall have the reſt
Tomorrow when we meet.

Piſo. Come, Lodovic:
He's monſtrous drunk now; there's no talking with him.

Jac. I am ſo; when I'm ſober, I'll do more.
Boy, where's mine Hoſt? [*Exeunt Lod. and Piſo.*

Boy. He's on his bed, aſleep, Sir. [*Exit.*

Jac. Let him alone then. Now am I high proof
For any action; now could I fight bravely,
And charge into a wildfire; or I could love
Any man living now, or any woman,
Or indeed any creature that loves ſack,
Extremely, monſtrouſly: I am ſo loving,
Juſt at this inſtant, that I might be brought,
(I feel it) with a little labour, now to talk
With a juſtice of peace, that to my Nature
I hate next an ill ſword. I will do
Some ſtrange brave thing now; and I have it here:
Pray God the air keep out! I feel it buzzing. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Frederick, Frank, and Clora.

Clora. She loves him too much; that's the plain truth, Frederick;
For which, if I might be believ'd, I think her
A ſtrange forgetter of herſelf: There's Julio,
Or twenty more——

Fred. In your eye, I believe you;
But, credit me, the Captain is a man,
Lay but his rough affections by, as worthy——

Clora. So is a reſty jade a horſe of ſervice,
If he would leave his nature. Give me one,
By your leave, Sir, to make a huſband of,
Not to be wean'd, when I ſhould marry him!
Methinks, a man is miſery enough.

Fred.

Fred. You are too bitter. I'd not have him worſe;
Yet I ſhall ſee you hamper'd one day, lady,
I do not doubt it, for this hereſy.
Clora. I'll burn before! Come, prithee leave this
ſadneſs,
This walking by thyſelf to ſee the devil,
This mumps, this *lachrimæ*, this love in ſippets;
It fits thee like a French hood.
Frank. Does it ſo?
I'm ſure it fits thee to be ever talking,
And nothing to the purpoſe: Take up quickly;
Thy wit will founder of all four elſe, wench,
If thou hold'ſt this pace; take up, when I bid thee.
Clora. Before your brother? fy!
Fred. I can endure it.

Enter Jacomo.

Clora. Here's Raw-head come again. Lord, how he
looks!
Pray God we 'ſcape with broken pates!
Frank. Were I he,
Thou ſhouldſt not want thy wiſh. He has been
drinking;
Has he not, Frederick?
Fred. Yes; but do not find it.
Clora. Peace, and let's hear his wiſdom.
Fred. You will mad him.
Jac. I'm ſomewhat bold, but that's all one.
Clora. A ſhort and [illegible] ſaying a ſoldier.
Frank. As I live,
Thou art a ſtrange [illegible] wench!
Clora. To mak[illegible]ſon.
Jac. Ladies, [illegible]n to kiſs you——
Clora. How he [illegible]pes
His mouth, like a young preacher! We ſhall have it.
Jac. In order as you lie before me: Firſt,
I will begin with you.
Frank. With me, Sir?
Jac. Yes.

Frank. If you will promiſe me to kiſs in eaſe,
I care not if I venture.
Jac. I'll kiſs according to mine own inventions,
As I ſhall ſee cauſe; ſweetly I would wiſh you.
I love you.
Frank. Do you, Sir?
Jac. Yes, indeed do I;
'Would I could tell you how!
Frank. I would you would, Sir!
Jac. I would to God I could; but 'tis ſufficient,
I love you with my heart.
Frank. Alas, poor heart!
Jac. And I am ſorry; but we'll talk of that
Hereafter, if't pleaſe God.
Frank. E'en when you will, Sir.
Clora. He's diſmal drunk; would he were muzzled!
Jac. You,
I take it, are the next.
Frank. Go to him, fool.
Clora. Not I; he'll bite me.
Jac. When, wit? when?
Clora. Good Captain!
Jac. Nay, an you play bo-peep, I'll ha' no mercy,
But catch as catch may.
Fred. Nay, I'll not defend you.
Clora. Good Captain, do not hurt me! I am ſorry
That e'er I anger'd you.
Jac. I'll tew you for't,
By this hand, wit, unleſs you kiſs diſcreetly. [*Kiſſes her.*
Clora. No more, Sir.
Jac. Yes, a little more, ſweet wit;
One taſte more o' your office. Go thy ways,
With thy ſmall kettle-drums; upon my conſcience,
Thou art the beſt that e'er man laid his leg o'er.
Clora. He ſmells juſt like a cellar: Fy upon him!
Jac. Sweet lady, now to you. [*Going to Frederick.*
Clora. For love's ſake, kiſs him.
Fred. I ſhall not keep my countenance.
Frank. Try, prithee,

Jac.

Jac. Pray be not coy, ſweet woman; for I'll kiſs you.
I'm blunt; but you muſt pardon me.
Clora. Oh, God, my ſides!
All. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Jac. Why ha, ha, ha? why laugh?
Why all this noiſe, ſweet ladies?
Clora. Luſty Laurence,
See what a gentlewoman you've ſaluted:
Pray God, ſhe prove not quick!
Fred. Where were thine eyes,
To take me for a woman? ha, ha, ha!
Jac. Who art'a? art'a mortal?
Fred. I am Frederick.
Jac. Then Frederick is an aſs, a ſcurvy Frederick,
To laugh at me.
Frank. Sweet Captain!
Jac. Away, woman!
Go ſtitch, and ſerve God; I deſpiſe thee, woman!
And Frederick ſhall be beaten. 'Sblood, you rogue,
Have you none elſe to make your puppies of
But me?
Fred. I prithee be more patient;
There's no hurt done.
Jac. 'Sblood, but there ſhall be, ſcab!
Clora. Help, help, for love's ſake!
Frank. Who's within there?
Fred. So!
Now you have made a fair hand.
Jac. Why?
Fred. You've kill'd me. [*Falls as kill'd.*
Clora. Call in ſome officers, and ſtay the Captain!
Jac. You ſhall not need.
Clora. This is your drunkenneſs!
Frank. Oh, me! unhappy brother Frederick!
Look but upon me; do not part ſo from me!
Set him a little higher. He is dead!
Clora. Oh, villain, villain!

Enter

Enter Fabritio and Servants.

Fab. How now! what's the matter?
Frank. Oh, Sir, my brother! Oh, my deareſt brother!
Clora. This drunken trough has kill'd him.
Fab. Kill'd him?
Clora. Yes.
For God ſake, hang him quickly! he will do
Ev'ry day ſuch a murder elſe. There's nothing
But a ſtrong gallows that can make him quiet;
I find it in his nature too late.
Fab. Pray be quiet;
Let me come to him.
Clora. Some go for a ſurgeon!
Frank. Oh, what a wretched woman has he made me!
Let me alone, good Sir!
Fab. To what a fortune
Haſt thou reſerv'd thy life!
Jac. Fabritio.
Fab. Never entreat me; for I will not know thee,
Nor utter one word for thee, unleſs it be
To have thee hang'd.—For God ſake, be more temperate!
Jac. I have a ſword ſtill, and I am a villain!
Clora, &c. Hold, hold, hold!
Jac. Ha[41]!
Clora. Away with him, for Heaven's ſake!
He is too deſperate for our enduring.
Fab. Come, you ſhall ſleep; come, ſtrive not;
I'll have it ſo. Here, take him to his lodging;
And ſee him laid before you part.
Serv. We will, Sir. [*Exeunt Jacomo and Servants.*
Fred. Ne'er wonder; I am living yet, and well.
I thank you, ſiſter, for your grief; pray keep it

[41] Jac. *Ha?* Exit.] So, without authority, reads Sympſon; but it is impoſſible the Author ſhould intend Jacomo to *depart* here, when Fabritio's next ſpeech is partly addreſſed *to him*, and partly to the Servants, directing them to 'take him to his lodging;' by which ſpeech, alſo, we underſtand that *he ſtruggled* with them.

'Till

'Till I am fitter for it.

Fab. Do you live, Sir?

Fred. Yes; but 'twas time to counterfeit, he was grown
To ſuch a madneſs in his wine.

Fab. 'Twas well, Sir,
You had that good reſpect unto his temper,
That no worſe followed.

Fred. If I had ſtood him,
Certain one of us muſt have periſh'd. How now, Frank?

Frank. Beſhrew my heart, I tremble like an aſpen!

Clora. Let him come here no more; for Heaven's ſake,
Unleſs he be in chains.

Frank. I would fain ſee him
After he has ſlept, Fabritio, but to try
How he will be. Chide him, and bring him back.

Clora. You'll never leave, 'till you be worried with him.

Frank. Come, brother; we'll walk in, and laugh a little,
To get this fever off me.

Clora. Hang him, ſquib!
Now could I grind him into priming powder.

Frank. Pray will you leave your tooling?

Fab. Come, all friends [42].

Frank. Thou art enough to make an age of men ſore,
Thou art ſo croſs and peeviſh.

Fab. I will chide him;
And, if he be not graceleſs, make him cry for't.

[42] *Come, all friends.*
Frank. *Thou art enough to make an age of men* ſo,
Thou art ſo croſs and peeviſh.] 'This ſeems, ſays Mr. Sympſon, 'to be as odd a reaſon as well could be given, to confirm the line 'above:' And he ſuppoſes that 'ſome line or lines have been dropt.'—The firſt copy is much confuſed in this ſcene: It never mentions the departure of Jacomo; but on Fabritio's ſaying 'Come, all friends,' it ſays, *Exeunt*, as if all were to depart, though Fabritio and the two ladies continue converſing.—The alteration of *ſo* to *ſore* (which we have made) deſtroys the abſurdity which Sympſon complains of, and which every one muſt ſee.

Clora.

Clora. I'd go a mile (to ſee him cry) in ſlippers,
He would look ſo like a whey-cheeſe.
Frank. 'Would we might ſee him once more!
Fab. If you dare
Venture a ſecond trial of his temper,
I make no doubt to bring him.
Clora. No, good Frank,
Let him alone: I ſee his vein lies only
For falling out at wakes and bear-baitings,
That may expreſs him ſturdy.
Fab. Now, indeed,
You are too ſharp, ſweet ſiſter; for unleſs
It be this ſin, which is enough to drown him,
I mean this fourneſs, he's as brave a fellow,
As forward, and as underſtanding elſe,
As any he that lives.
Frank. I do believe you;
And, good Sir, when you ſee him, if we have
Diſtaſted his opinion any way,
Make peace again.
Fab. I will. I'll leave ye, ladies.
Clora. Take heed! y' had beſt; h' has ſworn to pay you elſe.
Fab. I warrant you; I have been often threaten'd.
Clora. When he comes next, I'll have the cough, or tooth-ach,
Or ſomething that ſhall make me keep my chamber;
I love him ſo well.
Frank. 'Would you'd keep your tongue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV[43].

Enter Angelo.

Ang. I cannot keep from this ungodly woman,
This Lelia; whom I know too, yet am caught;

[43] *Scene IV.*] The meaſure of this ſcene (till the entrance of the Father) is, in all editions prior to that of 1750, divided extremely bad; Mr. Sympſon then made a new diviſion of the lines, which ſeems to us far from ſatisfactory. We have endeavoured to make out a better and more natural one.

Her

Her looks are nothing like her: 'Would her faults
Were all in Paris print upon her face,
Cum privilegio to uſe 'em ſtill! I would write
An epiſtle before it, on the inſide of her maſk,
And dedicate it to the whore of Babylon;
With a preface upon her noſe to the gentle reader:
And they ſhould be to be ſold
At the ſign of the Whore's Head i' th' Pottage-pot,
In what ſtreet you pleaſe. But all this helps not me!
I'm made to be thus catch'd, paſt any redreſs,
With a thing I contemn too. I've read Epictetus
Twice over 'gainſt the deſire of theſe outward things;
And ſtill her face runs in my mind: I went
To ſay my prayers, and they were ſo laid out o' th' way,
That if I could find any prayers I had,
I am no Chriſtian. This is the door, and the ſhort is,
I muſt ſee her again. [*He knocks.*

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?

Ang. 'Tis I:
I would ſpeak with your miſtreſs.

Maid. Did ſhe ſend for you?

Ang. No; what then? I would ſee her. Prithee,
by thy leave!

Maid. Not by my leave; for ſhe will not ſee you,
but doth hate
You and your friend, and doth wiſh you both hang'd;
Which, being ſo proper men, is great pity
That you are not.

Ang. How is this?

Maid. For your ſweet ſelf, in particular,
Who ſhe reſolves perſuaded your friend to neglect her,
She deemeth whipcord the moſt convenient unction,
For your back and ſhoulders.

Ang. Let me in, I'll ſatisfy her.

Maid. And if 't ſhall happen that you are in doubt
Of theſe my ſpeeches, inſomuch that you
Shall ſpend more time in arguing at the door,

I am

I am fully perſuaded that my miſtreſs in perſon from above,
Will utter her mind more at large, by way
Of urine upon your head, that it may ſink
The more ſoundly into your underſtanding faculties.
Ang. This is the ſtrangeſt thing! Good pretty ſoul,
Why doſt thou uſe me ſo? I pray thee
Let me in, Sweet-heart!
Maid. Indeed I cannot, Sweet-heart!
Ang. Thou art a handſome one, and this croſſneſs
Does not become thee.
Maid. Alas, I cannot help it.
Ang. Eſpecially to me: Thou know'ſt when I was here
I ſaid I lik'd thee of all thy miſtreſs' ſervants.
Maid. So did I you; tho' it be not my fortune
To expreſs it at this preſent; for truly,
If you would cry, I cannot let you in.
Ang. Pox on her! I muſt go the down-right way.—Look you,
Here is ten pound for you, let me ſpeak with her.
Maid. I like your gold well, but it is a thing,
By Heav'n, I cannot do! She will not ſpeak with you,
Eſpecially at this time; ſh' has affairs.
Ang. This makes her leave her jeſting yet.—But take it,
And let me ſee her; bring me to a place
Where, undiſcerned of herſelf, I may
Feed my deſiring eyes but half-an-hour.
Maid. Why, faith, I think I can; and I will ſtretch
My wits and body too for gold. If you will ſwear,
As you are gentle, not to ſtir or ſpeak,
Whatever[45] you ſhall ſee or hear, now or hereafter—
Give me your gold: I'll plant you.
Ang. Why, as I am a gentleman,
I will not.
Maid. Enough. Quick! follow me. [*Exeunt.*

45 Where *you ſhall.*] Varied by Sympſon.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. Why, where's this maid? She has much care of her buſineſs!
Nell! I think ſhe be ſunk! Why, Nell! whiew!
Maid [*within*]. What is the matter?

Enter Maid.

Serv. I pray you heartily come away!
Oh, come, come. The gentleman my miſtreſs invited
Is coming down the ſtreet, and the banquet
Not yet brought out! [*They bring in the banquet.*
Lelia [*within*]. Nell, ſirrah!
Maid. I come, forſooth.
Serv. Now muſt I walk:
When there is any fleſhly matters in hand,
My miſtreſs ſends me of a four hours' errand:
But if I go not about mine own bodily buſineſs
As well as ſhe, I am a Turk. [*Exit.*

Enter Father.

Father. What! all wide open? 'Tis the way to ſin,
Doubtleſs; but I muſt on; the gates of hell
Are not more paſſable than theſe: How they
Will be to get out, God knows; I muſt try.
'Tis very ſtrange! If there be any life
Within this houſe, 'would it would ſhew itſelf!
What's here? a banquet? and no mouth to eat,
Or bid me do it? This is ſomething like
The entertainment of adventurous knights
Ent'ring enchanted caſtles; for the manner,
Tho' there be nothing diſmal to be ſeen,
Amazes me a little. What is meant
By this ſtrange invitation? I will ſound
My daughter's meaning ere I ſpeak to her,
If it be poſſible; for by my voice [*Muſick.*
She will diſcover me. Hark! whence is this?

THE SONG[46].

Come hither, you that love, and hear me ſing
Of joys ſtill growing,
Green, freſh and luſty, as the pride of ſpring,
And ever blowing.
Come hither, youths that bluſh, and dare not know
What is deſire,
And old men, worſe than you, that cannot blow
One ſpark of fire.
And with the power of my enchanting ſong,
Boys ſhall be able men, and old men young.

Enter Angelo above.

Come hither, you that hope, and you that cry;
Leave off complaining;
Youth, ſtrength, and beauty, that ſhall never die,
Are here remaining.
Come hither, fools, and bluſh you ſtay ſo long
From being bleſt,
And mad men worſe than you, that ſuffer wrong,
Yet ſeek no reſt.
And in an hour, with my enchanting ſong,
You ſhall be ever pleas'd, and young maids long.

Enter Lelia and Woman, with night-gown and ſlippers.

Lelia. Sir, you are welcome hither! as this kiſs,
Giv'n with a larger freedom than the uſe
Of ſtrangers will admit, ſhall witneſs to you.—
Put the gown on him.—In this chair ſit down.—
Give him his ſlippers.—Be not ſo amaz'd:
Here's to your health! and you ſhall feel this wine
Stir lively in me, in the dead of night.—
Give him ſome wine.—Fall to your banquet, Sir;
And let us grow in mirth. Tho' I am ſet
Now thus far off you, yet, four glaſſes hence,
I will ſit here, and try, till both our bloods

[46] 'Tis a ſufficient compliment to this Song, that Mr. Killigrew has inſerted it in his Thomaſo, or Merry Wanderer. *Sympſon.*

Shoot

Shoot up and down to find a paſſage out;
Then mouth to mouth will we walk up to bed,
And undreſs one another as we go;
Where both my treaſure, body, and my ſoul,
Are yours to be diſpos'd of.
Father. Umh! umh!
[*Makes ſigns of his white head and beard.*
Lelia. You are old?
Is that your meaning? Why, you are to me
The greater novelty; all our freſh youth
Are daily offer'd me. Tho' you perform,
As you think, little, yet you ſatisfy
My appetite; from your experience
I may learn ſomething in the way of luſt
I may be better for. But I can teach
Theſe young ones: But this day I did refuſe
A pair of them; Julio and Angelo,
And told them they were, as they were, raw fools
And whelps. [*Ang. makes diſcontented ſigns.*
Maid. Pray God he ſpeak not!
[*Maid lays her finger croſs her mouth to him.*
Lelia. Why ſpeak you not,
Sweet Sir?
Father. Umh!
[*Stops his ears; ſhews he is troubled with the muſick.*
Lelia. Peace there, that muſick! Now, Sir,
Speak to me.
Father. Umh! [*Points at the Maid.*
Lelia. Why? would you have her gone?
You need not keep your freedom in for her;
She knows my life, that ſhe might write it; think
She is a ſtone: She is a kind of bawdy confeſſor,
And will not utter ſecrets.
Father. Umh! [*Points at her again.*
Lelia. Be gone then,
Since he needs will have it ſo. 'Tis all one.
[*Exit Maid. Father locks the door.*
Is all now as you would? Come, meet me then;
And bring a thouſand kiſſes on thy lips,

And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet leave
Thy lips as wealthy as they were before.
Father. Yes, all is as I would, but thou!
Lelia. By Heaven,
It is my father! [*Starts.*
Father. And I do beſeech thee
Leave theſe unheard-of luſts, which worſe become thee
Than mocking of thy father. Let thine eyes
Reflect upon thy ſoul, and there behold
How loathed black it is; and whereas now
Thy face is heav'nly fair, but thy mind foul,
Go but into thy cloſet, and there cry
'Till thou haſt ſpoil'd that face, and thou ſhalt find
How excellent a change thou wilt have made,
For inward beauty.
Lelia. Tho' I know him now
To be my father, never let me live
If my luſt do abate! I'll take upon me
To have known him all this while.
Father. Look! doſt thou know me?
Lelia. I knew you, Sir, before.
Father. What didſt thou do?
Lelia. Knew you: And ſo unmov'dly have you borne
All the ſad croſſes that I laid upon you,
With ſuch a noble temper, which indeed
I purpoſely caſt on you, to diſcern
Your carriage in calamity, and you
Have undergone 'em with that brave contempt,
That I have turn'd the reverence of a child
Into the hot affection of a lover:
Nor can there on the earth be found, but yours,
A ſpirit fit to meet with mine.
Father. A woman?
Thou art not ſure!
Lelia. Look and believe.
Father. Thou art
Something created to ſucceed the devil,
When he grows weary of his envious courſe,
And compaſſing the world. But I believe thee;

Thou

Thou didſt but mean to try my patience,
And doſt ſo ſtill: But better be advis'd,
And make thy trial with ſome other things
That ſafelier will admit a dalliance:
And if it ſhould be earneſt, underſtand
How curs'd thou art! ſo far from Heaven, that thou
Believ'ſt it not enough to damn alone,
Or with a ſtranger, but wouldſt heap all ſins
Unnatural upon this aged head;
And draw thy father to thy bed, and hell!

Lelia. You are deceiv'd, Sir; 'tis not againſt nature
For us to lie together: If you have
An arrow of the ſame tree with your bow,
Is't more unnatural to ſhoot it there
Than in another? 'Tis our general nature
To procreate, as fire's is to conſume;
And it will trouble you to find a ſtick
The fire will turn from. If 't be Nature's will
We ſhould not mix, ſhe will diſcover to us
Some moſt apparent croſſneſs, as our organs
Will not be fit; which if we do perceive
We'll leave, and think it is her pleaſure
That we ſhould deal with others.

Father. The doors are faſt;
Thou ſhalt not ſay a prayer! 'tis not God's will
Thou ſhouldſt. When this is done, I'll kill myſelf,
That never man may tell me I got thee.

[*Father draws his ſword; Angelo diſcovers himſelf.*

Lelia. I pray you, Sir!—Help there!—for God's ſake, Sir!

Ang. Hold, reverend Sir! for honour of your age!

Father. Who's that?

Ang. For ſafety of your ſoul, and of the ſoul
Of that too-wicked woman yet to die!

Father. What art thou? and how cam'ſt thou to that place?

Ang. I am a man ſo ſtrangely hither come,
That I have broke an oath in ſpeaking this;
But I believe 'twas better broke than kept,
And I deſire your patience. Let me in,

And I proteſt I will not hinder you
In any act you wiſh, more than by word.
If ſo I can perſuade you, that I will not
Uſe violence, I'll throw my ſword down to you.
This houſe holds none but I, only a maid,
Whom I will lock faſt in, as I come down.
Father. I do not know thee; but thy tongue doth ſeem
To be acquainted with the truth ſo well
That I will let thee in: Throw down thy ſword.
Ang. There 'tis!
Lelia. How came he there? I am betray'd to ſhame!
The fear of ſudden death ſtruck me all over
So violently, that I ſcarce have breath
To ſpeak yet: But I have it in my head,
And out it ſhall, that, Father, may perhaps
O'er-reach you yet. [*Father lets in Angelo.*
Father. Come, Sir; what is't you ſay?
Lelia. My Angelo! By all the joys of love,
Thou art as welcome, as theſe pliant arms
Twin'd round, and faſt about thee, can perſuade thee!
Ang. Away!
Lelia. I was in ſuch a fright before thou cam'ſt!
Yon old mad fellow (it will make thee laugh,
Tho' it fear'd me) has talk'd ſo wildly here!
Sirrah, he ruſh'd in at my doors, and ſwore
He was my father, and, I think, believ'd it:
But that he had a ſword, and threaten'd me,
I'faith he was good ſport. Good, thruſt him out,
That thou and I may kiſs together; wilt thou?
Father. Are you her champion? and with theſe fair words,
Got in to reſcue her from me? [*Offers to run at him.*
Ang. Hold, Sir!
I ſwear I do not harbour ſuch a thought:
I ſpeak it not for that you have two ſwords,
But for 'tis truth.
Lelia. Two ſwords, my Angelo?
Think this, that thou haſt two young brawny arms
And ne'er a ſword, and he has two good ſwords
And ne'er an arm to uſe 'em: Ruſh upon him!
I could

I could have beaten him with this weak body,
If I had had the ſpirit of a man.
Ang. Stand from me, and leave talking, or by Heaven
I'll trample thy laſt damning word out of thee!
Father. Why do you hinder me then? ſtand away,
And I will rid her quickly.
Lelia. 'Would I were
Clear of this buſineſs! yet I cannot pray.
Ang. Oh, be advis'd! Why, you were better kill her,
If ſhe were good. Convey her from this place,
Where none but you, and ſuch as you appoint,
May viſit her; where let her hear of nought
But death and damning, (which ſhe hath deſerv'd)
'Till ſhe be truly, juſtly ſorrowful;
And then, lay mercy to her, who does know
But ſhe may mend?
Father. But whither ſhould I bear her?
Ang. To my houſe;
'Tis large and private; I will lend it you.
Father. I thank you, Sir; and happily it fits
With ſome deſign I have. But how ſhall we
Convey her——
Lelia. Will they carry me away?
Father. For ſhe will ſcratch and kick, and ſcream ſo loud
That people will be drawn to reſcue her.
Ang. Why, none can hear her here, but her own maid,
Who is as faſt as ſhe.
Father. But in the ſtreet?
Ang. Why, we will take 'em both into the kitchen,
There bind 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw 'em
Into a coach I'll bring to the back-door,
And hurry 'em away.
Father. It ſhall be ſo.
I owe you much for this, and I may pay you:
There is your ſword. Lay hold upon her quickly.
This way with me, thou diſobedient child!
Why does thy ſtubborn heart beat at thy breaſt?
Let it be ſtill; for I will have it ſearch'd

'Till I have found a well of living tears
Within it, that ſhall ſpring out of thine eyes,
And flow all o'er thy body foul'd with ſin,
'Till it have waſh'd it quite without a ſtain.

Lelia. Help! help! ah! ah! Murder! I ſhall be murder'd! [*They drag her.*
I ſhall be murdered!

Father. This helps thee not.

Lelia. Baſely murder'd, baſely!

Father. I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Lodovico and Piſo.

Lod. THIS roguy Captain has made fine work with us.

Piſo. I would the devil in a ſtorm would carry him
Home to his garriſon again. I ache all over,
That I am ſure of! Certainly my body
Is of a wildfire[48], for my head rings backward,
Or elſe I have a morris in my brains.

Lod. I'll deal no more with ſoldiers. Well remember'd;
Did not the viſion promiſe to appear
About this time again?

Piſo. Yes. Here he comes:
He's juſt on's word.

Enter Father.

Father. Oh, they be here together.
She's penitent; and, by my troth, I ſtagger

[48] *Is of a wildfire.*] So the old copies. The reading in the text [*all* for *of*] is from Mr. Seward's conjecture, who thinks it much more agreeable to the tenor of this ſpeech. *Symſon.*

We believe the reading of the old copies right; meaning, *My body is* [MADE] *of a wildfire.*

Whether,

Whether, as now ſhe is, either of theſe
Two fools be worthy of her: Yet, becauſe
Her youth is prone to fall again, ungovern'd,
And marriage now may ſtay her, one of 'em
(And Piſo, ſince I underſtand him abler)
Shall be the man; the other bear the charges,
And willingly, as I will handle it.
I have a ring here, which he ſhall believe
Is ſent him from a woman I have thought of:
But e'er I leave it, I'll have one of his
In pawn worth two on't; for I will not loſe
By ſuch a meſs of ſugar-ſops as this is;
I am too old.

Lod. It moves again; let's meet it.

Father. Now, if I be not out, we ſhall have fine ſport.
I am glad I've met you, Sir, ſo happily;
You do remember me, I'm ſure.

Lod. I do, Sir.

Piſo. This is a ſhort preludium to a challenge.

Father. I have a meſſage, Sir, that much concerns you,
And for your ſpecial good. Nay, you may hear too.

Piſo. What ſhould this fellow mean?

Father. There is a lady—
How the poor thing begins to warm already—
Come to this town, (as yet a ſtranger here, Sir)
Fair, young, and rich, both in poſſeſſions,
And all the graces that make up a woman,
A widow, and a virtuous one.—It works;
He needs no broth upon't.

Lod. What of her, Sir?

Father. No more but this; ſhe loves you.

Lod. Loves me?

Father. Yes;
And with a ſtrong affection, but a fair one.
If you be wiſe and thankful, you are made:
There's the whole matter.

Lod. I am ſure I hear this.

Father. Here is a ring, Sir, of no little value;

Which, after ſhe had ſeen you at a window,
She bad me haſte, and give it; when ſhe bluſh'd
Like a blown roſe.

Lod. But pray, Sir, by your leave—
Methinks your years ſhould promiſe no ill meaning.

Father. I am no bawd, nor cheater, nor a courſer[49]
Of broken-winded women: If you fear me,
I'll take my leave, and let my lady uſe
A fellow of more form; an honeſter
I'm ſure ſhe cannot.

Lod. Stay! you have confirm'd me:
Yet let me feel; you are in health?

Father. I hope ſo;
My water's well enough, and my pulſe.

Lod. Then
All may be excellent. Pray pardon me;
For I am like a boy that had found money,
Afraid I dream ſtill.

Piſo. Sir, what kind of woman,
Of what proportion, is your lady?

Lod. Ay?

Father. I'll tell you preſently her very picture:
D' you know a woman in this town they call—
Stay; yes; it is ſo—Lelia?

Piſo. Not by ſight.

Father. Nor you, Sir?

Lod. Neither.

---

49 *Nor a* coarſer.] Though I have chang'd *coarſer* to *courſer*, as we commonly pronounce it, yet I fancy we ought to make a farther correction ſtill, and for *courſer* read *coſer*, i. e. *mango*, a merchant or dealer in, &c. The word *coſe* in Scotch ſignifying to change or barter. I am indebted to the ingenious and learned Mr. Lye, for this ſenſe of the word. *Vid. Junii Etymologicon Anglicanum ad verbum coſed.* *Sympſon.*

Though Mr. Sympſon thus confidently ſays, 'I HAVE CHANGED,' yet COURSER is the reading of the ſecond folio; and is, as the context proves, evidently right; *a* COURSER *of* broken-winded *women*. —In the ſame ſtile is his aſſertion, that, when Angelo (p. 78) is perſuading Lelia's Maid to admit him into the houſe, the other copies make Angelo ſay, *This croſſneſs does become thee*, and that 'he has 'inſerted the particle NOT,' which, however, appears in the ſecond folio.

Father.

Father. Theſe are precious rogues,
To rail upon a woman they ne'er ſaw:
So they would uſe their kindred. [*Aſide.*
Piſo. We have heard tho'
She's very fair and goodly.
Father. Such another,
Juſt of the ſame complexion, making, ſpeech,
(But a thought ſweeter) is my lady.
Lod. Then
She muſt be excellent indeed.
Father. Indeed ſhe is,
And you will find it ſo. You do believe me?
Lod. Yes, marry do I; and I am ſo alter'd——
Father. Your happineſs will alter any man.
Do not delay the time, Sir: At a houſe
Where don Velaſco lay, the Spaniſh ſignor,
Which now is ſignor Angelo's, ſhe is.
Lod. I know it.
Father. But before you ſhew yourſelf,
Let it be night by all means; willingly
By day ſhe would not have ſuch gallants ſeen
Repair unto her; 'tis her modeſty.
Lod. I'll go and fit myſelf.
Father. Do; and be ſure
You ſend proviſion in, in full abundance,
Fit for the marriage; for this night, I know,
She will be yours. Sir, have you ne'er a token
Of worth to ſend her back again? You muſt;
She will expect it.
Lod. Yes; pray give her this, [*Gives a ring.*
And with it, all I have. I'm made for ever! [*Exit.*
Piſo. Well, thou haſt fools' luck. Should I live as long
As an old oak, and ſay my prayers hourly,
I ſhould not be the better of a penny.
I think the devil be my ghoſtly father!
Upon my conſcience, I am full as handſome;
I'm ſure I have more wit, and more performance,
Which is a pretty matter.

Father.

Father. Do you think, Sir,
That your friend, ſignor Piſo, will be conſtant
Unto my lady? you ſhould know him well.
Piſo. Who? ſignor Piſo?
Father. Yes, the gentleman.
Piſo. Why, you are wide, Sir.
Father. Is not his name Piſo?
Piſo. No; mine is Piſo.
Father. How!
Piſo. It is indeed, Sir;
And his is Lodovic.
Father. Then I'm undone, Sir!
For I was ſent at firſt to Piſo. What a raſcal
Was I, ſo ignorantly to miſtake you!
Piſo. Peace;
There is no harm done yet.
Father. Now 'tis too late,
I know my error: At turning of a ſtreet,
(For you were then upon the right-hand of him)
You chang'd your places ſuddenly; where I
(Like a croſs blockhead [50]) loſt my memory.
What ſhall I do? My lady utterly
Will put me from her favour.
Piſo. Never fear it;
I'll be thy guard, I warrant thee. Oh, oh!
Am I at length reputed? For the ring,
I'll fetch it back with a light vengeance from him:
H' had better keep tame devils than that ring.
Art thou not ſteward?
Father. No.
Piſo. Thou ſhalt be ſhortly.
Father. Lord, how he takes it! [*Aſide.*
Piſo. I'll go ſhift me ſtraight.
Art ſure it was to Piſo?
Father. Oh, too ſure, Sir.

---

[50] *A croſs blockhead.*] I have a ſtrong ſuſpicion that *groſs* was the original reading, *i. e.* what a great, ſtupid, dull, &c. blockhead was I? *Sympſon.*

Croſs may perhaps be uſed by the Poets in the ſenſe of *blundering.* *Piſo.*

Piſo. I'll mount thee, if I live, for't.—Give me patience,
Heaven, to bear this bleſſing, I beſeech thee!
I am but man! I prithee break my head,
To make me underſtand I'm ſenſible.

Father. Lend me your dagger, and I will, Sir.

Piſo. No;
I believe now, like a good Chriſtian.

Father. Good Sir, make haſte; I dare not go without you,
Since I have ſo miſtaken.

Piſo. 'Tis no matter:
Meet me within this half-hour at St. Margaret's.—
Well, go thy ways, old leg! thou haſt the trick on't.
[*Exit.*

Enter Angelo and Julio.

Ang. How now! the news?

Father. Well, paſſing well; I have 'em
Both in a leaſh, and made right for my purpoſe.

Julio. I'm glad on't. I muſt leave you.

Ang. Whither, man?

Julio. If all go right, I may be faſt enough too.

Ang. I cry you mercy, Sir! I know your meaning:
Clora's the woman; ſhe's Frank's bedfellow.
Commend me to 'em; and go, Julio,
Bring 'em to ſupper all, to grace this matter:
They'll ſerve for witneſſes.

Julio. I will. Farewell!
[*Ex. Julio at one door; Ang. and Father at another.*

SCENE II.

Enter Clora, Frank, Frederick, and Maid.

Fred. Siſter, I brought you Jacomo to th' door:
He has forgot all that he ſaid laſt night;
And ſhame of that makes him more loth to come.
I left Fabritio perſuading him;
But 'tis in vain.

Frank.

Frank. Alas, my fortune, Clora!

Clora. Now, Frank, ſee what a kind of man you love,
That loves you when he's drunk.

Frank. If ſo,
Faith I would marry him: My friends, I hope,
Would make him drink.

Clora. 'Tis well conſider'd, Frank,
He has ſuch pretty humours then. Beſides,
Being a ſoldier, 'tis better he ſhould love you
When he's drunk, than when he's ſober; for then
He will be ſure to love you the greateſt part on's life.

Frank. And were not I a happy woman then?

Clora. That ever was born, Frank, i'faith.

Fred. How now! what ſays he?

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Faith, you may as well 'tice a dog up
With a whip and bell, as him by telling him
Of love and women: He ſwears they mock him.

Fred. Look how my ſiſter weeps.

Fab. Why, who can help it?

Fred. Yes, you may ſafely ſwear ſhe loves him.

Fab. Why, ſo I did; and may do all the oaths
Arithmetick can make, ere he believe me;
And ſince he was laſt drunk, he is more jealous
They would abuſe him. If we could perſuade him
She lov'd, he would embrace it.

Fred. She herſelf
Shall bate ſo much of her own modeſty,
To ſwear it to him, with ſuch tears as now
You ſee rain from her.

Fab. I believe 'twould work;
But would you have her do't i' th' open ſtreet?
Or, if you would, he'll run away from her.
How ſhall we get him hither?

Fred. By entreaty.

Fab. 'Tis moſt impoſſible. No; if we could
Anger him hither, (as there is no way

But

But that to bring him) and then hold him faſt,
Women and men, whilſt ſhe delivers to him
The truth ſeal'd with her tears, he would be pliant[51]
As a pleas'd child. He walks below for me,
Under the window.

Clora. We'll anger him, I warrant ye:
Let one o' th' maids take a good bowl of water,
Or ſay it be a piſs-pot, and pour it
On's head.

Fab. Content! Hang me, if I like not
The caſt on't rarely; for no queſtion
'Tis an approv'd receipt to fetch ſuch a fellow.
Take all the women-kind in this houſe, betwixt
The age of one and one hundred, and let them
Take unto them a pot or a bowl, containing
Seven quarts or upwards, and let them never leave
'Till the above-nam'd pot or bowl become full;
Then let one of them ſtretch out her arm, and pour it
On his head, and, *probatum eſt*, it will fetch him;
For in his anger he will run up, and then
Let us alone.

Clora. Go you and do it. [*Exit Maid.*

Frank. Good Clora, no.

Clora. Away, I ſay, and do it. Never fear;
We have enough of that water ready diſtill'd.

Frank. Why, this will make him mad, Fabritio;
He'll neither love me drunk, nor ſober, now.

Fab. I warrant you. What, is the wench come up?

Enter Maid above.

Clora. Art thou there, wench?

Maid. Ay.

Fab. Look out then
If thou canſt ſee him.

Maid. Yes, I ſee him; and by my troth

[51] *He would be* plain.] *Plain* being evidently corrupt, Mr. Seward propoſes to read *pliant*; and Mr. Sympſon, *fain*, i. e. (upon authority of Spenſer) *fond*. We think this very uncouth, and that Seward's conjecture is much more plauſible.

He

He ſtands ſo fair, I could not hold, were he
My father. His hat's off too, and he's ſcratching
His head.

Fab. Oh, waſh that hand, I prithee.

Maid. God ſend thee good luck!
'Tis the ſecond time I have thrown thee out to-day.
Ha, ha, ha! juſt on's head.

Frank. Alas!

Fab. What does he now?

Maid. He gathers ſtones: God's light, he breaks all the ſtreet-windows[52]!

Jac. [*within.*] Whores! bawds! your windows, your windows!

Maid. Now he is breaking
All the low windows with his ſword: Excellent ſport!
Now he's beating a fellow that laugh'd at him;
Truly the man takes it patiently: Now he goes
Down the ſtreet gravely, looking on each ſide;
There's not one more dare laugh.

Frank. Does he go on?

Maid. Yes.

Frank. Fabritio, you have undone a maid [*Kneels.*
By treachery; know you ſome other better,

[52] *The* ſtreet *windows.*] This is a paſſage I can't at all reconcile with the context; as perhaps not being ſkill'd enough in Architecture; for what *windows* were the *ſtreet* ones? High ones, no doubt; becauſe he breaks them with ſtones. But what were the low ones he is now breaking with his ſword? Were not theſe toward the ſtreet too? If they were not, why are they not diſtinguiſh'd, and if they be, then there is a diſtinction without a difference. I ſuſpect the paſſage corrupted, and that to make our Poets talk ſenſe, and the whole paſſage conſiſtent; we ought to read,

——— *the* garret *windows.*

The Captain broke thoſe with ſtones, the garret being the place from whence the jordan was diſcharg'd, but after his ammunition was ſpent, like a brave officer he charges the lower windows ſword in hand, and manfully makes a mighty breach in the innocent and inoffenſive ground-room windows. *Sympſon.*

The *ſtreet*-windows mean ſimply the windows that look to the *ſtreet*; any of which he might throw ſtones at; but he could reach none but the *lower* ones with his ſword, which are therefore neceſſarily ſpecified.

You

You would prefer your friend to? If you do not,
Bring him again! I have no other hope
But you, that made me loſe hope; if you fail me,
I ne'er ſhall ſee him, but ſhall languiſh out
A diſcontented life, and die contemn'd.

Fab. This vexes me! I pray you be more patient.
If I have any truth, let what will happen, [*Lifts her up.*
I'll bring him preſently. Do you all ſtand
At the ſtreet-door, the maids, and all, to watch
When I come back, and have ſome private place
To ſhuffle me into; for he ſhall follow
In fury, but I know I can out-run him:
As he comes in, clap all faſt hold on him,
And uſe your own diſcretions.

Fred. We will do it.

Fab. But ſuddenly; for I will bring him hither,
With that unſtopp'd ſpeed, that he ſhall run over
All that's in's way: And tho' my life be ventur'd,
'Tis no great matter, I will do't.

Frank. I thank you, worthy Fabritio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. I ever knew no woman could abide me;
But am I grown ſo contemptible,
By being once drunk amongſt 'em, that they begin
To throw piſs on my head? for ſurely it was piſs:
Huh, huh! [*Seems to ſmell.*

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Jacomo, how doſt thou?

Jac. Well; ſomething troubled
With watriſh humours.

Fab. Foh! how thou ſtink'ſt!
Prithee ſtand further off me. Methinks theſe humours
Become thee better than thy dry cholerick humours,
Or thy wine-wet humours. Ha!

Jac. You're pleaſant;

But,

But, Fabritio, know I am not in the mood
Of ſuffering jeſts.
Fab. If you be not i'th' mood,
I hope you will not be moody. But truly
I cannot blame the gentlewomen; you ſtood eveſ-
dropping
Under their window, and would not come up.
Jac. Sir, I ſuſpect now, by your idle talk,
Your hand was in't; which, if I once believe,
Be ſure you ſhall account to me.
Fab. The gentlewomen
And the maids have counted to you already;
The next turn I ſee is mine.
Jac. Let me die, but this
Is very ſtrange! Good Fabritio, don't
Provoke me ſo.
Fab. Provoke you? You're grown
The ſtrangeſt fellow! there's no keeping company with
you.
Piſh! take you that.
[*Fab. gives him a box o'th' ear: Jac. draws his ſword.*
Jac. Oh, all the devils! Stand, ſlave!
Fab. Follow me if thou dar'ſt. [*Exit.*
Jac. Stay, coward, ſtay! [*Exit running.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Frederick, Frank, Clora, Servant, and Maid.

Clora. Be ready; for I ſee Fabritio running,
And Jacomo behind him.

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Where's the place?
Fred. That way, Fabritio. [*Exit Fab.*

Enter Jacomo.

Jac. Where art thou, treacher? [*Fred. Clora, and Maid, lay hold on Jac.*] What's the matter, Sirs?
Why do you hold me? I am baſely wrong'd!
Torture

Torture and hell be with you! let me go!

[*They drag him to a chair, and hold him down in it.*

Fred. Good Jacomo, be patient; and but hear
What I can ſay: You know I am your friend;
If you yet doubt it, by my ſoul I am.

Jac. 'Sdeath, ſtand away! I would my breath were poiſon!

Fred. As I have life, that which was thrown on you,
And this now done, were but to draw you hither
For cauſes weighty, that concern yourſelf,
Void of all malice; which this maid, my ſiſter,
Shall tell you.

Jac. Puh! a pox upon you all! you will not hold me
For ever here; and, till you let me go,
I'll talk no more.

Frank. As you're a gentleman,
Let not this boldneſs make me be believ'd
To be immodeſt! If there were a way
More ſilently to be acquainted with you,
God knows, that I would chuſe; but as it is,
Take it in plainneſs: I do love you more
Than you do your content. If you refuſe
To pity me, I'll never ceaſe to weep;
And when mine eyes be out, I will be told
How faſt the tears I ſhed for you do fall;
And if they do not flow abundantly,
I'll fetch a ſigh ſhall make 'em ſtart and leap,
As if the fire were under.

Jac. Fine mocking, fine mocking!

Fred. Mocking? Look how ſhe weeps.

Jac. Does ſhe counterfeit crying too?

Fred. Behold how the tears flow! Or pity her,
Or never more be call'd a man.

Jac. How's this?
Soft you, ſoft you, my maſters! Is it poſſible, think you,
She ſhould be in earneſt?

Clora. Earneſt? Ay, in earneſt:
She is a fool to break ſo many ſleeps,

That would have been ſound ones,
And venture ſuch a face, and ſo much life,
For e'er an humorous aſs i' th' world.
Frank. Why, Clora,
I have known you cry as much for Julio,
That has not half his worth. All night you write
And weep, too much, I fear; I do but what
I ſhould.
Clora. If I do write, I'm anſwer'd, Frank.
Frank. I would I might be ſo!
Jac. Good Frederick, let me go;
I would fain try if that thing do not counterfeit.
Fred. Give me your ſword then.
Jac. No; but take my word,
As I am man, I will not hurt a creature
Under this roof, before I have deliver'd
Myſelf, as I am now, into your hands,
Or have your full conſent.
Fred. It is enough.
Jac. Gentlewoman, I pray you let me feel your face:
I am an infidel, if ſhe don't weep!
Stay; where's my handkerchief? I'll wipe
The old wet off: The freſh tears come! Pox on't, I am
A handſome gracious fellow amongſt women,
And knew it not. Gentlewoman, how ſhould I know
Theſe tears are for me? Is not your mother dead?
Frank. By Heav'n, they are for you!
Jac. 'Slight, I'll have my head curl'd and powder'd
Tomorrow by break of day. If you love me,
I pray you kiſs me; for if I love you,
It ſhall be ſuch love as I will not
Be aſham'd of. If this be a mock, [*Kiſſes.*
It is the heartieſt and the ſweeteſt mock
That e'er I taſted. Mock me ſo again! [*Kiſſes again.*
Fred. Fy, Jacomo! why do you let her kneel
So long?
Jac. It's true; I had forgot it, and ſhould have done [*Lifts her up.*

This

This twelvemonth: Pray you riſe. Frederick,
If I could all this while have been perſuaded
She could have lov'd me, doſt thou think I had
Not rather kiſs her than another ſhould?
And yet you may gull me, for aught I know;
But if you do, hell take me if I do not cut
All your throats ſleeping!

Fred. Oh, do not think of ſuch a thing.

Jac. Otherwiſe, if ſhe be in earneſt, the ſhort is, I am.

Frank. Alas, I am.

Jac. And I did not think it
Poſſible any woman could have lik'd
This face: It's good for nothing, is it?

Clora. Yes,
It is worth forty ſhillings to pawn, being lin'd[53]
Almoſt quite thro' with velvet.

Frank. It is better
Than your Julio's.

Jac. Thou thinkeſt ſo;
But otherwiſe, in faith, it is not, Frank.
[*Whilſt Jacomo is kiſſing Frank,*

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Hiſt, Jacomo! How doſt thou, boy? ha?

Jac. Why, very well,
I thank you, Sir.

Fab. Doſt thou perceive the reaſon
Of matters and paſſages yet, ſirrah, or no?

[53] *Lined.*] In act iii. ſcene vi. of this play, Piſo deſcribes Jacomo as one that wore his forehead in a velvet ſcabbard, and Clora here ſays his face is worth forty ſhillings to pawn upon account of its velvet lining. If *lin'd* be not a *Latiniſm* here, we muſt have the *lining* not on the *inſide* as uſual, but on the *out*. What we may farther remark from hence is, the difference of patches in the Poet's days and in ours. The heroes of the blade then would have nothing leſs than velvet, whereas plain ſilk is thought good enough by thoſe now. *Sympſon.*

Lined is, we believe, uſed in the ſame ſenſe to this day by artiſans, *&c.* The actors, in particular, call marking their features for old characters *lining the face*; though that may, indeed, bear another ſenſe.

Jac. 'Tis wondrous good, Sir.
Fab. I've done ſimply for you:
But now you're beaten to ſome underſtanding,
I pray you dally not with the gentlewoman,
But diſpatch your matrimony withall convenient ſpeed.
Fred. He gives good counſel.
Jac. And I'll follow it.
Fab. And I you[54]. Prithee do not take it unkindly;
For, truſt me, I box'd thee for thy advancement:
A fooliſh deſire I had to joggle thee
Into preferment.
Jac. I apprehend you, Sir;
And if I can ſtudy out a courſe how a baſtinadoing
May any ways raiſe your fortunes in the ſtate,
You ſhall be ſure on't.
Fab. Oh, Sir, keep your way.
God ſend you much joy!
Clora. And me my Julio! [*Julio ſpeaks within.*
Oh, God, I hear his voice! Now he is true,
Have at a marriage, Frank, as ſoon as you!
[*Exeunt all but Frederick.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, I would ſpeak with you.
Fred. What is
Your haſty buſineſs, friend?
Meſſ. The duke commands
Your preſent attendance at court.
Fred. The cauſe?
Meſſ. I know not in particular:
But this; many are ſent for more, about affairs
Foreign, I take it, Sir.
Fred. I will be there
Within this hour. Return my humble ſervice.
Meſſ. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*
Fred. Farewell, friend. What news with you?

54 And *I you.*] The occaſion ſhould ſeem to require us to read, AS *I you.*

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My miſtreſs would deſire you, Sir, to follow
With all the haſte you can: She is gone to church,
To marry Captain Jacomo; and Julio,
To do as much for the young merry gentlewoman,
Fair miſtreſs Clora.

Fred. Julio marry Clora?
Thou art deceiv'd, I warrant thee.

Serv. No ſure, Sir;
I ſaw their lips as cloſe upon the bargain
As cockles.

Fred. Give 'em joy! I cannot now go;
The duke hath ſent for me in haſte.

Serv. This note, Sir,
When you are free, will bring you where they are.
[*Exit.*

Fred. [*reading.*] 'You ſhall find us all at ſignor
'Angelo's,
'Where Piſo, and the worthy Lelia
'Of famous memory, are to be married;
'And we not far behind.' 'Would I had time
To wonder at this laſt couple in hell[55].

[55] *Laſt couple in hell.*] This is alluding to a ruſtic diverſion, called, I think, by another name in our Poets, Shakeſpear, and the playwrights of that time, *viz. barley-break.* Sir John Suckling has a pretty poem wherein he deſcribes this diverſion, which, for the ſake of my readers, I have here inſerted:

'Love, Reaſon, Hate, did once beſpeak
'Three mates to play at Barley-break;
'Love, Folly took; and Reaſon, Fancy;
'And Hate conſorts with Pride; ſo dance they:
'Love coupled laſt, and ſo it fell
'That Love and Folly were in hell.

'They break, and Love would Reaſon meet,
'But Hate was nimbler on her feet;
'Fancy looks for Pride, and thither
'Hies, and they two hug together:
'Yet this new coupling ſtill doth tell
'That Love and Folly were in hell.

'The reſt do break again, and Pride
'Hath now got Reaſon on her ſide;

52974

Enter Meſſenger again.

Meſſ. You are ſtay'd for, Sir.

Fred. I come. Pray God the buſineſs
Hold me not from this ſport! I would not loſe it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Father, Piſo, Angelo, and Lelia.

Ang. God give you joy, and make you live together
A happy pair[a]!

Piſo. I do not doubt we ſhall. There was never
Poor gentleman had ſuch a ſudden fortune!
I could thruſt my head betwixt two pales, and ſtrip me
Out of my old ſkin like a ſnake. Will the gueſts come,
Thou ſaidſt thou ſenteſt for to ſolemniſe
The nuptials?

Father. They will; I look'd for 'em
Ere this.

Enter Julio, Jacomo, Fabritio, Frank, and Clora.

Julio. By your leave all.

Father. They are here, Sir.

Julio. Eſpecially, fair lady,
I aſk your pardon; to whoſe marriage-bed
I wiſh all good ſucceſs! I have here brought you
Such gueſts as can diſcern your happineſs,
And beſt do know how to rejoice at it
(For ſuch a fortune they themſelves have run):
The worthy Jacomo, and his fair bride;
Noble Fabritio, (whom this age of peace
Has not yet taught to love aught but the wars)
And his true friend, this lady, who is but

---

[a] Hate and Fancy meet, and ſtand
' Untoucht by Love in Folly's hand;
' Folly was dull, but Love ran well,
' So Love and Folly were in hell.

But the reader may find a more exact and minute deſcription of this diverſion in Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia. *Sympſon.*

A piece

A piece of me.

Lelia. Sir, you are welcome all!
Are they not, Sir? [*Exit Father.*

Piſo. Bring in ſome wine;
Some of the wine Lodovic the fool ſent hither.
Whoever thou bid'ſt welcome, ſhall find it.

Lelia. An unexpected honour
You have done to our too-haſty wedding.

Jac. Faith,
Madam, our weddings were as haſty as yours:
We're glad to run up and down any whither,
To ſee where we can get meat to our wedding.

Piſo. That Lodovic hath provided too, good aſs!

Ang. I thought you, Julio, would not thus have ſtolen
A marriage, without acquainting your friends.

Julio. Why, I did give thee inklings.

Ang. If a marriage
Should be thus ſlubber'd up in a play,
Ere almoſt any body had taken notice
You were in love, the ſpectators would take it
To be but ridiculous.

Julio. This was the firſt, and I
Will never hide another ſecret from you.

Enter Father.

Father. Sir, yonder's your friend Lodovic: Hide yourſelf,
And it will be the beſt ſport——

Piſo. Gentlemen,
I pray you take no notice I am here:
The coxcomb Lodovic is coming in. [*Retires.*

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. Is that the lady?

Father. That is my lady.

Lod. As I live, ſhe's a fair one!
What make all theſe here?

Father. Oh, Lord, Sir, ſhe's ſo peſter'd——

Fab. Now will the ſport be; it runs right as Julio
Told us.

Lod. Fair lady, health to you! Some words
I have, that require an utterance more private
Than this place can afford.

Lelia. I'll call my huſband;
All buſineſs I hear with his ears now.

Lod. Good madam, no; (but I perceive your jeſt)
You have no huſband; I'm the very man
That walk'd the ſtreets ſo comely.

Lelia. Are you ſo?

Lod. Yes, faith; when Cupid firſt did prick your heart.
I am not cruel; but the love begun
I' th' ſtreet I'll ſatisfy i' th' chamber fully.

Lelia. To aſk a madman whether he be mad
Were but an idle queſtion; if you be,
I do not ſpeak to you; but if you be not,
Walk in the ſtreets again, and there perhaps
I may dote on you; here I not endure you.

Lod. Good madam, ſtay; do not you know this ring?

Lelia. Yes, it was mine; I ſent it by my man
To change, and ſo he did; it has a blemiſh,
And this he brought me for it: Did you change it?
Are you a goldſmith?

Lod. Sure the world is mad!
Sirrah, did you not bring me this ring from your lady?

Father. Yes, ſurely, Sir, did I; but your worſhip
Muſt e'en bear with me, for there was a miſtaking in it;
And ſo, as I was ſaying to your worſhip,
My lady is now married.

Lod. Married? to whom?

Father. To your worſhip's friend Piſo.

Lod. 'Sdeath! to Piſo?

Piſo [*within*]. Ha, ha, ha!

Ang. Yes, Sir, I can aſſure you
She's married to him; I ſaw't with theſe grey eyes.

Lod. Why, what a rogue art thou then? Thou haſt made me

Send

Send in proviſion too.
Father. Oh, a gentleman
Should not have ſuch foul words in's mouth;
But your worſhip's proviſion
Could not have come in at a fitter time.
Will it pleaſe you to taſte any of your own wine?
It may be the vintner has cozen'd you.
Lod. Pox, I am mad!
Ang. You have always plots, Sir; and ſee how they fall out!
Jac. You had a plot upon me: How do you like this?
Lod. I do not ſpeak to you.
Fab. Becauſe you dare not.
Lod. But I will have one of that old rogue's teeth
Set in this ring.
Father. Doſt not thou know
That I can beat thee?—Doſt thou know it now?
[*Diſcovers himſelf.*
Lod. He beat me once indeed.
Father. And if you have
Forgot it, I can call a witneſs. Come forth, Piſo!
Remember you it?
Piſo. Faith, I do call to mind
Such a matter.
Father. And if I cannot ſtill do't,
You are young, and will aſſiſt your father-in-law.
Piſo. My father-in-law?
Ang. Your father-in-law,
As ſure as this is widow Lelia.
Piſo. How! widow Lelia?
Father. I'faith, 'tis ſhe, ſon.
Lod. Ha, ha, ha! let my proviſion go!
I'm glad I have miſs'd the woman.
Piſo. Have you put
A whore upon me?
Lelia. By Heav'n, you do me wrong!
I have a heart as pure as any woman's;
And I mean to keep it ſo for ever.

Father,

Father. There is
No ſtarting now, ſon; if you offer it,
I can compel you; her eſtate is great,
But all made o'er to me, before this match:
Yet if you uſe her kindly, (as I ſwear
I think ſhe will deſerve) you ſhall enjoy it
During your life, all, ſave ſome ſlender piece
I will reſerve for my own maintenance;
And if God bleſs you with a child by her,
It ſhall have all.

Piſo. So I may have the means,
I do not much care what the woman is:
Come, my ſweetheart! as long as I ſhall find
Thy kiſſes ſweet, and thy means plentiful,
Let people talk their tongues out.

Lelia. They may talk
Of what is paſs'd; but all that is to come
Shall be without occaſions.

Julio. Shall we not make
Piſo and Lodovic friends?

Jac. Hang 'em, they dare not
Be enemies; or, if they be, the danger
Is not great. Welcome, Frederick!

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Firſt, joy unto you all! And next,
I think we ſhall have wars.

Jac. Give me ſome wine!
I'll drink to that.

Fab. I'll pledge.

Frank. But I
Shall loſe you then.

Jac. Not a whit, wench;
I'll teach thee preſently to be a ſoldier.

Fred. Fabritio's command, and yours,
Are both reſtor'd.

Jac. Bring me four glaſſes then!

Fab. Where are they?

Ang. You ſhall not drink 'em here. It is ſupper time;

And

And from my houſe no creature here ſhall ſtir
Theſe three days; mirth ſhall flow as well as wine.
Father. Content. Within, I'll tell you more at large
How much I am bound to all, but moſt to you,
Whoſe undeſerved liberality
Muſt not eſcape thus unrequited.
Jac. 'Tis happineſs to me, I did ſo well:
Of every noble action, the intent
Is to give Worth reward, Vice puniſhment. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

IF you miſlike (as you ſhall ever be
Your own free judges) this play utterly,
For your own nobleneſs yet do not hiſs!
But, as you go by, ſay it was amiſs,
And we will mend: Chide us, but let it be
Never in cold blood! O' my honeſty,
(If I have any) this I'll ſay for all;
Our meaning was to pleaſe you ſtill, and ſhall.

THE PROPHETESS.
Dio. _____ Upon my knees
I thus receive you: and, so you vouchsafe it
This day I'm doubly married, to the empire,
And your best self.
Delp. False and perfidious villain! Act II.
M.A. Rooker delin.
J. Odby er sculp.

THE

PROPHETESS.

A TRAGICAL HISTORY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner and Hills aſcribe this Play ſolely to Fletcher. It was firſt printed in the folio of 1647. *Mr. Seward, on the authority of Langbaine, ſays, it was revived by Dryden: But in this particular, we apprehend, they are both miſtaken; as Downes, the prompter, in his* Roſcius Anglicanus, *poſitively aſſigns the revival of it, and the alterations and additions made to it, to Betterton. The piece, thus altered, after the manner of an Opera, was repreſented at the Queen's Theatre, and printed in quarto,* 1690. *Purcell compoſed the muſick, and Prieſt the dances: It appears to have been revived at a conſiderable expence, and has within a few years been performed at Covent-Garden Theatre.*

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Charinus, *emperor of Rome.*
Coſroe, *king of Perſia.*
Diocles, *of a private ſoldier elected co-emperor.*
Maximinian, *nephew to Diocles, and emperor by his donation.*
Volutius Aper, *murderer of Numerianus, the late emperor.*
Niger, *general of the Roman forces.*
Camurius, *a captain, and creature of Aper.*
Geta, *a jeſter, ſervant to Diocles, a merry knave.*
Perſian Lords.
Senators.
Soldiers.
Guard.
Suitors.
Ambaſſadors.
Lictors.
Flamen.
Shepherd.
Countrymen.
Attendants.

WOMEN.

Aurelia, *ſiſter to Charinus.*
Caſſana, *ſiſter to Coſroe, a captive, waiting on Aurelia.*
Delphia, *a* Propheteſs.
Druſilla, *niece to Delphia, in love with Diocles.*

SCENE, ROME.

THE

THE

PROPHETESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, and Niger.

Charinus. YOU buz into my head ſtrange likelihoods,
And fill me full of doubts: But what proofs, Niger,
What certainties, that my moſt noble brother
Came to his end by murder? Tell me that;
Aſſure me by ſome circumſtance.

Niger. I will, Sir;
And as I tell you truth, ſo the gods proſper me!
I've often nam'd this Aper.

Char. True, you have done;
And in myſterious ſenſes I have heard you
Break out o' th' ſudden, and abruptly.

Niger. True, Sir:
Fear of your unbelief, and the time's giddineſs,
Made me I durſt not then go further. So your Grace pleaſe,
Out of your wonted goodneſs, to give credit [1],
I ſhall unfold the wonder.

Aur. Do it boldly:
You ſhall have both our hearty loves and hearings.

[1] *Out of your wonted goodneſs to give* credit.] Sympſon thinks it would be better to read,

——— *to give* ear to't.

Niger.

Niger. This Aper then, this too-much-honour'd villain,
(For he deſerves no mention of a good man)—
Great Sir, give ear—this moſt ungrateful, ſpiteful,
Above the memory of mankind miſchievous,
With his own bloody hands——
Char. Take heed!
Niger. I'm in, Sir;
And, if I make not good my ſtory——
Aur. Forward!
I ſee a truth would break out: Be not fearful.
Niger. I ſay, this Aper, and his damn'd ambition,
Cut off your brother's hopes, his life, and fortunes:
The honour'd Numerianus fell by him,
Fell baſely, moſt untimely, and moſt treach'rouſly;
For in his litter, as he bore him company,
Moſt privately and cunningly he kill'd him.
Yet ſtill he fills the faithful ſoldiers' ears
With ſtories of his weakneſs; of his life;
That he dare not venture to appear in open,
And ſhew his warlike face among the ſoldiers,
The tenderneſs and weakneſs of his eyes,
Being not able to endure the ſun yet:
Slave that he is, he gives out this infirmity
(Becauſe he would diſpatch his honour too)
To ariſe from wantonneſs, and love of women;
And thus he juggles ſtill.
Aur. Oh, moſt pernicious,
Moſt bloody, and moſt baſe! Alas, dear brother,
Art thou accus'd, and after death thy memory
Loaden with ſhames and lies? thoſe pious tears
Thou daily ſhower'dſt upon my father's monument,
(When in the Perſian expedition
He fell unfortunately by a ſtroke of thunder)
Made thy defame and ſins? thoſe wept-out eyes,
The fair examples of a noble nature,
Thoſe holy drops of love, turn'd by depravers
(Malicious poiſon'd tongues) to thy abuſes?
We muſt not ſuffer this.

Char.

Char. It ſhews a truth now:
And ſure this Aper is not right nor honeſt,
He will not now come near me.
Niger. No; he dare not:
He has an inmate here, that's call'd a Conſcience,
Bids him keep off.
Char. My brother honour'd him,
Made him firſt captain of his guard, his next friend;
Then to my mother (to aſſure him nearer)
He made him huſband.
Niger. And withal ambitious;
For when he trod ſo nigh, his falſe feet itch'd, Sir,
To ſtep into the ſtate.
Aur. If you believe, brother,
Aper a bloody knave, as 'tis apparent,
Let's leave diſputing, and do ſomething noble.
Char. Siſter, be rul'd. I am not yet ſo pow'rful
To meet him in the field: H' has under him
The flower of all the empire, and the ſtrength,
The Britain and the German cohorts; pray you be patient.
Niger, how ſtands the ſoldier to him?
Niger. In fear more, Sir,
Than love or honour: He has loſt their fair affections,
By his moſt covetous and greedy griping.
Are you deſirous to do ſomething on him,
That all the world may know you lov'd your brother?
And do it ſafely too, without an army?
Char. Moſt willingly.
Niger. Then ſend out a proſcription,
Send ſuddenly; and to that man that executes it,
(I mean that brings his head) add a fair payment,
No common ſum: Then you ſhall ſee, I fear not,
Ev'n from his own camp, from thoſe men that follow him,
Follow and flatter him, we ſhall find one,
And, if he miſs, one hundred, that will venture it.
Aur. For his reward, (it ſhall be ſo, dear brother,
So far I'll honour him that kills the villain;
For ſo far runs my love to my dead brother)

Let him be what he will, baſe, old, or crooked,
He ſhall have me: Nay, which is more, I'll love him.
I will not be denied.
Char. You ſhall not, ſiſter:
But you ſhall know, my love ſhall go along too.
See a proſcription drawn; and for his recompenſe,
My ſiſter, and half partner in the empire;
And I will keep my word.
Aur. Now you do bravely.
Niger. And, tho' it coſt my life, I'll ſee it publiſh'd.
Char. Away then, for the buſineſs.
Niger. I am gone, Sir:
You ſhall have all diſpatch'd to-night.
Char. Be proſperous.
Aur. And let the villain fall.
Niger. Fear nothing, madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Delphia and Druſilla.

Druſ. 'Tis true, that Diocles is courteous,
And of a pleaſant nature, ſweet and temperate;
His couſin Maximinian, proud and bloody.
Delph. Yes, and miſtruſtful too, my girl: Take heed;
Altho' he ſeem to love thee, and affect,
Like the more courtier, curious compliment,
Yet have a care.
Druſ. You know all my affection,
And all my heart-deſires, are ſet on Diocles:
But, aunt, how coldly he requites this courteſy,
How dull and heavily he looks upon me!
Altho' I woo him ſometimes beyond modeſty,
Beyond a virgin's care, how ſtill he ſlights me!
And puts me ſtill off with your prophecy,
And the performance of your late prediction,
That when he's emp'ror, then he'll marry me!
Alas, what hope of that?
Delp. Peace, and be patient;
For tho' he be now a man moſt miſerable,
Of no rank, nor no badge of honour on him,

Bred

Bred low and poor, no eye of favour ſhining;
And tho' my ſure prediction of his riſing,
Which can no more fail than the day or night does,
Nay, let him be aſleep, will overtake him,
Hath found ſome rubs and ſtops, yet (hear me, niece,
And hear me with a faith) it ſhall come to him.
I'll tell thee the occaſion.

Druſ. Do, good aunt;
For yet I'm ignorant.

Delp. Chiding him one day,
For being too near and ſparing for a ſoldier[2],
Too griping, and too greedy, he made anſwer,
'When I am Cæſar, then I will be liberal:'
I preſently, inſpir'd with holy fire,
And my prophetic ſpirit burning in me,
Gave anſwer from the gods; and this it was:
Imperator eris Romæ, cum Aprum grandem interfeceris[3]:
'Thou ſhalt be emperor, oh, Diocles,
'When thou haſt kill'd a mighty boar.' From that time,
As giving credit to my words, he has employ'd
Much of his life in hunting: Many boars,
Hideous and fierce, with his own hands h' has kill'd too,
But yet not lighted on the fatal one,
Should raiſe him to the empire. Be not ſad, niece;
Ere long he ſhall. Come; let's go entertain him:
For by this time, I gueſs, he comes from hunting:
And, by my art, I find this very inſtant
Some great deſign's o'foot.

Druſ. The gods give good, aunt! [*Exeunt.*

[2] This whole ſpeech, is almoſt a tranſlation from Vopiſcus. *Sympſon.*

[3] I could wiſh this *ſplendidus pannus*, this Latin piece of patch-work, was not to be found in the oldeſt edition: It might very well have been ſpared, and the Author's learning have ſuffered no detriment. *Sympſon.*

Never was a more injudicious cenſure, than this of Mr. Sympſon upon the above Latin line; it being abſolutely neceſſary, to preſerve the pun (for ſo it muſt be called) upon the name of *Aper*, for the prediction to be delivered in that language: But perhaps Mr. Sympſon would have had the traitor's name Angliciſed, and have called him *Volutius* BOAR.

SCENE III.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta with a boar.

Dio. Lay down the boar.

Geta. With all my heart; I'm weary on't:
I ſhall turn Jew, if I carry many ſuch burdens.
Do you think, maſter, to be emperor
With killing ſwine? You may be an honeſt butcher,
Or allied to a ſeemly family of ſouſe-wives.
Can you be ſuch an aſs, my reverend maſter,
To think theſe ſprings of pork will ſhoot up Cæſars?

Maxi. The fool ſays true.

Dio. Come, leave your fooling, ſirrah,
And think of what thou ſhalt be when I'm emperor.

Geta. 'Would it would come with thinking! for then
O' my conſcience I ſhould be at leaſt a ſenator.

Maxi. A ſowter;
For that's a place more fitted to thy nature,
If there could be ſuch an expectation.
Or, ſay the devil could perform this wonder,
Can ſuch a raſcal as thou art hope for honour?
Such a log-carrying lout?

Geta. Yes; and bear it too,
And bear it ſwimmingly. I'm not the firſt aſs, Sir,
Has borne good office, and perform'd it reverendly.

Dio. Thou being the ſon of a tiler, canſt thou hope to be a ſenator?

Geta. Thou being the ſon of a tanner, canſt thou hope to be an emperor?

Dio. Thou ſay'ſt true, Geta; there's a ſtop indeed:
But yet the bold and virtuous——

Geta. You're right, maſter,
Right as a gun! For we, the virtuous,
Tho' we be kennel-rakers, ſcabs, and ſcoundrels,
We, the diſcreet and bold—And yet, now I remember it,
We tilers may deſerve to be ſenators,
(And there we ſtep before you thick-ſkin'd tanners)

For

For we are born three ſtories high; no baſe ones,
None of your groundlings, maſter.
Dio. I like thee well;
Thou haſt a good mind, as I have, to this honour[4].
Geta. As good a mind, Sir, of a ſimple plaiſterer:
And, when I come to execute my office,
Then you ſhall ſee——
Maxi. What?
Geta. An officer in fury,
An officer as he ought to be. Do you laugh at it?
Is a ſenator, in hope, worth no more reverence?
By theſe hands, I'll clap you by th' heels the firſt hour of it!
Maxi. O' my conſcience, the fellow believes!
Dio. Ay, do, do, Geta;
For if I once be emperor——
Geta. Then will I
(For wiſe men muſt be had to prop the republick)
Not bate you a ſingle ace of a ſound ſenator.
Dio. But what ſhall we do the whilſt?
Geta. Kill ſwine, and ſouſe 'em,
And eat 'em when we've bread.
Maxi. Why didſt thou run away
When the boar made toward thee? art thou not valiant?
Geta. No, indeed am I not; and 'tis for mine honour too:
I took a tree, 'tis true, gave way to th' monſter;
Hark what Diſcretion ſays: 'Let fury paſs;
'From the tooth of a mad beaſt, and the tongue of a ſlanderer[5],
'Preſerve thine honour.'

---

[4] *Thou haſt a good mind.*] Betterton, in his alteration of this play, reads,

Thou haſt as good a *mind as I have*, &c.

Sympſon follows him, but claims the merit of the variation.

[5] *Thine honour.*] *To preſerve thy* honour *from the tooth of a mad beaſt*, is ſcarcely ſenſe. The deficiency of the verſe gives room to ſuſpect that ſomething is dropt. I read,

—— *of a mad beaſt, and the tongue of*
A ſlanderer preſerve thee (or thyſelf) and honour. *Seward.*

Dio. He talks like a full ſenator.
Go, take it up, and carry't in. 'Tis a huge one;
We never kill'd ſo large a ſwine; ſo fierce too,
I never met with yet.
Maxi. Take heed! it ſtirs again.
How nimbly the rogue runs up! he climbs like a ſquirrel.
Dio. Come down, you dunce! Is it not dead?
Geta. I know not.
Dio. His throat is cut, and his bowels out.
Geta. That's all one.
I'm ſure his teeth are in; and, for any thing I know,
He may have pigs of his own nature in's belly.
Dio. Come, take him up, I ſay, and ſee him dreſs'd;
He's fat, and will be luſty meat; away with him,
And get ſome of him ready for our dinner.
Geta. Shall he be roaſted whole,
And ſerv'd up in a ſouce-tub? a portly ſervice!
I'll run i' th' wheel myſelf.
Maxi. Sirrah, leave your prating,
And get ſome piece of him ready preſently;
We're weary both, and hungry.
Geta. I'll about it.
What an inundation of brewis ſhall I ſwim in! [*Exit.*
Dio. Thou'rt ever dull and melancholy, couſin,
Diſtruſtful of my hopes.
Maxi. Why, can you blame me?
Do men give credit to a juggler?
Dio. Thou know'ſt ſhe is a Propheteſs.
Maxi. A ſmall one,
And as ſmall profit to be hop'd for by her.
Dio. Thou art the ſtrangeſt man! How does thy hurt?
The boar came near you, Sir.
Maxi. A ſcratch, a ſcratch.
Dio. It aches and troubles thee, and that makes thee angry.
Maxi. Not at the pain, but at the practice, uncle,
The butcherly baſe cuſtom of our lives now:
Had a brave enemy's ſword drawn ſo much from me,

Or

Or danger met me in the head o'th' army,
T'have bluſh'd thus in my blood had been mine honour;
But to live baſe, like ſwine-herds, and believe too!
To be fool'd out with tales, and old wives' dreams,
Dreams when they're drunk!

Dio. Certain, you much miſtake her.

Maxi. Miſtake her? hang her! To be made her purveyors,
To feed her old chaps, to provide her daily,
And bring in feaſts, whilſt ſhe ſits farting at us,
And blowing out her Prophecies at both ends!

Dio. Prithee be wiſe: Doſt thou think, Maximinian,
So great a rev'rence, and ſo ſtaid a knowledge——

Maxi. Sur-rev'rence, you would ſay! What truth? what knowledge?
What any thing, but eating, is good in her?
'Twould make a fool propheſy, to be fed continually.
What do you get? Your labour and your danger,
Whilſt ſhe ſits bathing in her larded fury.
Inſpir'd with full deep cups, who cannot propheſy?
A tinker, out of ale, will give predictions;
But who believes?

Dio. She is a holy druid,
A woman noted for that faith, that piety,
Belov'd of Heav'n.

Maxi. Heav'n knows, I don't believe it.
Indeed, I muſt confeſs, they're excellent jugglers;
Their age upon ſome fools too flings a confidence:
But what grounds have they, what elements to work on?
Shew me but that! the ſieve and ſheers; a learn'd one.
I have no patience to diſpute this queſtion,
'Tis ſo ridiculous! I think the devil does help 'em;
Or rather, mark me well, abuſe 'em, uncle:
For they're as fit to deal with him, theſe old women,
They are as jump and ſquar'd out to his nature——

Dio. Thou haſt a perfect malice.

Maxi. So I would have
Againſt theſe purblind prophets; for, look ye, Sir,
Old women will lie monſtrouſly, ſo will the devil,

(Or elſe h'has had much wrong, upon my knowledge);
Old women are malicious, ſo is he;
They're proud, and covetous, revengeful, lech'rous,
All which are excellent attributes o'th' devil:
They would at leaſt ſeem holy, ſo would he;
And, to veil o'er theſe villainies, they'd propheſy;
He gives them leave now and then to uſe their cunnings,
Which is to kill a cow, or blaſt a harveſt,
Make young pigs pipe themſelves to death, choke poultry,
And chafe a dairy-wench into a fever
With pumping for her butter:
But when he makes theſe agents to raiſe emperors,
When he diſpoſes Fortune as his ſervant,
And ties her to old wives' tales——
Dio. Go thy ways;
Thou art a learned ſcholar, againſt credit.
You hear the prophecy.
Maxi. Yes; and I laugh at it,
And ſo will any man can tell but twenty,
That is not blind, as you are blind, and ignorant.
D' you think ſhe knows your fortune?
Dio. I do think it.
Maxi. I know ſhe has the name of a rare ſoothſayer;
But do you in your conſcience believe her holy?
Inſpir'd with ſuch prophetic fire?
Dio. Yes, in my conſcience.
Maxi. And that you muſt, upon neceſſity,
From her words, be a Cæſar?
Dio. If I live——
Maxi. There's one ſtop yet.
Dio. And follow her directions.
Maxi. But do not juggle with me.
Dio. In faith, couſin,
So full a truth hangs ever on her prophecies,
That how I ſhould think otherwiſe——
Maxi. Very well, Sir;
You then believe (for methinks 'tis moſt neceſſary)
She knows her own fate?

Dio.

Dio. I believe it certain.

Maxi. Dare you but be ſo wiſe to let me try it?
For I ſtand doubtful.

Dio. How?

Maxi. Come nearer to me,
Becauſe her cunning devil ſhall not prevent me;
Cloſe, cloſe, and hear.—If ſhe can turn this deſtiny,
I'll be of your faith too. [*Whiſpers Diocles.*

Dio. Forward; I fear not;
For if ſhe knows not this, ſure ſhe knows nothing.

Enter Delphia.

I am ſo confident——

Maxi. Faith, ſo am I too,
That I ſhall make her devil's ſides hum.

Dio. She comes here;
Go take your ſtand.

Maxi. Now holy[6], or you howl for't! [*Retires.*

Dio. 'Tis pity this young man ſhould be ſo ſtubborn:
Valiant he is, and to his valour temperate,
Only diſtruſtful of delays in fortune;
I love him dearly well.

Delp. Now, my ſon Diocles,
Are you not weary of your game to-day?
And are you well?

Dio. Yes, mother, well and luſty;
Only you make me hunt for empty ſhadows.

Delp. You muſt have patience: Rome was not
built in one day;

---

[6] *Now* holiy, &c.] I read *hallow ye*.—Maximinian did not believe Delphia had any divinity about her, and therefore when deſigning to ſhoot at her, ſhould ſeem to ſay, *now hallow you*, i. e. render yourſelf *holy*, or, *you howl for it*. As to the old reading, I have no idea of it at all; and what I purpoſe will read in the verſe as two ſyllables only. *Seward.*

The whole converſation reſpecting Delphia turns upon the queſtion, Whether ſhe is really *holy*, or only pretends to be ſo: Maximinian's meaning, therefore, ſeems to us to be, 'Now [YOU MUST BE] *holy*, or you howl for't;' and then preſents an arrow.

Betterton's alteration gives the line thus:

'*Now* ſhew your holineſs, *or you howl for't*, beldame!

And

And he that hopes, muſt give his hopes their currents.
You've kill'd a mighty boar.
Dio. But I'm no emperor.
Why do you fool me thus, and make me follow
Your flattering expectation hour by hour?
Riſe early, and ſleep late? to feed your appetites,
Forget my trade, my arms? forſake mine honour?
Labour and ſweat to arrive at a baſe memory?
Oppoſe myſelf to hazards of all ſorts,
Only to win the barb'rous name of Butcher?
Delp. Son, you are wiſe.
Dio. But you are cunning, mother;
And with that cunning[7], and the faith I give you,
You lead me blindly to no end, no honour.
You find you're daily fed, you take no labour,
Your family at eaſe, they know no market;
And therefore, to maintain this, you ſpeak darkly,
As darkly ſtill you nouriſh it; whilſt I
(Being a credulous and obſequious coxcomb)
Hunt daily, and ſweat hourly; to find out
To clear your myſtery, kill boar on boar,
And make your ſpits and pots bow with my bounties:
Yet I ſtill poorer, further ſtill——
Delp. Be provident,
And tempt not the gods' dooms; ſtop not the glory
They're ready to fix on you; you're a fool then:
Chearful and grateful takers the gods love,
And ſuch as wait their pleaſures with full hopes;
The doubtful and diſtruſtful man Heav'n frowns at.
What I have told you by my inſpiration,
I tell you once again, muſt and ſhall find you.
Dio. But when? or how?
Delp. Cum Aprum interfeceris.
Dio. I have kill'd many.
Delp. Not the Boar they point you;
Nor muſt I reveal further, 'till you clear it:
The lots of glorious men are wrapt in myſteries,

[7] *And with that* cannon] The amendment in the text was made by Betterton, but is claimed by Sympſon.

And

And ſo deliver'd; common and ſlight creatures,
That have their ends as open as their actions,
Eaſy and open fortunes follow.
Maxi. [*coming forward.*] I ſhall try
How deep your inſpiration lies hid in you,
And whether your brave ſpirit have a buckler
To keep this arrow off; I'll make you ſmoke elſe.
Dio. Knowing my fortune ſo preciſely, punctually,
And that it muſt fall without contradiction,
Being a ſtranger, of no tie unto you,
Methinks you ſhould be ſtudied in your own;
In your own deſtiny, methinks, moſt perfect:
And every hour, and every minute, mother,
(So great a care ſhould Heav'n have of her miniſters)
Methinks your fortunes both ways ſhould appear to you,
Both to avoid, and take. Can the ſtars now,
And all thoſe influences you receive into you,
Or ſecret inſpirations you make ſhow of,
If an hard fortune hung, and were now ready
To pour itſelf upon your life, deliver you?
Can they now ſay, 'Take heed?'
Delp. Ha? Pray you come hither.
Maxi. I would know that: I fear your devil will
cozen you;
And, ſtand as cloſe as you can, I ſhall be with you.
Delp. I find a preſent ill.
Dio. How?
Delp. But I ſcorn it.
Maxi. Do you ſo? do you ſo?
Delp. Yes, and laugh at it, Diocles.
Is it not ſtrange, theſe wild and fooliſh men
Should dare to oppoſe the power of deſtiny?
That power the gods ſhake at? Look yonder, ſon.
Maxi. Have you ſpied me? then have at you!
Delp. Do; ſhoot boldly!
Hit me, and ſpare not, if thou canſt.
Dio. Shoot, couſin.
Maxi. I cannot; mine arm's dead; I have no feeling!
Or, if I could ſhoot, ſo ſtrong is her arm'd virtue,
She'd

She'd catch the arrow flying.

Delp. Poor doubtful people!
I pity your weak faiths.

Dio. Your mercy, mother!
And, from this hour, a deity I crown you.

Delp. No more of that.

Maxi. Oh, let my prayers prevail too!
Here like a tree I dwell elſe: Free me, mother,
And, greater than great fortune, I'll adore thee!

Delp. Be free again, and have more pure thoughts in you.

Dio. Now I believe your words moſt conſtantly;
And when I have that power you've promis'd to me—

Delp. Remember then your vow: My niece Druſilla,
I mean, to marry her, and then you proſper.

Dio. I ſhall forget my life elſe.

Delp. I am a poor weak woman; to me no worſhip.

Enter Niger, Geta, and ſoldiers.

Geta. And ſhall he have as you ſay, that kills this Aper?

Delp. Now mark, and underſtand.

Niger. The proſcription's up,
I' th' market-place 'tis up; there you may read it:
He ſhall have half the empire.

Geta. A pretty farm, i'faith.

Niger. And th' emperor's ſiſter, bright Aurelia,
Her to his wife.

Geta. You ſay well, friend: But, hark you;
Who ſhall do this?

Niger. You, if you dare.

Geta. I think ſo:
Yet, I could poiſon him in a pot of perry;
He loves that veng'ancely. But when I have done this,
May I lie with the gentlewoman?

Niger. Lie with her? what elſe, man?

Geta. Yes, man;
I have known a man married that never lay with his wife:

Thoſe

Thoſe dancing-days are done.
Niger. Theſe are old ſoldiers,
And poor, it ſeems. I'll try their appetites.
'Save ye, brave ſoldiers!
Maxi. Sir, you talk'd of proſcriptions?
Niger. 'Tis true; there is one ſet up from the emperor,
Againſt Volutius Aper.
Dio. Aper?
Delp. Now!
Now have you found the Boar?
Dio. I have the meaning;
And, bleſſed mother——
Niger. He has ſcorn'd his maſter,
And bloodily cut off by treachery
The noble brother to him.
Dio. He lives here, Sir,
Sickly and weak.
Niger. Did you ſee him?
Maxi. No.
Niger. He's murder'd;
So you ſhall find it mention'd from the emperor,
And, honeſt faithful ſoldiers, but believe it;
For, by the Gods, you'll find it ſo; he's murder'd!
The manner how, read in the large proſcription.
Delp. It is moſt true, ſon, and he cozens you;
Aper's a villain falſe.
Dio. I thank you, mother,
And dare believe you. Hark you, Sir! the recompenſe
As you related——
Niger. Is as firm as faith, Sir,
Bring him alive or dead.
Maxi. You took a fit time,
The general being out o' th' town; for tho' we love him not,
Yet, had he known this firſt, you had paid for't dearly.
Dio. 'Tis Niger; now I know him; honeſt Niger,
A true ſound man; and I believe him conſtantly.
Your buſineſs may be done, make no great hurry
For your own ſafety.

Niger.

Niger. No; I'm gone, I thank you. [*Exit.*
Dio. Pray, Maximinian, pray.
Maxi. I'll pray and work too.
Dio. I'll to the market-place, and read the offer;
And, now I've found the Boar——
Delp. Find your own faith too,
And remember what you have vow'd.
Dio. Oh, mother!——
Delp. Proſper.
Geta. If my maſter and I do this, there's two emperors,
And what a ſhow will that make! how we ſhall bounce it! [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Druſilla and Delphia.

Druſ. LEAVE us, and not vouchſafe a parting kiſs
To her, that in his hopes of greatneſs lives,
And goes along with him in all his dangers?
Delph. I grant 'twas moſt inhuman.
Druſ. Oh, you give it
Too mild a name! 'twas more than barbarous!
And you a partner in it.
Delp. I, Druſilla?
Druſ. Yes; you have blown his ſwoln pride to that vaſtneſs,
As he believes the earth is in his fathom;
This makes him quite forget his humble being:
And can I hope that he, that only fed
With the imagin'd food of future empire,
Diſdains ev'n thoſe that gave him means, and life,
To nouriſh ſuch deſires, when he's poſſeſs'd
Of his ambitious ends (which muſt fall on him,
Or your predictions are falſe) will ever
Deſcend to look on me?
Delp. Were his intents

Perfidious

Perfidious as the ſeas or winds; his heart
Compos'd of falſhood; yet the benefit,
The greatneſs of the good he has from you,
(For what I have conferr'd is thine, Druſilla)
Muſt make him firm and thankful: But if all
Remembrance of the debts he ſtands engag'd for,
Find a quick grave in his ingratitude,
My powerful art, that guides him to this height,
Shall make him curſe the hour he e'er was rais'd,
Or ſink him to the centre.

Druſ. I had rather
Your art could force him to return that ardour
To me, I bear to him; or give me power
To moderate my paſſions: Yet I know not;
I ſhould repent your grant, tho' you had ſign'd it
(So well I find he's worthy of all ſervice).
But to believe that any check to him
In his main hopes, could yield content to me,
Were treaſon to true love, that knows no pleaſure,
The object that it doats on ill affected!

Delp. Pretty ſimplicity! I love thee for't,
And will not ſit an idle looker-on,
And ſee it cozen'd. Dry thy innocent eyes,
And caſt off jealous fears, (yet promiſes
Are but lip-comforts) and but fancy aught
That's poſſible in nature, or in art,
That may advance thy comfort, and be bold
To tell thy ſoul 'tis thine; therefore ſpeak freely.

Druſ. You new-create me! To conceal from you
My virgin fondneſs, were to hide my ſickneſs
From my phyſician. Oh, dear aunt, I languiſh
For want of Diocles' ſight: He is the ſun
That keeps my blood in a perpetual ſpring;
But, in his abſence, cold benumbing winter
Seizes on all my faculties. Would you bind me
(That am your ſlave already) in more fetters,
And, in the place of ſervice, to adore you?
Oh, bear me then (but 'tis impoſſible,
I fear, to be effected) where I may

See how my Diocles breaks thro' his dangers,
And in what heaps his honours flow upon him,
That I may meet him in the height and pride
Of all his glories, and there (as your gift)
Challenge him as mine own.

Delp. Enjoy thy wiſhes:
This is an eaſy boon, which, at thy years,
I could have giv'n to any; but now grown
Perfect in all the hidden myſteries
Of that inimitable art, which makes us
Equal ev'n to the gods, and nature's wonders,
It ſhall be done as fits my ſkill and glory:
To break thro' bolts and locks, a ſcholar's prize
For thieves and pick-locks! to paſs thro' an army,
Cover'd with night, or ſome diſguiſe, the practice
Of poor and needy ſpies! No, my Druſilla,
From Ceres I will force her winged dragons,
And in the air hang over the tribunal,
The muſic of the ſpheres attending on us.
There, as his good ſtar, thou ſhalt ſhine upon him,
If he prove true, and as his angel guard him:
But if he dare be falſe, I, in a moment,
Will put that glorious light out, with ſuch horror
As if th' eternal night had ſeiz'd the ſun,
Or all things were return'd to the firſt chaos,
And then appear like furies.

Druſ. I will do
Whate'er you ſhall command.

Delp. Reſt then aſſur'd,
I am the miſtreſs of my art, and fear not.

[*Soft muſick. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Aper, Camurius, Guard, a litter covered.

Aper. Your care of your ſick emp'ror, fellow-ſoldiers,
In colours to the life doth ſhew your love,
And zealous duty: Oh, continue in it!
And tho' I know you long to ſee and hear him,

Impute

Impute it not to pride, or melancholy,
That keeps you from your wiſhes; ſuch ſtate-vices
(Too, too familiar with great princes) are
Strangers to all the actions of the life
Of good Numerianus. Let your patience
Be the phyſician to his wounded eyes,
(Wounded with pious ſorrow for his father)
Which time and your ſtrong patience will recover,
Provided it prove conſtant. [*Goes to the litter.*

1 *Guard.* If he counterfeit,
I will hereafter truſt a prodigal heir,
When he weeps at his father's funeral.

2 *Guard.* Or a young widow, following a bed-rid huſband
(After a three-years' groaning) to the fire.

3 *Guard.* Note his humility, and with what ſoft murmurs
He does enquire his pleaſures.

1 *Guard.* And how ſoon
He is inſtructed.

2 *Guard.* How he bows again too.

Aper. All your commands, dread Cæſar, I'll impart
To your moſt ready ſoldier, to obey them;
So, take your reſt in peace.—It is the pleaſure
[*Turning from the litter to the Guards.*
Of mighty Cæſar (his thanks ſtill remember'd
For your long patience, which a donative,
Fitting his ſtate to give, ſhall quickly follow)
That you continue a ſtrict guard upon
His ſacred perſon, and admit no ſtranger
Of any other legion to come near him;
You being moſt truſted by him. I receive
Your anſwer in your ſilence.—Now, Camurius,
Speak without flatt'ry: Hath thy Aper acted
This paſſion to the life?

Cam. I would applaud him,
Were he ſaluted Cæſar: But I fear
Theſe long-protracted counſels will undo us;
And 'tis beyond my reaſon, he being dead,

You ſhould conceal yourſelf, or hope it can
Continue undiſcover'd.

Aper. That I've kill'd him,
Yet feed theſe ignorant fools with hopes he lives,
Has a main end in't. The Pannonian cohorts
(That are my own, and ſure) are not come up;
The German legions waver; and Charinus,
Brother to this dead dog, (hell's plagues on Niger!)
Is jealous of the murder, and, I hear,
Is marching up againſt me. 'Tis not ſafe,
'Till I have power to juſtify the act,
To ſhew myſelf the author: Be therefore careful
For an hour or two (till I have fully ſounded
How the tribunes and centurions ſtand affected)
That none come near the litter. If I find them
Firm on my part, I dare profeſs myſelf;
And then, live Aper's equal!

Cam. Does not the body
Begin to putrify?

Aper. That exacts my haſte:
When, but ev'n now, I feign'd obedience to it,
As I had ſome great buſineſs to impart,
The ſcent had almoſt choak'd me; be therefore curious[7],
All keep at diſtance. [*Exit.*

Cam. I am taught my parts;
Haſte you, to perfect yours.

1 *Guard.* I'd rather meet
An enemy i' th' field, than ſtand thus nodding
Like to a rug-gown'd watchman.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, and Geta.

Maxi. The watch at noon[8]?
This is a new device.

Cam. Stand!

---

[7] *Curious.*] *i. e.* Cautious. *Sympſon.*

[8] Geta. *The watch at noon?*] The old books give this ſpeech to *Geta*, whom we thought the moſt unlikely perſon on the ſtage to make the remark, before we conſulted Betterton's edition, which we have followed, in giving it to *Maximinian.*

Dio. I am arm'd
Againſt all danger.
Maxi. If I fear to follow,
A coward's name purſue me!
Dio. Now, my fate,
Guide and direct me!
Cam. You are rude and ſaucy,
With your forbidden feet to touch this ground,
Sacred to Cæſar only, and to theſe
That do attend his perſon! Speak, what are you?
Dio. What thou, nor any of thy faction are,
Nor ever were; ſoldiers, and honeſt men.
Cam. So blunt?
Geta. Nay, you ſhall find he's good at the ſharp too.
Dio. No inſtruments of craft, engines of murder,
That ſerve the emperor only with oil'd tongues,
Sooth and applaud his vices, play the bawds
To all his appetites; and when you've wrought
So far upon his weakneſs, that he's grown
Odious to the ſubject and himſelf,
And can no further help your wicked ends,
You rid him out o' th' way.
Cam. Treaſon!
Dio. 'Tis truth,
And I will make it good.
Cam. Lay hands upon 'em;
Or kill them ſuddenly!
Geta. I am out at that;
I do not like the ſport.
Dio. What's he that is
Owner of any virtue worth a Roman,
Or does retain the mem'ry of the oath
He made to Cæſar, that dares lift his ſword
Againſt the man that (careleſs of his life)
Comes to diſcover ſuch a horrid treaſon,
As, when you hear't, and underſtand how long
You've been abus'd, will run you mad with fury?
I am no ſtranger, but (like you) a ſoldier,
Train'd up one from my youth; And there are ſome

With whom I've ſerv'd, and (not to praiſe myſelf)
Muſt needs confeſs they have ſeen Diocles,
In the late Britain wars, both dare and do
Beyond a common man.
1 Guard. Diocles?
2 Guard. I know him;
The braveſt ſoldier of the empire.
Cam. Stand!
If thou advance an inch, thou'rt dead.
Dio. Die thou, [*Kills Camurius.*
That durſt oppoſe thyſelf againſt a truth
That will break out, tho' mountains cover it!
Geta. I fear this is a ſucking pig, no boar,
He falls ſo eaſy.
Dio. Hear me, fellow ſoldiers;
And if I make it not apparent to you
This is an act of juſtice, and no murder,
Cut me in pieces. I'll diſperſe the cloud
That hath ſo long obſcur'd a bloody act
Ne'er equal'd yet. You all know with what favours
The good Numerianus ever grac'd
The provoſt Aper?
Guard. True.
Dio. And that thoſe bounties
Should have contain'd him (if he e'er had learn'd
The elements of honeſty and truth)
In loyal duty: But Ambition never
Looks backward on Deſert, but with blind haſte
Boldly runs on: But I loſe time. You're here
Commanded by this Aper to attend
The emp'ror's perſon, to admit no ſtranger
To have acceſs to him, or come near his litter,
Under pretence, forſooth, his eyes are ſore,
And his mind troubled: No, my friends, you're cozen'd;
The good Numerianus now is paſt
The ſenſe of wrong or injury.
Guard. How! dead?
Dio. Let your own eyes inform you. [*Opens the litter.*
Geta. An emperor's cabinet?

Fough!

Fough! I have known a charnel-houſe ſmell ſweeter.
If emperor's fleſh have this ſavour, what will mine do,
When I am rotten?

1 *Guard.* Moſt unheard-of villainy!

2 *Guard.* And with all cruelty to be reveng'd.

3 *Guard.* Who is the murderer? Name him, that we may
Puniſh it in his family.

Dio. Who but Aper?
The barbarous and moſt ingrateful Aper?
His deſperate poniard printed on his breaſt
This deadly wound. Hate to vow'd enemies
Finds a full ſatisfaction in death,
And tyrants ſeek no further: He, a ſubject,
And bound by all the ties of love and duty,
Ended not ſo; but does deny his prince
(Whoſe ghoſt, forbad a paſſage to his reſt,
Mourns by the Stygian ſhore) his funeral-rites.
Nay, weep not; let your loves ſpeak in your anger;
And, to confirm you gave no ſuffrage to
The damned plot, lend me your helping hands
To wreak the parricide; and if you find
That there is worth in Diocles to deſerve it,
Make him your leader.

Guard. A Diocles, a Diocles!

Dio. We'll force him from his guards.—And now, my ſtars,
If you have any good for me in ſtore,
Shew it, when I have ſlain this fatal Boar! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Delphia and Druſilla, in a throne drawn by dragons.

Delp. Fix here, and reſt awhile your ſail-ſtretch'd wings[9],

[9] *Sail ſtretched wings.*] I can't forbear tranſcribing a ſtanza out of our inimitable Spenſer, which whether our poets had in their eye or no here, the reader muſt judge. B. i. C. xi. Stan. 10.

'His flaggy wings when forth he did diſplay,
'Were like two ſails, in which the hollow wind

That have out-ſtript the winds. The eye of Heav'n
Durſt not behold your ſpeed, but hid itſelf
Behind the groſſeſt clouds; and the pale moon
Pluck'd in her ſilver horns, trembling for fear
That my ſtrong ſpells ſhould force her from her ſphere:
Such is the power of art.

Druſ. Good aunt, where are we?

Delp. Look down, Druſilla, on theſe lofty towers,
Theſe ſpacious ſtreets, where every private houſe
Appears a palace to receive a king:
The ſite, the wealth, the beauty of the place,
Will ſoon inform thee 'tis imperious Rome,
Rome, the great miſtreſs of the conquer'd world.

Druſ. But, without Diocles, it is to me
Like any wilderneſs we have paſs'd o'er:
Shall I not ſee him?

Delp. Yes, and in full glory,
And glut thy greedy eyes with looking on
His proſperous ſucceſs. Contain thyſelf;
For tho' all things beneath us are tranſparent,
The ſharpeſt-ſighted (were he eagle-ey'd)
Cannot diſcover us. Nor will we hang
Idle ſpectators to behold his triumph;

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Geta, Guard, Aper, Senators, Officers, with litter.

But, when occaſion ſhall preſent itſelf,
Do ſomething to add to it. See, he comes.

Druſ. How god-like he appears! With ſuch a grace,
The giants that attempted to ſcale Heaven,
When they lay dead on the Phlegrean plain,
Mars did appear to Jove.

Delp. Forbear.

' Is gathered full, and worketh ſpeedy way:
' And eke the pens that did his pinions bind,
' Were like main-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;
' With which, when as him liſt the air to beat,
' And there by force unwonted paſſage find,
' The clouds before him fled for terror great,
' And all the heavens ſtood full amazed with his threat.' *Sympſon.*

Dio.

Dio. Look on this,
And when with horror thou haſt view'd thy deed,
Thy moſt accurſed deed, be thine own judge,
And ſee (thy guilt conſider'd) if thou canſt
Perſuade thyſelf, whom thou ſtandſt bound to hate,
To hope or plead for mercy.
Aper. I confeſs
My life's a burden to me.
Dio. Thou art like thy name,
A cruel Boar, whoſe ſnout hath rooted up
The fruitful vineyard of the commonwealth.
I long have hunted for thee; and ſince now
Thou'rt in the toil, it is in vain to hope
Thou ever ſhalt break out. Thou doſt deſerve
The hangman's hook, or to be puniſhed
More majorum, whipt with rods to death,
Or any way that were more terrible:
Yet, ſince my future fate depends upon thee,
Thus to fulfil great Delphia's prophecy,
Aper (thou fatal Boar) receive the honour [*Kills Aper.*
To fall by Diocles' hand!—Shine clear, my ſtars,
That uſher'd me to taſte this common air,
In my entrance to the world, and give applauſe
To this great work!
Delp. Strike muſick from the ſpheres! [*Muſick.*
Druſ. Oh, now you honour me!
Dio. Ha! in the air?
All. Miraculous!
Maxi. This ſhews the gods approve
The perſon, and the act. Then if the ſenate
(For in their eyes I read the ſoldiers' love)
Think Diocles worthy to ſupply the place
Of dead Numerianus, as he ſtands
His heir in his revenge, with one conſent
Salute him emperor.
Sen. Long live Diocles!
Auguſtus, *Pater Patriæ*, and all titles
That are peculiar only to the Cæſars,
We gladly throw upon him.

Guard. We confirm it,
And will defend his honour with our ſwords
Againſt the world. Raiſe him to the tribunal.
1 *Sen.* Fetch the imperial robes; and, as a ſign
We give him abſolute power of life and death,
Bind this ſword to his ſide.
2 *Sen.* Omit no ceremony
That may be for his honour. [*Song.*
Maxi. Still the gods
Expreſs that they are pleas'd with this election.
Geta. My maſter is an emperor, and I feel
A ſenator's itch upon me: 'Would I could hire
Theſe fine inviſible fidlers to play to me
At my inſtalment.
Dio. I embrace your loves,
And hope the honours that you heap upon me
Shall be with ſtrength ſupported: It ſhall be
My ſtudy to appear another Atlas,
To ſtand firm underneath this heav'n of empire,
And bear it boldly. I deſire no titles,
But as I ſhall deſerve 'em. I will keep
The name I had, being a private man,
Only with ſome ſmall difference; I will add
To Diocles but two ſhort ſyllables [10],
And be call'd Diocleſianus.
Geta. That is fine!
I'll follow the faſhion; and, when I'm a ſenator,
I will be no more plain Geta, but be call'd
Lord Getianus.

[10] —— *but two ſhort ſyllables,*
And be call'd Diocleſianus.] Thus run all the copies ancient and modern: It was doubtleſs for want of attention in our Authors, or their editors, that this paſſage has come down to us ſo incorrect: For if we muſt read *two ſhort ſyllables*, what muſt we do with *Diocleſianus*, which is certainly an addition of three? And if we read *Diocleſian*, which is much more agreeable to the meaſure, we ſhall be embarraſſed with that unlucky addition of *Geta*, to be called *Getianus*. I am, however, upon the whole, for reading *Diocleſian*, becauſe the verſe will run better, and becauſe he is called ſo through the reſt of the play. *Sympſon.*

Druſ.

Druſ. He ne'er thinks of me,
Nor of your favour.

Enter Niger.

Delp. If he dares prove falſe,
Theſe glories ſhall be to him as a dream,
Or an enchanted banquet.
Niger. From Charinus,
From great Charinus, who with joy hath heard
Of your proceedings, and confirms your honours:
He, with his beauteous ſiſter, fair Aurelia,
Are come in perſon, like themſelves attended,
To gratulate your fortune. [*Loud muſick.*

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, and attendants.

Dio. For thy news,
Be thou in France pro-conſul.—Let us meet
The emperor with all honour, and embrace him.
Druſ. Oh, aunt, I fear this princeſs doth eclipſe
The opinion of my beauty, tho' I were
Myſelf to be the judge!
Delp. Rely on me.
Char. 'Tis virtue, and not birth, that makes us noble:
Great actions ſpeak great minds, and ſuch ſhould govern;
And you are grac'd with both. Thus, as a brother,
A fellow, and co-partner in the empire,
I do embrace you. May we live ſo far
From difference, or emulous competition,
That all the world may ſay, altho' two bodies,
We have one mind!
Aur. When I look on the trunk
Of dear Numerianus, I ſhould waſh
His wounds with tears, and pay a ſiſter's ſorrow
To his ſad fate; but ſince he lives again
In your moſt brave revenge, I bow to you,
As to a power that gave him ſecond life,
And will make good my promiſe. If you find
That there is worth in me that may deſerve you,
And that in being your wife, I ſhall not bring

Diſquiet

Diſquiet and diſhonour to your bed,
(Altho' my youth and fortune ſhould require
Both to be ſued and ſought to) here I yield
Myſelf at your devotion.
Dio. Oh, you gods,
Teach me how to be thankful! You have pour'd
All bleſſings on me, that ambitious man
Could ever fancy: 'Till this happy minute
I ne'er ſaw beauty, or believ'd there could be
Perfection in a woman! I ſhall live
To ſerve and honour you. Upon my knees
I thus receive you; and, ſo you vouchſafe it,
This day I'm doubly married, to the empire,
And your beſt ſelf.
Delp. Falſe and perfidious villain!
Druſ. Let me fall headlong on him! Oh, my ſtars!
This I foreſaw and fear'd.
Char. Call forth a Flamen.
This knot ſhall now be tied.
Delp. But I will looſe it,
If art or hell have any ſtrength. [*Thunder and lightning.*

Enter a Flamen.

Char. Prodigious!
Maxi. How ſoon the day's o'ercaſt!
Flamen. The ſigns are fatal;
Juno ſmiles not upon this match, and ſhews too
She has her thunder.
Dio. Can there be a ſtop
In my full fortune?
Char. We're too violent,
And I repent the haſte: We firſt ſhould pay
Our lateſt duty to the dead, and then
Proceed diſcreetly. Let's take up the body;
And when we've plac'd his aſhes in his urn,
We'll try the gods again; for, wiſe men ſay,
Marriage and obſequies don't ſuit one day. [*Sen. Ex.*
Delp. So; 'tis deferr'd yet, in deſpite of falſhood.
Comfort, Druſilla; for he ſhall be thine,

Or

Or wiſh, in vain, he were not [11]. I will puniſh
His perjury to the height. Mount up, my birds [12].
Some rites I'm to perform to Hecate,
To perfect my deſigns; which once perform'd,
He ſhall be made obedient to thy call,
Or in his ruin I will bury all. [*Aſcend in the throne.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Maximinian.

Maxi. WHAT powerful ſtar ſhin'd at this man's nativity,
And bleſs'd his homely cradle with full glory?
What throngs of people preſs and buz about him,
And with their humming flatteries ſing him Cæſar?
Sing him aloud, and grow hoarſe with ſaluting him?
How the fierce-minded ſoldier ſteals in to him,
Adores and courts his honour? at his devotion
Their lives, their virtues, and their fortunes laying?

[11] *Or wiſh in vain he were* not. *I will puniſh*] To talk thus was not talking like a Propheteſs, or like a perſon of common ſenſe. *He ſhall be yours*, ſays ſhe to Druſilla, *or wiſh in vain, be were not.* Why ſo? What occaſion for Diocles to wiſh in vain that he was not hers? Since 'twas fact that he was not: The alteration I have made, depends only upon the change of a point, and the addition of a ſingle letter, one of which might be eaſily overlook'd, and the other dropt.

Mr. Seward, upon my laying my finger on this paſſage, agreed it was corrupt, and offer'd to read *now* for *note*: The Reader is left to his choice, ſeeing both are at his ſervice. *Sympſon.*

Sympſon reads, *Or wiſh in vain he were.* NOTE, *I will puniſh, &c.*

The meaning of the text obviouſly is, 'He ſhall be thine, or wiſh 'he had no *exiſtence*; which I will prevent his putting a period to.'

[12] *Mount up, my birds.*] She means *dragons.* Thus what has, or is ſuppoſed to have, wings, as the dragons here, is by our poets called a *bird.* Shakeſpear takes much the ſame kind of liberty in his Antony and Cleopatra, when he calls his aſpics *worms of Nile*; and Milton, in imitation of his great maſter, gives the ſerpent in Paradiſe Loſt the ſame name, as coming I ſuppoſe under the denomination of reptiles. *Sympſon.*

Charinus

Charinus ſues, the emperor entreats him,
And, as a brighter flame, takes his beams from him;
The bleſs'd and bright Aurelia, ſhe dotes on him,
And, as the god of love, burns incenſe to him;
All eyes live on him: Yet I'm ſtill Maximinian,
Still the ſame poor and wretched thing, his ſervant.
What have I got by this? where lies my glory?
How am I rais'd and honour'd? I have gone as far
To wooe this purblind honour, and have paſs'd
As many dangerous expeditions,
As noble, and as high; nay, in his deſtiny,
Whilſt 'twas unknown, have run as many hazards,
And done as much, ſweat thro' as many perils;
Only the hangman of Volutius Aper,
Which I miſtook, has made him emperor,
And me his ſlave.

Enter Delphia and Druſilla.

Delp. Stand ſtill! he cannot ſee us,
'Till I pleaſe. Mark him well; this diſcontentment
I've forc'd into him, for thy cauſe, Druſilla.
Maxi. Can the gods ſee this,
See it with juſtice, and confer their bleſſings
On him, that never flung one grain of incenſe
Upon their altars? never bow'd his knee yet?
And I that have march'd foot by foot, ſtruck equally,
And, whilſt he was a-gleaning, have been praying,
Contemning his baſe, covetous——
Delp. Now we'll be open.
Maxi. Bleſs me! and with all reverence——
Delp. Stand up, ſon,
And wonder not at thy ungrateful uncle:
I know thy thoughts, and I appear to eaſe 'em.
Maxi. Oh, mother, did I ſtand the tenth part to you
Engag'd and fetter'd, as mine uncle does,
How would I ſerve, how would I fall before you!
The poorer powers we worſhip——
Delp. Peace, and flatter not;
Neceſſity and anger draws this from you,
Of both which I will quit you. For your uncle

I ſpoke

I ſpoke this honour, and it fell upon him,
Fell to his full content: He has forgot me,
For all my care, forgot me, and his vow too;
As if a dream had vaniſh'd, ſo h' has loſt me,
And I him; let him now ſtand faſt! Come hither;
My care is now on you.

Maxi. Oh, bleſſed mother!

Delp. Stand ſtill, and let me work.—So!—Now, Maximinian,
Go, and appear in court, and eye Aurelia;
Believe what I have done concerns you highly.
Stand in her view, make your addreſſes to her;
She is the ſtair of honour. I'll ſay no more,
But Fortune is your ſervant: Go.

Maxi. With reverence,
All this as holy truths—— [*Exit.*

Delp. Believe, and proſper.

Druſ. Yet all this cures not me! But as much credit,
As much belief from Diocleſian——

Enter Geta, Lictors, and Suitors with petitions.

Delp. Be not dejected; I have warn'd you often,
The proudeſt thoughts he has I'll humble.—Who's this?
Oh, 'tis the fool and knave grown a grave officer.
Here's hot and high preferment.

Geta. What's your bill?
For gravel for the Appian way, and pills?
Is the way rheumatick?

1 *Suit.* 'Tis piles, an't pleaſe you.

Geta. Remove me thoſe piles to Port Eſquiline[13],

[13] *Port* Eſquiline.] So our great Spenſer, from whom this paſſage ſeems to have been taken. B. ii. C. ix. Stan. 32.

'But all the liquor, which was foul and waſte,
'Not good nor ſerviceable elſe for ought,
'They in another great round veſſel plac'd,
'Till by a conduit-pipe it thence were brought:
'And all the reſt, that noyous was and nought,
'By ſecret ways that none might it eſpy,
'Was cloſe convey'd, and to the back gate brought,
'That cleped was *Port Eſquiline*, whereby
'It was avoided quite, and thrown out privily.' *Sympſon.*

Fitter

Fitter the place, my friend: You ſhall be paid.
1 *Suit.* I thank your worſhip.
Geta. Thank me when you have it,
Thank me another way, you are an aſs elſe:
I know my office. You are for the ſtreets, Sir.
Lord, how ye throng! That knave has eaten garlick;
Whip him, and bring him back.
3 *Suit.* I beſeech your worſhip;
Here's an old reckoning for the dung and dirt, Sir.
Geta. It ſtinks like thee; away! Yet let him tarry;
His bill ſhall quit his breath. Give your petitions
In ſeemly ſort, and keep your hats off, decently.
'For ſcouring the water-courſes thro' the cities;'
A fine periphraſis of a kennel-raker!
Did you ſcour all, my friend? You had ſome buſineſs;
Who ſhall ſcour you? You're to be paid, I take it,
When ſurgeons ſwear you have perform'd your office.
4 *Suit.* Your worſhip's merry.
Geta. We muſt be ſometimes witty,
To nick a knave; 'tis as uſeful as our gravity.
I'll take no more petitions; I am peſter'd!
Give me ſome reſt.
4 *Suit.* I've brought the gold, an't pleaſe you,
About the place you promis'd.
Geta. See him enter'd.
How does your daughter?
4 *Suit.* Better your worſhip thinks of her.
Geta. This is with the leaſt. But let me ſee your daughter;
'Tis a good forward maid; I'll join her with you.—
I do beſeech ye leave me!
Lict. Ye ſee the edile's buſy.
Geta. And look t' your places, or I'll make ye ſmoke elſe!—
Sirrah, I drank a cup of wine at your houſe yeſterday,
A good ſmart wine.
Lict. Send him the piece; he likes it.
Geta. And eat the beſt wild boar at that ſame farmer's.
2 *Suit.* I've half left yet; your worſhip ſhall command it.

Geta.

Geta. A bit will ſerve. Give me ſome reſt! Gods help me,
How ſhall I labour when I am a ſenator!

Delp. 'Tis a fit place indeed.—'Save your maſterſhip! Do you know us, Sir?

Geta. Theſe women are ſtill troubleſome.
There be houſes providing for ſuch wretched women,
And ſome ſmall rents, to let ye a-ſpinning.

Druſ. Sir,
We are no ſpinſters; nor, if you look upon us,
So wretched as you take us.

Delp. Does your mightineſs,
That is a great deſtroyer of your memory,
Yet underſtand our faces?

Geta. Prithee keep off, woman!
Is it not fit I ſhould know every creature.
Altho' I've been familiar with thee heretofore,
I muſt not know thee now; my place neglects thee.
Yet, 'cauſe I deign a glimpſe of your remembrances,
Give me your ſuits, and wait me a month hence.

Delp. Our ſuits are, Sir, to ſee the emperor,
The emperor Diocleſian, to ſpeak to him,
And not to wait on you. We've told you all, Sir.

Geta. I laugh at your ſimplicity, poor women.
See the emperor? Why, you are deceiv'd; now
The emperor appears but once in ſeven years,
And then he ſhines not on ſuch weeds as you are.—
Forward, and keep your ſtate; and keep beggars from me.

Druſ. Here is a pretty youth. [*Exeunt Geta, &c.*

Enter Diocles.

Delp. He ſhall be pretty,
Or I will want my will. Since you're ſo high, Sir,
I'll raiſe you higher, or my art ſhall fail me.
Stand cloſe; he comes.

Dio. How am I croſs'd and tortur'd!
My moſt-wiſh'd happineſs, my lovely miſtreſs,
That muſt make good my hopes, and link my greatneſs,

Yet

Yet ſever'd from mine arms! Tell me, high Heav'n,
How have I ſin'd, that you ſhould ſpeak in thunder,
In horrid thunder, when my heart was ready
To leap into her breaſt? the prieſt was ready?
The joyful virgins and the young men ready?
When Hymen ſtood, with all his flames about him,
Bleſſing the bed? the houſe with full joy ſweating?
And Expectation, like the Roman eagle,
Took ſtand, and call'd all eyes? It was your honour;
And, ere you give it full, do you deſtroy it?
Or was there ſome dire ſtar, ſome devil, that did it?
Some ſad malignant angel to mine honour?
With you I dare not rage.

Delp. With me thou canſt not,
Tho' it was I. Nay, look not pale and frighted;
I'll fright thee more: With me thou canſt not quarrel.
I rais'd the thunder to rebuke thy falſhood,
(Look here) to her thy falſhood. Now be angry,
And be as great in evil as in empire.

Dio. Bleſs me, ye powers!

Delp. Thou haſt full need of bleſſing.
'Twas I that, at thy great inauguration,
Hung in the air unſeen; 'twas I that honour'd thee
With various muſicks, and ſweet-ſounding airs;
'Twas I inſpir'd the ſoldier's heart with wonder,
And made him throw himſelf with love and duty,
Low at thy feet; 'twas I that fix'd him to thee.
But why did I all this? To keep thy honeſty,
Thy vow, and faith: That once forgot and ſlighted,
Aurelia in regard, the marriage ready,
The prieſt and all the ceremonies preſent,
'Twas I that thunder'd loud, 'twas I that threaten'd,
'Twas I that caſt a dark face over Heaven,
And ſmote ye all with terror.

Druſ. Yet conſider,
As you are noble, as I have deſerv'd you;
For yet you're free: If neither faith nor promiſe,
The deeds of elder times, may be remember'd,
Let theſe new-dropping tears, (for I ſtill love you)

Theſe hands held up to Heaven——
Dio. I muſt not pity you;
'Tis not wiſe in me.
Delp. How! not wiſe?
Dio. Nor honourable.
A princeſs is my love, and dotes upon me;
A fair and lovely princeſs is my miſtreſs:
I am an emperor. Conſider, Propheteſs,
Now my embraces are for queens and princeſſes,
For ladies of high mark, for divine beauties:
To look ſo low as this cheap common ſweetneſs
Would ſpeak me baſe, my names and glories nothing.
I grant I made a vow; what was I then?
As ſhe is now, of no ſort, (hope made me promiſe)
But now I am [15], to keep this vow were monſtrous,
A madneſs, and a low inglorious fondneſs.
Delp. Take heed, proud man!
Druſ. Princes may love with titles,
But I with truth.
Delp. Take heed! Here ſtands thy deſtiny;
Thy fate here follows.
Dio. Thou doting ſorcereſs,
Wouldſt have me love this thing, that is not worthy
To kneel unto my ſaint, to kiſs her ſhadow?
Great princes are her ſlaves; ſelected beauties
Bow at her beck; the mighty Perſian's daughter
(Bright as the breaking Eaſt, as mid-day glorious)
Waits her commands, and grows proud in her pleaſures.
I'll ſee her honour'd; ſome match I ſhall think of,
That ſhall advance ye both; mean time, I'll favour ye.
[*Exit.*

[15] *But now I am.*] Now I am what? of no ſort, &c. to be ſure. But this is not what he meant to ſay, but, as it ſeems, quite the contrary. And accordingly I have reform'd the text.

Mr. Seward offer'd the ſame conjecture. *Sympſon.*

The meaning, we think, is, 'I was then of no rank, *but now I am* of high condition.' This is rather inaccurately expreſſed; but may be fairly deduced from the old text.

Betterton reads, *But* AS *I am*; Sympſon and Seward, *But* AS *I'm now.*

Delp. Mean time, I'll haunt thee!—Cry not, wench; be confident,
Ere long, thou ſhalt more pity him (obſerve me)
And pity him in truth, than now thou ſeek'ſt him:
My art and I are yet companions. Come, girl. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Geta and Lictors.

Geta. I am too merciful, I find it, friends,
Of too ſoft a nature, to be an officer;
I bear too much remorſe.

1 *Lict.* 'Tis your own fault, Sir;
For, look you, one ſo newly warm in office
Should lay about him blindfold, like true juſtice:
Hit where it will, the more you whip and hang, Sir,
(Tho' without cauſe; let that declare itſelf afterward)
The more you are admir'd.

Geta. I think I ſhall be.

2 *Lict.* Your worſhip is a man of a ſpare body,
And prone to anger.

Geta. Nay, I will be angry;
And the beſt is, I need not ſhew my reaſon.

2 *Lict.* You need not, Sir; your place is without reaſon;
And what you want in growth and full proportion,
Make up in rule and rigour.

Geta. A rare counſellor!
Inſtruct me further. Is it fit, my friends,
The emperor, my maſter Diocleſian,
Should now remember or the times or manners
That call'd him plain down Diocles?

1 *Lict.* He muſt not;
It ſtands not with his royalty.

Geta. I grant ye.
I being then the edile Getianus,
A man of place, and judge, is it held requiſite
I ſhould commit to my conſideration
Thoſe raſcals of remov'd and ragged hours,

That

That with unrev'rend mouths call'd me ſlave Geta?
2 Lict. You muſt forget their names; your honour bids you.
Geta. I do forget; but I will hang their natures.
I will aſcend my place, which is of juſtice;
And, Mercy, I forget thee.
Suit. A rare magiſtrate!
Another Solon ſure.
Geta. Bring out the offenders.
1 Lict. There are none yet, Sir; but no doubt there will be.
But if you pleaſe touch ſome things of thoſe natures—
Geta. And am I ready, and mine anger too,
The melancholy of a magiſtrate upon me,
And no offenders to execute my fury?
Ha! no offenders, knaves?
1 Lict. There are knaves indeed, Sir;
But we hope ſhortly to have 'em for your worſhip.
Geta. No men to hang or whip? Are ye good officers,
That provide no fuel for a judge's fury?
In this place ſomething muſt be done; this chair, I tell ye,
When I ſit down, muſt ſavour of ſeverity:
Therefore, I warn ye all, bring me lewd people,
Or likely to be lewd (twigs muſt be cropt too);
Let me have evil perſons in abundance,
Or make 'em evil; 'tis all one, do but ſay ſo,
That I may have fit matter for a magiſtrate,
And let me work. If I ſit empty once more,
And loſe my longing, as I am true Edile,
And as I hope to rectify my country,
You are thoſe ſcabs I'll ſcratch off from the commonwealth,
You are thoſe raſcals of the ſtate I treat of[16];
And you ſhall find and feel——
2 Lict. You ſhall have many,
Many notorious people.

[16] *I treat of.*] Seward thinks this reading flat, and therefore ſubſtitutes, *I'll tread on.* We cannot think any change neceſſary. Petterton reads, *You are thoſe raſcals of the ſtate* I'll puniſh.

Geta. Let 'em be people,
And take ye notorious to yourſelves. Mark me, my Lictors,
And you the reſt of my officials;
If I be angry, (as my place will aſk it)
And want fit matter to diſpoſe my authority,
I'll hang a hundred of ye: I'll not ſtay longer,
Nor enquire no further into your offences;
It is ſufficient that I find no criminals,
And therefore I muſt make ſome; if I cannot,
Suffer myſelf; for ſo runs my commiſſion.

Suit. An admirable, zealous, and true juſtice!

1 *Lict.* I cannot hold! If there be any people,
Of what degree ſoever, or what quality,
That would behold the wonderful works of juſtice
In a new officer, a man conceal'd yet,
Let him repair, and ſee, and hear, and wonder
At the moſt wiſe and gracious Getianus!

Enter Delphia and Druſilla.

Geta. This qualifies a little.—What are theſe?

Delp. You ſhall not mourn ſtill: Times of recreation,
To allay this ſadneſs, muſt be ſought.—What's here?
A ſuperſtitious flock of ſenſeleſs people
Worſhipping a ſign in office?

Geta. Lay hold on her, [*Guards ſeize her.*
And hold her faſt,
She will ſlip thro' your fingers like an eel elſe;
I know her tricks. Hold her, I ſay, and bind her;
Or, hang her firſt, and then I'll tell her wherefore.

Delp. What have I done?

Geta. Th'haſt done enough to undo thee;
Thou haſt preſſed to the emperor's preſence without my warrant,
I being his key and image.

Delp. You are an image indeed,
And of the coarſeſt ſtuff, and the worſt making,
That e'er I look'd on yet: I'll make as good
An image of an aſs.

Geta.

Geta. Beſides, thou art a woman of a lewd life.
Delp. I am no whore, Sir; nor no common fame
Has yet proclaim'd me to the people vicious.
Geta. Thou art to me a damnable lewd woman,
Which is as much as all the people ſwore it.
I know thou art a keeper of tame devils:
And whereas great and grave men of my place
Can by the laws be allow'd but one a-piece,
For their own ſervices and recreations,
Thou, like a traiterous quean, keep'ſt twenty devils,
Twenty in ordinary!
Delp. Pray you, Sir, be pacified:
If that be all, and if you want a ſervant,
You ſhall have one of mine ſhall ſerve for nothing,
Faithful, and diligent, and a wiſe devil too;
Think for what end.
Geta. Let her alone: 'Tis uſeful; [*Guards releaſe her.*
We men of buſineſs muſt uſe ſpeedy ſervants.
Let me ſee your family.
Delp. Think but one, he's ready.
Geta. A devil for intelligence? No, no,
He'll lie beyond all travellers. A ſtate-devil?
Neither; he will undo me at mine own weapon.
For execution? He will hang me too.
I'd have a handſome, pleaſant, and a fine She-devil,
To entertain the ladies that come to me;
A travell'd devil too, that ſpeaks the tongues,
And a neat carving devil. [*Muſick.*

Enter a She-devil.

Delp. Be not fearful.
Geta. A pretty brown devil, i'faith. May I not kiſs her?
Delp. Yes, and embrace her too; ſhe is your ſervant.
Fear not, her lips are cool enough.
Geta. She is marvellous well mounted. What's her name?
Delp. Lucifera.
Geta. Come hither, Lucifera, and kiſs me.

Delp. Let her ſet on your knee.

Geta. The chair turns! Hey, boys!
Pleaſant, i'faith! and a fine facetious devil. [*Dance.*

Delp. She would whiſper in your ear, and tell you wonders.

Geta. Come!—What's her name?

Delp. Lucifera.

Geta. Come, Lucie;
Come, ſpeak thy mind.—I am certain burnt to aſhes!
[*Exeunt omnes præter Geta.*
I have a kind of glaſs-houſe in my codpiece!
Are theſe the flames of ſtate? I'm roaſted over,
Over, and over-roaſted. Is this office?
The pleaſure of authority? I'll no more on't;
'Till I can puniſh devils too, I'll quit it.
Some other trade now, and ſome courſe leſs dangerous,
Or certainly I'll tile again for two-pence. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Caſſana, Ambaſſadors, and Attendants.

Aur. Never diſpute with me; you cannot have her.
Nor name the greatneſs of your king; I ſcorn him.
Your knees to me are nothing; ſhould he bow too,
It were his duty, and my power to ſlight him [17].

Char. She is her woman, (never ſue to me)
And in her power to render her or keep her;
And ſhe, my ſiſter, not to be compell'd,
Nor have her own ſnatch'd from her.

Amb. We deſire not,
But for what ranſom ſhe ſhall pleaſe to think of;
Jewels, or towns, or provinces.

Aur. No ranſom;

[17] *My* power *to ſlight him.*] Sympſon would read,
——— *my* part *to ſlight him*;
but the text is much better than the propoſed variation, and ſeems confirmed, and explained, by the next ſpeech,
And in her power *to render her or keep her.*

No,

No, not your king's own head, his crown upon it,
And all the low ſubjections of his people.

Amb. Fair princes ſhould have tender thoughts.

Aur. Is ſhe too good
To wait upon the mighty emperor's ſiſter?
What princeſs of that ſweetneſs, or that excellence,
Sprung from the proudeſt and the mightieſt monarchs,
But may be highly bleſt to be my ſervant?

Caſ. 'Tis moſt true, mighty lady.

Aur. Has my fair uſage
Made you ſo much deſpiſe me and your fortune,
That you grow weary of my entertainments?
Henceforward, as you are, I will command you,
And as you were ordain'd, my priſoner,
My ſlave, and one I may diſpoſe of any way;
No more my fair companion. Tell your king ſo;
And if he had more ſiſters, I would have 'em,
And uſe 'em as I pleaſe. You have your anſwer.

Amb. We muſt take ſome other way: Force muſt compel it. [*Exeunt Ambaſſadors.*

Enter Maximinian.

Maxi. Now, if thou be'ſt a Propheteſs, and canſt do
Things of that wonder that thy tongue delivers,
Canſt raiſe me too, I ſhall be bound to ſpeak thee:
I half believe; confirm the other to me,
And monuments to all ſucceeding ages,
Of thee, and of thy piety——Now ſhe eyes me.
Now work, great power of art! She moves unto me:
How ſweet, how fair, and lovely her aſpects are!
Her eyes, like bright Eoan flames, ſhoot thro' me.

Aur. Oh, my fair friend, where have you been?

Maxi. What am I?
What does ſhe take me for? Work ſtill, work ſtrongly!

Aur. Where have you fled my loves and my embraces?

Maxi. I am beyond my wits!

Aur. Can one poor thunder,
Whoſe cauſes are as common as his noiſes,

Make you defer your lawful and free pleaſures?
Strike terror to a ſoldier's heart, a monarch's?
Thro' all the fires of angry Heav'n, thro' tempeſts
That ſing of nothing but deſtruction,
Ev'n underneath the bolt of Jove, then ready,
And aiming dreadfully, I would ſeek you,
And fly into your arms.
Maxi. I ſhall be mighty,
And (which I never knew yet) I am goodly;
For certain, a moſt handſome man.
Char. Fy, ſiſter!
What a forgetful weakneſs is this in you!
What a light preſence! Theſe are words and offers
Due only to your huſband, Diocleſian;
This free behaviour only his.
Aur. 'Tis ſtrange,
That only empty names compel affections:
This man you ſee, give him what name or title,
Let it be ne'er ſo poor, ne'er ſo deſpiſed, brother,
This lovely man——
Maxi. Tho' I be hang'd, I'll forward!
For, certain, I am excellent, and knew not.
Aur. This rare and ſweet young man—See how he looks, Sir.
Maxi. I'll juſtle hard, dear uncle.
Aur. This thing, I ſay,
Let him be what he will, or bear what fortune,
This moſt unequall'd man, this ſpring of beauty,
Deſerves the bed of Juno.
Char. You're not mad?
Maxi. I hope ſhe be; I'm ſure I'm little better.
Aur. Oh, fair, ſweet man!
Char. For ſhame, refrain this impudence!
Maxi. 'Would I had her alone, that I might ſeal this bleſſing!
Sure, ſure ſhe ſhould not beg. If this continue,
As I hope Heav'n it will, uncle, I'll nick you,
I'll nick you, by this life! Some would fear killing
In the purſuit now of ſo rare a venture;

Enter

Enter Diocles.

I'm covetous to die for ſuch a beauty.
Mine uncle comes; now if ſhe ſtand, I'm happy.
Char. Be right again, for honour's ſake!
Dio. Fair miſtreſs——
Aur. What man is this? Away! what ſaucy fellow?
Dare any ſuch baſe groom preſs to ſalute me?
Dio. Have you forgot me, fair? or do you jeſt with me?
I'll tell you what I am. Come, pray you look lovely.
Nothing but frowns and ſcorns?
Aur. Who is this fellow?
Dio. I'll tell you who I am; I am your huſband.
Aur. Huſband to me?
Dio. To you. I'm Diocleſian.
Maxi. More of this ſport, and I am made, old mother!
Effect but this thou haſt begun——
Dio. I am he, lady,
Reveng'd your brother's death, ſlew cruel Aper;
I'm he the ſoldier courts, the empire honours,
Your brother loves; am he, my lovely miſtreſs,
Will make you empreſs of the world.
Maxi. Still excellent!
Now I ſee too, mine uncle may be cozen'd;
An emperor may ſuffer like another.
Well ſaid, old mother! hold but up this miracle—
Aur. Thou lieſt! thou art not he; thou a brave fellow?
Char. Is there no ſhame, no modeſty, in women?
Aur. Thou one of high and full mark?
Dio. Gods, what ails ſhe?
Aur. Generous and noble? Fy! thou lieſt moſt baſely.
Thy face, and all aſpect upon thee, tells me
Thou art a poor Dalmatian ſlave, a low thing,
Not worth the name of Roman: Stand off further!
Dio. What may this mean?

Aur.

Aur. Come hither, my Endymion;
Come, ſhew thyſelf, and all eyes be bleſs'd in thee!
Dio. Ha! what is this?
Aur. Thou, fair ſtar that I live by,
Look lovely on me, break into full brightneſs!
Look; here's a face now of another making,
Another mould; here's a divine proportion;
Eyes fit for Phœbus 'ſelf, to gild the world with;
And there's a brow arch'd like the ſtate of Heaven:
Look how it bends, and with what radiance,
As if the ſynod of the gods ſat under:
Look there, and wonder! Now behold that fellow,
That admirable thing, cut with an axe out.
Maxi. Old woman, tho' I cannot give thee recompenſe,
Yet, certainly, I'll make thy name as glorious——
Dio. Is this in truth?
Char. She's mad, and you muſt pardon her.
Dio. She hangs upon him; ſee!
Char. Her fit is ſtrong now.
Be not you paſſionate.
Dio. She kiſſes!
Char. Let her;
'Tis but the fondneſs of her fit.
Dio. I'm fool'd!
And if I ſuffer this——
Char. Pray you, friend, be pacified;
This will be off anon. She goes in. [*Exit Aurelia.*
Dio. Sirrah!
Maxi. What ſay you, Sir?
Dio. How dare thy lips, thy baſe lips——
Maxi. I am your kinſman, Sir, and no ſuch baſe one.
I ſought no kiſſes, nor I had no reaſon
To kick the princeſs from me; 'twas no manners:
I never yet compell'd her; of her courteſy
What ſhe beſtows, Sir, I am thankful for.
Dio. Be gone, villain!
Maxi. I will, and I will go off with that glory,
And magnify my fate. [*Exit.*

Dio.

Dio. Good brother, leave me:
I'm to myſelf a trouble now.
Char. I'm ſorry for't.
You'll find it but a woman-fit to try you.
Dio. It may be ſo; I hope ſo.
Char. I am aſham'd, and what I think I bluſh at.
[*Exit.*

Dio. What miſery hath my great fortune bred me!
And how far muſt I ſuffer! Poor and low ſtates,
Tho' they know wants and hungers, know not theſe,
Know not theſe killing fates: Little contents them,
And with that little they live kings, commanding
And ordering both their ends and loves. Oh, Honour!
How greedily men ſeek thee, and, once purchas'd,
How many enemies to man's peace bring'ſt thou!
How many griefs and ſorrows, that like ſheers,
Like fatal ſheers, are ſheering off our lives ſtill!
How many ſad eclipſes do we ſhine thro'!

Enter Delphia and Druſilla, veiled.

When I preſum'd I was bleſs'd in this fair woman—
Delp. Behold him now, and tell me how thou lik'ſt him.
Dio. When all my hopes were up, and Fortune dealt me
Ev'n for the greateſt and the happieſt monarch,
Then to be cozen'd, to be cheated baſely!
By mine own kinſman croſs'd! Oh, villain kinſman!
Curſe of my blood! becauſe a little younger,
A little ſmoother-fac'd! Oh, falſe, falſe woman,
Falſe and forgetful of thy faith! I'll kill him.
But can I kill her hate too? No. He wooes not,
Nor worthy is of death; becauſe ſhe follows him,
Becauſe ſhe courts him, ſhall I kill an innocent?
Oh, Diocles! 'Would thou hadſt never known this,
Nor ſurfeited upon this ſweet ambition,
That now lies bitter at thy heart! Oh, Fortune,
That thou haſt none to fool and blow like bubbles,
But kings, and their contents!

Delp.

Delp. What think you now, girl?
Druſ. Upon my life, I pity his misfortune.
See how he weeps! I cannot hold.
Delp. Away, fool!
He muſt weep bloody tears before thou haſt him.—
How fare you now, brave Diocleſian?
What! lazy in your loves? Has too much pleaſure
Dull'd your moſt mighty faculties?
Dio. Art thou there,
More to torment me? Doſt thou come to mock me?
Delp. I do; and I do laugh at all thy ſufferings:
I that have wrought 'em, come to ſcorn thy wailings.
I told thee once, 'This is thy fate, this woman;
'And as thou uſeſt her, ſo thou ſhalt proſper.'
It is not in thy power to turn this deſtiny,
Nor ſtop the torrent of thoſe miſeries
(If thou neglect'ſt her ſtill) ſhall fall upon thee.
Sigh that thou art diſhoneſt, falſe of faith,
Proud, and doſt think no power can croſs thy pleaſures;
Thou'lt find a fate above thee.
Druſ. Good aunt, ſpeak mildly:
See how he looks and ſuffers.
Dio. I find and feel, woman,
That I am miſerable.
Delp. Thou art moſt miſerable.
Dio. That as I am the moſt, I am moſt miſerable.
But didſt thou work this?
Delp. Yes, and will purſue it.
Dio. Stay there, and have ſome pity. Fair Druſilla,
Let me perſuade thy mercy, (thou haſt lov'd me)
Altho' I know my ſuit will ſound unjuſtly,
To make thy love the means to loſe itſelf,
Have pity on me!
Druſ. I will do.
Delp. Peace, niece!
Altho' this ſoftneſs may become your love,
Your care muſt ſcorn it. Let him ſtill contemn thee,
And ſtill I'll work; the ſame affection
He ever ſhews to thee, be't ſweet or bitter,

The

The ſame Aurelia ſhall ſhew him; no further:
Nor ſhall the wealth of all his empire free this.
Dio. I muſt ſpeak fair.—Lovely young maid, forgive me,
Look gently on my ſorrows! You that grieve too[18],
I ſee it in your eyes, and thus I meet it.
Druſ. Oh, aunt, I'm bleſs'd!
Dio. Be not both young and cruel;
Again I beg it, thus.

Enter Aurelia.

Druſ. Thus, Sir, I grant it.
He's mine own now, aunt.
Delp. Not yet, girl; thou'rt cozen'd.
Aur. Oh, my dear lord, how have I wrong'd your patience!
How wander'd from the truth of my affections!
How, like a wanton fool, ſhun'd that I lov'd moſt!
But you are full of goodneſs to forgive, Sir,
As I of grief to beg, and ſhame to take it:
Sure I was not myſelf! ſome ſtrange illuſion,
Or what you pleaſe to pardon——
Dio. All, my deareſt;
All, my delight! and with more pleaſure take thee,
Than if there had been no ſuch dream; for, certain,
It was no more.
Aur. Now you have ſeal'd forgiveneſs,
I take my leave; and the Gods keep your goodneſs!
[*Exit.*
Delp. You ſee how kindneſs proſpers: Be but ſo kind
To marry her, and ſee then what new fortunes,

[18] *You* that *grieve too.*] The particle *that*, ſeems to have no right of place here: If we muſt have a monoſyllable to fill up, it ſeems, as if *thoſe* was a more ſignificant one than the preſent *that*, and ought to agree with *ſorrows* as the antecedent. However, as no great matter depends upon it, I leave it to every one's judgment, which way he will read. *Sympſon.*

That ſtands for *who*;—and the paſſage means, 'Pity me! pity me, 'you that grieve! I ſee your grief in your eyes, and meet it with a 'kiſs.'

New

New joys, and pleaſures, far beyond this lady,
Beyond her greatneſs too——
Dio. I'll die a dog firſt!
Now I am reconcil'd, I will enjoy her
In ſpite of all thy ſpirits, and thy witchcrafts.
Delp. Thou ſhalt not, fool!
Dio. I will, old doting devil!
And wert thou any thing but air and ſpirit,
My ſword ſhould tell thee——
Delp. I contemn thy threatnings;
And thou ſhalt know I hold a power above thee.—
We muſt remove Aurelia. Come.—Farewell, fool!
When thou ſhalt ſee me next, thou ſhalt bow to me.
Dio. Look thou appear no more to croſs my pleaſures! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

SO full of matter is our hiſtory,
Yet mix'd, I hope, with ſweet variety,
The accidents not vulgar too, but rare,
And fit to be preſented, that there wants
Room in this narrow ſtage, and time, to expreſs,
In action to the life, our Diocleſian
In his full luſtre: Yet (as the ſtatuary,
That by the large ſize of Alcides' Foot,
Gueſs'd at his whole proportion) ſo we hope
Your apprehenſive judgments will conceive
Out of the ſhadow we can only ſhew,
How fair the body was; and will be pleas'd,
Out of your wonted goodneſs, to behold,
As in a ſilent mirror, what we cannot,
With fit conveniency of time allow'd
For ſuch preſentments, cloath in vocal ſounds.
Yet with ſuch art the ſubject is convey'd,

That

That every ſcene and paſſage ſhall be clear
Ev'n to the groſſeſt underſtander here. [*Loud muſick.*

Dumb Show.

Enter, at one door, Delphia and Ambaſſadors; they whiſper together; they take an oath upon her hand; ſhe circles them, kneeling, with her magick rod; they riſe and draw their ſwords. Enter, at the other door, Diocleſian, Charinus, Maximinian, Niger, Aurelia, Caſſana, and Guard; Charinus and Niger perſuading Aurelia; ſhe offers to embrace Maximinian; Diocles draws his ſword, keeps off Maximinian, turns to Aurelia, kneels to her, lays his ſword at her feet; ſhe ſcornfully turns away: Delphia gives a ſign; the Ambaſſadors and ſoldiers ruſh upon them, ſeize on Aurelia, Caſſana, Charinus, and Maximinian; Diocleſian and others offer to reſcue them; Delphia raiſes a miſt. Exeunt Ambaſſadors and priſoners, and the reſt diſcontented.

The ſkilful Delphia finding, by ſure proof,
The preſence of Aurelia dim'd the beauty
Of her Druſilla; and, in ſpite of charms,
The emperor her brother, great Charinus,
Still urg'd her to the love of Diocleſian,
Deals with the Perſian Legates, that were bound
For the ranſom of Caſſana, to remove
Aurelia, Maximinian, and Charinus,
Out of the ſight of Rome; but takes their oaths
(In lieu of her aſſiſtance) that they ſhall not,
On any terms, when they were in their power,
Preſume to touch their lives: This yielded to,
They lie in ambuſh for 'em. Diocleſian,
Still mad for fair Aurelia, that doted
As much on Maximinian, twice had kill'd him,
But that her frown reſtrain'd him: He purſues her
With all humility, but ſhe continues
Proud and diſdainful. The ſign given by Delphia,
The Perſians break thro', and ſeize upon

Charinus

Charinus and his ſiſter, with Maximinian,
And free Caſſana. For their ſpeedy reſcue,
Enraged Diocleſian draws his ſword,
And bids his Guard aſſiſt him: Then too weak
Had been all oppoſition and reſiſtance
The Perſians could have made againſt their fury,
If Delphia by her cunning had not rais'd
A foggy miſt, which as a cloud conceal'd them,
Deceiving their purſuers. Now be pleas'd,
That your imaginations may help you
To think them ſafe in Perſia, and Diocleſian
For this diſaſter circled round with ſorrow,
Yet mindful of the wrong. Their future fortunes
We will preſent in action; and are bold,
In that which follows, that the moſt ſhall ſay,
'Twas well begun, but the end crown'd the play.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Diocles, Niger, Senators, and Guard.

Dio. Talk not of comfort! I have broke my faith,
And the gods fight againſt me: And proud man,
However magnified, is but as duſt
Before the raging whirlwind of their juſtice.
What is it to be great, ador'd on earth,
When the immortal powers that are above us
Turn all our bleſſings into horrid curſes,
And laugh at our reſiſtance, or prevention,
Of what they purpoſe! Oh, the furies that
I feel within me! whipp'd on, by their angers,
For my tormentors! Could it elſe have been
In nature, that a few poor fugitive Perſians,
Unfriended, and unarm'd too, could have robb'd me
(In Rome, the world's metropolis, and her glory;
In Rome, where I command, environ'd round
With ſuch invincible troops that know no fear,
But want of noble enemies) of thoſe jewels
I priz'd above my life, and I want power

To

To free them, if thoſe gods I have provok'd
Had not giv'n ſpirit to the undertakers,
And in their deed protected 'em?

Niger. Great Cæſar,
Your ſafety does confirm you are their care;
And that, howe'er their practices reach others,
You ſtand above their malice.

1 *Sen.* Rome in us
Offers (as means to further your revenge)
The lives of her beſt citizens, and all
They ſtand poſſeſs'd of.

1 *Guard.* Do but lead us on
With that invincible and undaunted courage
Which waited bravely on you, when you appear'd
The minion of Conqueſt, married rather
To glorious Victory, and we will drag
(Tho' all the enemies of life conſpire
Againſt our undertakings) the proud Perſian
Out of his ſtrongeſt hold.

2 *Guard.* Be but yourſelf,
And do not talk, but do.

3 *Guard.* You've hands and ſwords,
Limbs to make up a well-proportion'd army,
That only want in you an head to lead us.

Dio. The gods reward your goodneſs! and believe,
Howe'er (for ſome great ſin) I am mark'd out
The object of their hate, tho' Jove ſtood ready
To dart his three-fold thunder on this head,
It could not fright me from a fierce purſuit
Of my revenge. I will redeem my friends,
And, with my friends, mine honour; at leaſt, fall
Like to myſelf, a ſoldier.

Niger. Now we hear
Great Diocleſian ſpeak.

Dio. Draw up our legions:
And let it be your care, my much-lov'd Niger,
To haſten the remove. And, fellow-ſoldiers,
Your love to me will teach you to endure
Both long and tedious marches.

1 *Guard.* Die he accurs'd
That thinks of reſt or ſleep before he ſets
His foot on Perſian earth!

Niger. We know our glory,
The dignity of Rome, and, what's above
All can be urg'd, the quiet of your mind,
Depends upon our haſte.

Dio. Remove to-night;
Five days ſhall bring me to you.

All. Happineſs
To Cæſar, and glorious victory! [*Exeunt.*

Dio. The chearfulneſs of my ſoldiers gives aſſurance
Of good ſucceſs abroad, if firſt I make
My peace at home here. There is ſomething chides me,
And ſharply tells me, that my breach of faith
To Delphia and Druſilla is the ground
Of my misfortunes: And I muſt remember,
While I was lov'd, and in great Delphia's grace,
She was as my good angel, and bound Fortune
To proſper my deſigns: I muſt appeaſe her.
Let others pay their knees, their vows, their prayers,
To weak imagin'd powers; ſhe's my all,
And thus I do invoke her.—Knowing Delphia,
Thou more than woman! and, tho' thou vouchſafeſt
To grace the earth with thy celeſtial ſteps,
And taſte this groſſer air, thy heav'nly ſpirit
Hath free acceſs to all the ſecret counſels
Which a full ſenate of the gods determine
When they conſider man; the braſs-leav'd book
Of fate lies open to thee, where thou read'ſt,
And faſhioneſt the deſtinies of men
At thy wiſh'd pleaſure; look upon thy creature,
And, as thou twice haſt pleaſed to appear
To reprehend my faſhood, now vouchſafe
To ſee my low ſubmiſſion!

Delphia and Druſilla appear.

Delp. What's thy will?
Falſe, and unthankful, (and in that deſerving

All

All human ſorrows) dar'ſt thou hope from me
Relief or comfort?

Dio. Penitence does appeaſe
Th' incenſed powers, and ſacrifice takes off
Their heavy angers: Thus I tender both;
The maſter of great Rome, and, in that, lord
Of all the ſun gives heat and being to,
Thus ſues for mercy. Be but as thou wert,
The pilot to the bark of my good fortunes,
And once more ſteer my actions to the port
Of glorious Honour, and if I fall off
Hereafter from my faith to this ſweet virgin,
Join with thoſe powers that puniſh perjury
To make me an example, to deter
Others from being falſe!

Druſ. Upon my ſoul,
You may believe him! Nor did he e'er purpoſe
To me but nobly; he made trial how
I could endure unkindneſs; I ſee truth
Triumphant in his ſorrow. Deareſt aunt,
Both credit him, and help him! and, on aſſurance
That what I plead for you cannot deny,
I raiſe him thus, and with this willing kiſs
I ſeal his pardon.

Dio. Oh, that I e'er look'd
Beyond this abſtract of all woman's goodneſs!

Delp. I'm thine again; thus I confirm our league.
I know thy wiſhes, and how much thou ſuffer'ſt
In honour for thy friends; thou ſhalt repair all,
For to thy fleet I'll give a fore-right wind
To paſs the Perſian Gulf; remove all lets
That may moleſt thy ſoldiers in their march
That paſs by land; and Deſtiny is falſe,
If thou prove not victorious. Yet remember,
When thou art rais'd up to the higheſt point
Of human happineſs, ſuch as move beyond it
Muſt of neceſſity deſcend. Think on't;
And uſe thoſe bleſſings that the gods pour on you
With moderation!

Dio. As their oracle,
I hear you and obey you, and will follow
Your grave directions.
Delp. You will not repent it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Niger, Geta, Guard, and Soldiers, with enſigns.

Niger. How do you like your entrance to the war?
When the whole body of the army moves,
Shews it not glorioufly?
Geta. 'Tis a fine May-game;
But eating and drinking I think are forbad in't;
(I mean, with leiſure) we walk on, and feed
Like hungry boys that haſte to ſchool; or, as
We carried fiſh to the city, dare ſtay no where,
For fear our ware ſhould ſtink.
1 *Guard.* That's the neceſſity
Of our ſpeedy march.
Geta. Sir, I do love my eaſe,
And tho' I hate all ſeats of judicature,
I mean i' th' city, for conveniency,
I ſtill will be a juſtice in the war,
And ride upon my foot-cloth. I hope a captain
(And a gown'd captain too) may be diſpens'd with.
I tell you, (and don't mock me) when I was poor,
I could endure, like others, cold and hunger;
But ſince I grew rich, let but my finger ache,
Or feel but the leaſt pain in my great toe,
Unleſs I have a doctor, mine own doctor,
That may aſſure me, I am gone.
Niger. Come, fear not;
You ſhall want nothing.
1 *Guard.* We will make you fight
As you were mad.
Geta. Not too much of fighting, friend;
It is thy trade, that art a common ſoldier;
We officers, by our place, may ſhare the ſpoil,
And never ſweat for't.

2 *Guard.*

2 *Guard.* You ſhall kill, for practice,
But your dozen or two a-day.
Geta. Thou talk'ſt as if
Thou wert louſing thyſelf; but yet I will make danger;
If I prove one o' th' worthies, ſo: However,
I'll have the fear of the gods before my eyes,
And do no hurt, I warrant you.
Niger. Come, march on,
And humour him for our mirth.
1 *Guard.* 'Tis a fine pea-gooſe [20].
Niger. But one that fools to the emperor, and, in that,
A wiſe man, and a ſoldier.
1 *Guard.* True morality! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Coſroe, Caſſana, Perſians; and Charinus, Maximinian, Aurelia, bound, with ſoldiers.

Coſroe. Now, by the Perſian gods, moſt truly welcome!
Encompaſs'd thus with tributary kings,
I entertain you. Lend your helping hands
To ſeat her by me; and, thus rais'd, bow all,
To do her honour. Oh, my beſt Caſſana,
Siſter, and partner of my life and empire,
We'll teach thee to forget, with preſent pleaſures,
Thy late captivity; and this proud Roman,
That us'd thee as a ſlave, and did diſdain
A princely ranſom, ſhall, if ſhe repine,
Be forc'd by various tortures to adore
What ſhe of late contemn'd.
Caſ. All greatneſs ever
Attend Coſroe! Tho' Perſia be ſtil'd
The nurſe of pomp and pride, we'll leave to Rome
Her native cruelty. For know, Aurelia,
(A Roman princeſs, and a Cæſar's ſiſter)
Tho' late (like thee) captiv'd [21], I can forget

[20] *Pea-gooſe.*] *i. e.* A ſilly creature. *Sympſon.*

[21] *Tho' now, like thee captiv'd.*] So firſt folio; the ſecond ſays, *tho'* LATE, which is clearly right. Sympſon and Seward ſeeing the corruption

Thy barb'rous uſage; and tho' thou to me,
When I was in thy power, didſt ſhew thyſelf
A moſt inſulting tyranneſs, I to thee
May prove a gentle miſtreſs.
Aur. Oh, my ſtars!
A miſtreſs? Can I live, and owe that name
To fleſh and blood? I was born to command,
Train'd up in ſovereignty; and I, in death,
Can quit the name of ſlave: She that ſcorns life,
May mock captivity.
Char. Rome will be Rome
When we are nothing; and her power's the ſame,
Which you once quak'd at.
Maxi. Dioclefian lives;
(Hear it, and tremble!) lives, thou king of Perſia,
The maſter of his fortune, and his honour:
And tho' by deviliſh arts we were ſurpriz'd,
And made the prey of magick and of theft,
And not won nobly, we ſhall be redeem'd,
And by a Roman war; and every wrong
We ſuffer here, with intereſt be return'd
On the inſulting doer!
1 *Perſ.* Sure theſe Romans
Are more than men.
2 *Perſ.* Their great hearts will not yield;
They cannot bend to any adverſe fate,
Such is their confidence.
Coſroe. They then ſhall break!
Why, you rebellious wretches, dare you ſtill
Contend, when the leaſt breath or nod of mine
Marks you out for the fire[22], or to be made
The prey of wolves or vultures? The vain name
Of Roman legions I ſlight thus, and ſcorn;
And for that boaſted bugbear, Dioclefian,
Which you preſume on, 'would he were the maſter

corruption of the firſt book, and overlooking the ſecond (tho' infinitely the beſt) edition, exhibit this nonſenſe:

Though NOW, *like* me *captiv'd.*

[22] *Marks you* out *for.*] Seward, unwarrantably, as we think, varies the text to, *Marks you* OR *for*, &c.

But of the ſpirit to meet me in the field!
He ſoon ſhould find, that our Immortal Squadrons[23],
That with full numbers ever are ſupplied,
(Could it be poſſible they ſhould decay)
Dare front his boldeſt troops, and ſcatter 'em,
As an high-tow'ring falcon on her ſtretches,
Severs the fearful fowl. And, by the ſun,
The moon, the winds, the nouriſhers of life,
And by this ſword, the inſtrument of death,
Since that you fly not humbly to our mercy,
But yet dare hope your liberty by force,
If Diocleſian dare not attempt
To free you with his ſword, all ſlavery
That cruelty can find out to make you wretched,
Falls heavy on you!

Maxi. If the ſun keeps his courſe,
And the earth can bear his ſoldiers' march, I fear not.

Aur. Or liberty, or revenge!

Char. On that I build too. [*A trumpet.*

Aur. A Roman trumpet?

Maxi. 'Tis: Comes it not like
A pardon to a man condemn'd?

Enter Niger.

Coſroe. Admit him.
The purpoſe of thy coming?

Niger. My great maſter,
The lord of Rome, (in that all power is ſpoken)
Hoping that thou wilt prove a noble enemy,
And (in thy bold reſiſtance) worth his conqueſt,
Defies thee, Coſroe.

Maxi. There is fire in this.

Niger. And to encourage thy laborious powers
To tug for empire, dares thee to the field,
With this aſſurance; if thy ſword can win him,

[23] *Immortal ſquadrons.*] Theſe were a body of Perſian ſoldiers, whoſe number, Herodotus ſays, was never more or leſs than ten thouſand. The reaſon of the name our authors give themſelves.

That with full numbers ever are ſupply'd. *Sympſon.*

Or force his legions with thy barbed horſe
But to forſake their ground, that not alone
Wing'd Victory ſhall take ſtand on thy tent,
But all the provinces and kingdoms held
By the Roman garriſons in this eaſtern world,
Shall be deliver'd up, and he himſelf
Acknowledge thee his ſovereign. In return
Of this large offer, he aſks only this,
That 'till the doubtful die of war determine
Who has moſt power, and ſhould command the other,
Thou wouldſt entreat thy priſoners like their births,
And not their preſent fortune; and to bring 'em
Guarded, into thy tent, with thy beſt ſtrengths,
Thy ableſt men of war, and thou thyſelf
Sworn to make good the place. And if he fail
(Maugre all oppoſition can be made)
In his own perſon to compel his way,
And fetch them ſafely off, the day is thine,
And he, like theſe, thy priſoner.

Coſroe. Tho' I receive this
But as a Roman brave, I do embrace it,
And love the ſender. Tell him, I will bring
My priſoners to the field, and, without odds,
Againſt his ſingle force, alone defend 'em;
Or elſe with equal numbers.—Courage, noble princes!
And let poſterity record, that we
This memorable day reſtor'd to Perſia
That empire of the world great Philip's ſon
Raviſh'd from us, and Greece gave up to Rome.
This our ſtrong comfort[24], that we cannot fall
Inglorioufly, ſince we contend for all. [*Exeunt.*

[*Flouriſh, alarms.*

[24] This *our ſtrong comfort.*] This ſlight alteration reſtores the verb here, without which the ſentence would be harſh and elliptical. *Sympſon.*

The alteration is *'tis* for *this*; but the old reading is much, much beſt, and moſt elegant.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Geta, Guard, and Soldiers.

Geta. I'll ſwear the peace againſt 'em! I am hurt:
Run for a ſurgeon, or I faint!
1 *Guard.* Bear up, man;
'Tis but a ſcratch.
Geta. Scoring a man o'er the coxcomb
Is but a ſcratch with you. Pox o'your occupation,
Your ſcurvy ſcuffling trade! I was told before,
My face was bad enough; but now I look
Like Bloody-Bone, and Raw-Head, to fright children:
I am for no uſe elſe.
2 *Guard.* Thou ſhalt fright men.
1 *Guard.* You look ſo terrible now! But ſee your face
I' th' pummel of my ſword.
Geta. I die! I'm gone!
Oh, my ſweet phyſiognomy!

Enter three Perſians.

2 *Guard.* They come;
Now fight, or die indeed.
Geta. I will 'ſcape this way.
I cannot hold my ſword: What would you have
Of a maim'd man?
1 *Guard.* Nay, then I have a goad
To prick you forward, ox.
2 *Guard.* Fight like a man,
Or die like a dog.
Geta. Shall I, like Cæſar, fall
Among my friends? no mercy? *Et tu Brute?*
You ſhall not have the honour of my death;
I'll fall by the enemy firſt.
1 *Guard.* Oh, brave, brave Geta! [*Perſians driven off.*
He plays the devil now.

Enter

Enter Niger.

Niger. Make up for honour!
The Perſians ſhrink; the paſſage is laid open;
Great Diocleſian, like a ſecond Mars,
(His ſtrong arm govern'd by the fierce Bellona)
Performs more than a man: His ſhield ſtuck full [25]
Of Perſian darts, which now are his defence
Againſt the enemies' ſwords, ſtill leads the way.
Of all the Perſian forces, one ſtrong ſquadron,
[*Alarms continued.*
In which Coſroe in his own perſon fights,
Stands firm, and yet unrouted: Break thro' that,
The day and all is ours. [*Retreat.*
All. Victory, victory! [*Exeunt. Flouriſh.*

SCENE VI.

Enter (in triumph, with Roman enſigns) Guard, Diocleſian, Charinus, Aurelia, Maximinian, Niger, Geta; Coſroe, Caſſana, Perſians, as priſoners; Delphia and Druſilla privately.

Dio. I am rewarded in the act; your freedom
To me's ten thouſand triumphs: You, Sir, ſhare
In all my glories. And, unkind Aurelia,
From being a captive, ſtill command the victor.
Nephew, remember by whoſe gift you're free.
You I afford my pity; baſer minds
Inſult on the afflicted: You ſhall know,
Virtue and courage are admir'd and lov'd
In enemies; but more of that hereafter.
Thanks to your valour; to your ſwords I owe
This wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot,
My firſt poor bondman! Geta, I am glad
Thou'rt turn'd a fighter.
Geta. 'Twas againſt my will;
But now I am content with't.

[25] Struck *full.*] So the former editions.

Char.

Char. But imagine
What honours can be done to you beyond theſe,
Tranſcending all example; 'tis in you
To will; in us to ſerve it.
Niger. We will have
His ſtatue of pure gold ſet in the capitol,
And he that bows not to it as a god,
Makes forfeit of his head.
Maxi. I burſt with envy!
And yet theſe honours, which, conferr'd on me,
Would make me pace on air, ſeem not to move him.
Dio. Suppoſe this done, or were it poſſible
I could riſe higher ſtill, I am a man;
And all theſe glories, empires heap'd upon me,
Confirm'd by conſtant friends and faithful guards,
Cannot defend me from a ſhaking fever,
Or bribe the uncorrupted dart of Death
To ſpare me one ſhort minute. Thus adorn'd
In theſe triumphant robes, my body yields not
A greater ſhadow than it did when I
Liv'd both poor and obſcure; a ſword's ſharp point
Enters my fleſh as far; dreams break my ſleep,
As when I was a private man; my paſſions
Are ſtronger tyrants on me; nor is greatneſs
A ſaving antidote[26] to keep me from
A traitor's poiſon. Shall I praiſe my fortune,
Or raiſe the building of my happineſs
On her uncertain favour? or preſume
She is my own, and ſure, that yet was never
Conſtant to any? Should my reaſon fail me,
(As flatt'ry oft corrupts it) here is an example
To ſpeak, how far her ſmiles are to be truſted:
The riſing ſun, this morning, ſaw this man
The Perſian monarch, and thoſe ſubjects proud

[26] *A* ſaving *antidote to keep me*, &c.] *A ſaving antidote, to ſave or keep me*, &c. ſeems to be too inaccurate (not to ſay tautological) an expreſſion, for ſuch correct authors as ours; I with ſubmiſſion would read thus,

A ſovereign *antidote*, &c. *Sympſon.*

SAVING *antidote* very properly defines *a* PRESERVATIVE.

That

That had the honour but to kiſs his feet;
And yet, ere his diurnal progreſs ends,
He is the ſcorn of Fortune. But you'll ſay,
That ſhe forſook him for his want of courage,
But never leaves the bold: Now, by my hopes
Of peace and quiet here, I never met
A braver enemy! And, to make it good,
Coſroe, Caſſana, and the reſt, be free,
And ranſomleſs return!
Coſroe. To ſee this virtue
Is more to me than empire; and to be
O'ercome by you, a glorious victory.
Maxi. What a devil means he next!
Dio. I know that glory
Is like Alcides' ſhirt, if it ſtay on us
'Till pride hath mix'd it with our blood; nor can we
Part with it at pleaſure; when we would uncaſe,
It brings along with it both fleſh and ſinews,
And leaves us living monſters.
Maxi. 'Would 'twere come
To my turn to put it on! I'd run the hazard.
Dio. No; I will not be pluck'd out by the ears
Out of this glorious caſtle; uncompell'd,
I will ſurrender rather: Let it ſuffice,
I've touch'd the height of human happineſs,
And here I fix *nil ultra.* Hitherto
I've liv'd a ſervant to ambitious thoughts,
And fading glories; what remains of life,
I dedicate to Virtue; and, to keep
My faith untainted, farewell, pride and pomp!
And circumſtance of glorious majeſty,
Farewell for ever!—Nephew, I have noted,
That you have long with ſore eyes look'd upon
My flouriſhing fortune; you ſhall have poſſeſſion
Of my felicity: I deliver up
My empire, and this gem I priz'd above it,
And all things elſe that made me worth your envy,
Freely unto you.—Gentle Sir, your ſuffrage,
To ſtrengthen this. The ſoldiers' love I doubt not:
His

His valour, gentlemen, will deſerve your favours,
Which let my prayers further. All is yours.—
But I have been too liberal, and given that
I muſt beg back again.

Maxi. What am I fall'n from!

Dio. Nay, ſtart not: It is only the poor Grange,
The patrimony which my father left me,
I would be tenant to.

Maxi. Sir, I am yours:
I will attend you there.

Dio. No; keep the court;
Seek you in Rome for honour: I will labour
To find content elſewhere. Diſſuade me not;
By Heaven, I am reſolv'd!—And now, Druſilla,
Being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
My wife, if thy love ſince hath felt no change,
I'm ready to perform it.

Druſ. I ſtill lov'd
Your perſon, not your fortunes; in a cottage,
Being yours, I am an empreſs.

Delp. And I'll make
The change moſt happy.

Dio. Do me then the honour,
To ſee my vow perform'd. You but attend
My glories to the urn; where be it aſhes,
Welcome my mean eſtate! and, as a due,
Wiſh reſt to me, I honour unto you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Chorus.

Chorus. THE war with glory ended, and Coſroe,
Acknowledging his fealty to Charinus,
Diſmiſs'd in peace, returns to Perſia:
The reſt, arriving ſafely unto Rome,
Are entertain'd with triumphs: Maximinian,

By

By the grace and interceſſion of his uncle,
Saluted Cæſar: But good Diocleſian,
Weary of pomp and ſtate, retires himſelf,
With a ſmall train, to a moſt private Grange
In Lombardy [27]; where the glad country ſtrives
With rural ſports to give him entertainment:
With which delighted, he with eaſe forgets
All ſpecious trifles, and ſecurely taſtes
The certain pleaſures of a private life.
But oh, Ambition, that eats into,
With venom'd teeth, true thankfulneſs and honour,
And, to ſupport her greatneſs, faſhions fears,
Doubts, and preventions to decline all dangers,
Which, in the place of ſafety, prove her ruin!
All which be pleas'd to ſee in Maximinian,
To whom his conferr'd ſov'reignty was like
A large ſail fill'd full with a fore-right wind,
That drowns a ſmaller bark: And he once fall'n
Into ingratitude, makes no ſtop in miſchief,
But violently runs on. Allow Maximinian all,
Honour, and empire, abſolute command;
Yet being ill, long great he cannot ſtand. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Maximinian and Aurelia.

Aur. Why droops my lord, my love, my life, my Cæſar?
How ill this dullneſs doth comport with greatneſs!
Does not, with open arms, your fortune court you?
Rome know you for her maſter? I myſelf
Confeſs you for my huſband? love and ſerve you?
If you contemn not theſe, and think them curſes,
I know no bleſſings that ambitious fleſh
Could wiſh to feel beyond 'em.

[27] *In* Lombardy.] *Dalmatia* was the real country, to which Diocleſian retired: But *Lombardy* being a finer climate for a farmer, was, I ſuppoſe, the reaſon why our Poets have choſe to fix him there. *Sympſon.*

Maxi.

Maxi. Beſt Aurelia,
The parent and the nurſe to all my glories,
'Tis not that, thus embracing you, I think
There is a heaven beyond it, that begets
Theſe ſad retirements; but the fear to loſe
What it is hell to part with. Better to have liv'd
Poor and obſcure, and never ſcal'd the top
Of hilly empire, than to die with fear
To be thrown headlong down, almoſt as ſoon
As we have reach'd it!

Aur. Theſe are panick terrors
You faſhion to yourſelf. Is not my brother
(Your equal and co-partner in the empire)
Vow'd and confirm'd your friend? the ſoldier conſtant?
Hath not your uncle Diocleſian taken
His laſt farewell o' th' world? What then can ſhake you?

Maxi. The thought I may be ſhaken, and aſſurance
That what we do poſſeſs is not our own,
But has depending on another's favour:
For nothing's more uncertain, my Aurelia,
Than power that ſtands not on his proper baſis,
But borrows his foundation. I'll make plain
My cauſe of doubts and fears; for what ſhould I
Conceal from you, that are to be familiar
With my moſt private thoughts? Is not the empire
My uncle's gift? and may he not reſume it
Upon the leaſt diſtaſte? Does not Charinus
Croſs me in my deſigns? and what is majeſty
When 'tis divided? Does not the inſolent ſoldier
Call my command his donative? and what can take
More from our honour? No, my wife Aurelia,
If I to you am more than all the world,
As ſure you are to me; as we deſire
To be ſecure, we muſt be abſolute,
And know no equal; when your brother borrows
The little ſplendor that he has from us,
And we are ſerv'd for fear, not at entreaty,
We may live ſafe; but 'till then, we but walk

With

With heavy burdens on a ſea of glaſs,
And our own weight will ſink us.
Aur. Your mother brought you
Into the world an emperor; you perſuade
But what I would have counſel'd. Nearneſs of blood,
Reſpect of piety, and thankfulneſs,
And all the holy dreams of virtuous fools,
Muſt vaniſh into nothing, when Ambition
(The maker of great minds, and nurſe of honour)
Puts in for empire. On then, and forget
Your ſimple uncle; think he was the maſter
(In being once an emperor) of a jewel,
Whoſe worth and uſe he knew not. For Charinus,
(No more my brother) if he be a ſtop
To what you purpoſe, he to me's a ſtranger,
And ſo to be remov'd.
Maxi. Thou more than woman!
Thou maſculine greatneſs, to whoſe ſoaring ſpirit
To touch the ſtars ſeems but an eaſy flight,
Oh, how I glory in thee! Thoſe great women
Antiquity is proud of, thou but nam'd,
Shall be no more remember'd. But perſevere,
And thou ſhalt ſhine among thoſe leſſer lights,

Enter Charinus, Niger, and Guard.

To all poſterity, like another Phœbe,
And ſo ador'd as ſhe is.
Aur. Here's Charinus,
His brow furrow'd with anger.
Maxi. Let him ſtorm!
And you ſhall hear me thunder.
Char. He diſpoſe of
My provinces at his pleaſure? and confer
Thoſe honours, that are only mine to give,
Upon his creatures?
Niger. Mighty Sir, aſcribe it
To his aſſurance of your love and favour,
And not to pride or malice.
Char. No, good Niger;

Courteſy

Courteſy ſhall not fool me; he ſhall know.
I lent a hand to raiſe him, and defend him,
While he continues good; but the ſame ſtrength,
If pride make him uſurp upon my right,
Shall ſtrike him to the centre.—You're well met, Sir.

Maxi. As you make the encounter. Sir, I hear
That you repine, and hold yourſelf much griev'd,
In that, without your good leave, I beſtow'd
The Gallian proconſulſhip upon
A follower of mine.

Char. 'Tis true; and wonder
You durſt attempt it.

Maxi. Durſt, Charinus?

Char. Durſt;
Again I ſpeak it. Think you me ſo tame,
So leaden and unactive, to ſit down
With ſuch diſhonour? But, recall your grant,
And ſpeedily; or, by the Roman gods,
Thou trip'ſt thine own heels up, and haſt no part
In Rome, or in the empire.

Maxi. Thou haſt none,
But by permiſſion. Alas, poor Charinus,
Thou ſhadow of an emperor, I ſcorn thee,
Thee, and thy fooliſh threats! The gods appoint him
The abſolute diſpoſer of the earth,
That has the ſharpeſt ſword: I'm ſure, Charinus,
Thou wear'ſt one without edge. When cruel Aper
Had kill'd Numerianus, thy brother,
(An act that would have made a trembling coward
More daring than Alcides) thy baſe fear
Made thee wink at it; then roſe up my uncle,
For the honour of the empire, and of Rome,
Againſt the traitor, and, among his guards,
Puniſh'd the treaſon. This bold daring act
Got him the ſoldiers' ſuffrages to be Cæſar.
And howſoever his too-gentle nature
Allow'd thee the name only, as his gift,
I challenge the ſucceſſion.

Char. Thou art cozen'd.

When the receiver of a courteſy
Cannot ſuſtain the weight it carries with it,
'Tis but a trial[28], not a preſent act.
Thou haſt in a few days of thy ſhort reign,
In over-weening pride, riot, and luſts,
Sham'd noble Diocleſian, and his gift;
Nor doubt I, when it ſhall arrive unto
His certain knowledge, how the empire groans
Under thy tyranny, but he will forſake
His private life, and once again reſume
His laid-by majeſty; or, at leaſt, make choice
Of ſuch an Atlas as may bear this burden,
Too heavy for thy ſhoulders. To effect this,
Lend your aſſiſtance, gentlemen; and then doubt not
But that this muſhroom, ſprung up in a night,
Shall as ſoon wither. And for you, Aurelia,
If you eſteem your honour more than tribute
Paid to your loathſome appetite, as a fury
Fly from his looſe embraces. So, farewell!
Ere long you ſhall hear more. [*Exeunt.*

Aur. Are you ſtruck dumb,
That you make no reply?

Maxi. Sweet, I will do,
And after talk: I will prevent their plots,
And turn them on their own accurſed heads.
My uncle? good! I muſt not know the names
Of piety or pity. Steel my heart,
Deſire of empire, and inſtruct me, that
The prince that over others would bear ſway,
Checks at no let that ſtops him in his way! [*Exeunt.*

---

[28] *'Tis but a tryal.*] The ſenſe deſigned is certainly, *not at preſent*, or *as yet an irrevocable act or deed.* If the words do not ſeem to the reader to convey this ſenſe, a ſlight change will: He may read

——*not a perfect act*,

But I would not have the text diſturbed. *Seward.*

Betterton reads,

'Tis but a trial, not a *confirm'd* act.'

The word *preſent*, in the text, bears the ſame ſenſe as *confirm'd* or *perfect*, in the variations of Seward and Betterton.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter three Shepherds and two Countrymen.

1 *Shep.* Do you think this great man will continue here?

2 *Shep.* Continue here? what elſe? h' has bought the great farm;
A great man, with a great inheritance,
And all the ground about it, all the woods too,
And ſtock'd it like an emperor. Now, all our ſports again,
And all our merry gambols, our May-ladies,
Our evening dances on the green, our ſongs,
Our holiday good cheer, our bagpipes now, boys,
Shall make the wanton laſſies ſkip again,
Our ſheep-ſhearings, and all our knacks.

3 *Shep.* But hark you,
We muſt not call him emperor.

1 *Countr.* That's all one;
He's the king of good fellows, that's no treaſon;
And ſo I'll call him ſtill, tho' I be hang'd for't.
I grant you h' has giv'n his honour to another man,
He cannot give his humour; he's a brave fellow,
And will love us, and we'll love him. Come hither, Ladon;
What new ſongs, and what geers?

3 *Shep.* Enough. I'll tell ye;
He comes abroad anon to view his grounds,
And, with the help of Thirſis, and old Egon,
(If his whorſon cold be gone) and Amaryllis,
And ſome few more o' th' wenches, we will meet him,
And ſtrike him ſuch new ſprings [29], and ſuch free welcomes,

[29] *Springs* here means tunes. So biſhop Douglaſs in his Tranſlation of Virgil. Book vi. page 167.

'Gif Orpheus mycht reduce agane I geſs
'From Hell his ſpouſe's goiſt, with his ſueit ſtringeis,
'Playand on his harp of Trace ſa pleaſand *ſpringis*.'

Shall make him ſcorn an empire, forget majeſty,
And make him bleſs the hour he liv'd here happy.

2 *Countr.* And we will ſecond ye, we honeſt carters,
We lads o'th' laſh, with ſome blunt entertainment;
Our teams to two-pence, we'll give him ſome content,
Or we'll bawl fearfully!

3 *Shep.* He can't expect now
His courtly entertainments, and his rare muſicks,
And ladies to delight him with their voices;
Honeſt and cheerful toys from honeſt meanings,
And the beſt hearts they have. We muſt be neat all;
On goes my ruſſet jerkin with blue buttons.

1 *Shep.* And my green ſlops I was married in; my bonnet,
With my carnation point with ſilver tags, boys;
You know where I won it.

1 *Countr.* Thou wilt ne'er be old, Alexis.

1 *Shep.* And I ſhall find ſome toys that have been favours,
And noſegays, and ſuch knacks; for there be wenches.

3 *Shep.* My mantle goes on too I play'd young Paris in,
And the new garters Amaryllis ſent me.

1 *Countr.* Yes, yes; we'll all be handſome, and waſh our faces.
Neighbour, I ſee a remnant of March duſt
That's hatch'd into your chaps: I pray you be careful,
And mundify your muzzle[30].

Enter Geta.

2 *Countr.* I'll to the barbers;
It ſhall coſt me I know what.—Who's this?

3 *Shep.* Give room, neighbours!

So Chaucer in his Houſe of Fame. Book iii. line 143, *&c.*

'There ſaw I famous old and young
'Piperis all of the Duche tong,
'To lerning love dauncis and *ſpringis*,
'Reyis and the ſtraunge thingis.'. *Sympſon.*

30 *Mundify your muzzle.*] *i. e.* Clean your mouth, your chaps.

A great

A great man in our ſtate. Gods bleſs your worſhip!
2 *Countr.* Encreaſe your maſterſhip!
Geta. Thanks, my good people.
Stand off, and know your duties!—As I take it,
You are the labouring people of this village,
And you that keep the ſheep. Stand further off yet,
And mingle not with my authority;
I am too mighty for your company.
3 *Shep.* We know it, Sir; and we deſire your worſhip
To reckon us amongſt your humble ſervants;
And that our country ſports, Sir——
Geta. For your ſports, Sir,
They may be ſeen, when I ſhall think convenient,
When, out of my diſcretion, I ſhall view 'em,
And hold 'em fit for licence.—Ye look upon me,
And look upon me ſeriouſly, as you knew me:
'Tis true, I've been a raſcal, as you are,
A fellow of no mention, nor no mark;
Juſt ſuch another piece of dirt, ſo faſhion'd;
But time, that purifies all things of merit,
Has ſet another ſtamp. Come nearer now,
And be not fearful (I take off my auſterity);
And know me for the great and mighty ſteward
Under this man of honour; know ye for my vaſſals,
And at my pleaſure I can diſpeople ye,
Can blow you and your cattle out o'th' country:
But fear me, and have favour. Come, go along with me,
And I will hear your ſongs, and perhaps like 'em.
3 *Shep.* I hope you will, Sir.
Geta. 'Tis not a thing impoſſible.
Perhaps I'll ſing myſelf, the more to grace ye;
And if I like your women——
3 *Shep.* We'll have the beſt, Sir,
Handſome young girls.
Geta. The handſomer the better.

Enter Delphia.

'May bring your wives too; 'twill be all one charge to ye;

For I muſt know your families.

Delp. 'Tis well ſaid,
'Tis well ſaid, honeſt friends. I know ye're hatching
Some pleaſurable ſports for your great landlord;
Fill him with joy, and win him a friend to ye,
And make this little Grange ſeem a large empire,
Let out[30] with home contents: I'll work his favour,
Which daily ſhall be on ye.

3 *Shep.* Then we'll ſing daily,
And make him the beſt ſports——

Delp. Inſtruct 'em, Geta,
And be a merry man again.

Geta. Will you lend me a devil,
That we may dance a while?

Delp. I'll lend thee two;
And bag-pipes that ſhall blow alone.

Geta. I thank you;
But I'll know your devils of a cooler complexion firſt.
Come, follow, follow; I'll go ſit and ſee ye.

Delp. Do; and be ready an hour hence, and bring 'em;
For in the grove you'll find him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Diocles[31] *and Druſilla.*

Dio. Come, Druſilla,
The partner of my beſt contents! I hope now
You dare believe me.

Druſ. Yes, and dare ſay to you,
I think you now moſt happy.

---

[30] Let *out.*] Probably we ſhould read, SET *out.*

[31] *Enter* Diocles *and Druſilla.*] Though the emperor had quitted his imperial dignity, and retired to his farm, it does not appear by any accounts, that he ever reduced his name, as our editors have done for him here, to pure plain *Diocles.* I ſay the editors, not the poets, becauſe in the concluſion of this act the ſoldiers give him his imperial addition,

Long live the good and gracious Diocleſian. *Sympſon.*

Theſe cavils at the ſtage-directions are not only idle, but ridiculous; and, beſides this, Sympſon ſuffers him, in the Dumb-Show (at the beginning of the fourth act) to be called both *Diocles* and *Diocleſian:* This probably proceeded from overſight in him; in us it proceeds from our thinking it too inſignificant for attention.

Dio,

Dio. You ſay true, ſweet;
For, by my ſoul, I find now by experience,
Content was never courtier.
Druſ. I pray you walk on, Sir;
The cool ſhades of the grove invite you.
Dio. Oh, my deareſt!
When man has caſt off his ambitious greatneſs,
And ſunk into the ſweetneſs of himſelf;
Built his foundation upon honeſt thoughts;
Not great, but good, deſires his daily ſervants;
How quietly he ſleeps! How joyfully
He wakes again, and looks on his poſſeſſions,
And from his willing labours feeds with pleaſure!
Here hang no comets in the ſhapes of crowns
To ſhake our ſweet contents; nor here, Druſilla,
Cares, like eclipſes, darken our endeavours:
We love here without rivals, kiſs with innocence:
Our thoughts as gentle as our lips, our children
The double heirs both of our forms and faiths.
Druſ. I'm glad ye make this right uſe of this ſweetneſs,
This ſweet retiredneſs.
Dio. 'Tis ſweet indeed, love,
And every circumſtance about it ſhews it.
How liberal is the ſpring in every place here!
The artificial court ſhews but a ſhadow,
A painted imitation of this glory.
Smell to this flower; here Nature has her excellence;
Let all the perfumes of the empire paſs this,
The careſull'ſt lady's cheek ſhew ſuch a colour;
They're gilded and adulterate vanities.
And here in poverty dwells noble nature.
What pains we take to cool our wines, to allay us,
And bury quick the fuming God to quench us.
[*Muſick below.*
Methinks this chryſtal well——Ha! what ſtrange muſick?
'Tis underneath, ſure!—How it ſtirs and joys me!
How all the birds ſet on! the fields redouble
Their odoriferous ſweets! Hark how the echoes——

Enter a Spirit from the well.

Druſ. See, Sir, thoſe flowers
From out the well, ſpring to your entertainment.

Enter Delphia.

Dio. Bleſs me!
Druſ. Be not afraid; 'tis ſome good angel
That's come to welcome you.
Delp. Go near, and hear, ſon. [*Song.*
Dio. Oh, mother, thank you, thank you! this was your will.
Delp. You ſhall not want delights to bleſs your preſence.
Now you are honeſt, all the ſtars ſhall honour you.

Enter Shepherds and Dancers.

Stay; here are country ſhepherds; here's ſome ſport too,
And you muſt grace it, Sir; 'twas meant to welcome you.
A king ſhall never feel your joy: Sit down, ſon.

A dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes; Pan leading the men, Ceres the maids.

Hold, hold! my meſſenger appears. Leave off, friends,
Leave off a while, and breathe.
Dio. What news? You're pale, mother.
Delp. No; I am careful of thy ſafety, ſon.
Be not affrighted, but ſit ſtill; I'm with thee.

Enter Maximinian, Aurelia, and Soldiers.

And now, dance out your dance.—D' you know that perſon?
Be not amaz'd, but let him ſhew his dreadfulleſt.
Maxi. How confident he ſits amongſt his pleaſures,
And what a cheerful colour ſhews in's face!
And yet he ſees me too, the ſoldiers with me.
Aur. Be ſpeedy in your work, (you will be ſtopt elſe)
And

And then you are an emperor!

Maxi. I'll about it.

Dio. My royal couſin, how I joy to ſee you,
You and your royal empreſs!

Maxi. You're too kind, Sir.
I come not to eat with you, and to ſurfeit
In theſe poor clowniſh pleaſures; but to tell you,
I look upon you like my winding-ſheet,
The coffin of my greatneſs, nay, my grave:
For whilſt you are alive——

Dio. Alive, my couſin?

Maxi. I ſay, alive.—I am no emperor;
I'm nothing but mine own diſquiet.

Dio. Stay, Sir!

Maxi. I cannot ſtay. The ſoldiers dote upon you,
I would fain ſpare you; but mine own ſecurity
Compels me to forget you are my uncle,
Compels me to forget you made me Cæſar;
For, whilſt you are remember'd, I am buried.

Dio. Did not I make you emperor, dear couſin?
The free gift from my ſpecial grace?

Delp. Fear nothing.

Dio. Did not I chuſe this poverty, to raiſe you?
That royal woman gave into your arms too?
Bleſs'd you with her bright beauty? Gave the ſoldier,
The ſoldier that hung to me, fix'd him on you?
Gave you the world's command?

Maxi. This cannot help you.

Dio. Yet this ſhall eaſe me. Can you be ſo baſe,
couſin,
So far from nobleneſs, ſo far from nature,
As to forget all this? to tread this tie out?
Raiſe to yourſelf ſo foul a monument
That every common foot ſhall kick aſunder?
Muſt my blood glue you to your peace?

Maxi. It muſt, uncle;
I ſtand too looſe elſe, and my foot too feeble:
You gone once, and their love retir'd, I'm rooted.

Dio. And cannot this remov'd poor ſtate obſcure me?

I do

I do not ſeek for yours, nor enquire ambitiouſly
After your growing fortunes. Take heed, my kinſman!
Ungratefulneſs and blood mingled together,
Will, like two furious tides——
Maxi. I muſt ſail thro' 'em;
Let 'em be tides of death, Sir, I muſt ſtem up.
Dio. Hear but this laſt, and wiſely yet conſider!
Place round about my Grange a garriſon,
That if I offer to exceed my limits,
Or ever in my common talk name emperor,
Ever converſe with any greedy ſoldier,
Or look for adoration, nay, for courteſy,
Above the day's ſalute——Think who has fed you,
Think, couſin, who I am. D'you ſlight my miſery?
Nay, then I charge thee! Nay, I meet thy cruelty.
Maxi. This cannot ſerve; prepare. Now fall on, ſoldiers,
And all the treaſure that I have——
[*Thunder and lightning.*
1 *Sold.* The earth ſhakes;
We totter up and down; we cannot ſtand, Sir;
Methinks the mountains tremble too.
2 *Sold.* The flaſhes,
How thick and hot they come! We ſhall be burnt all!
Delp. Fall on, ſoldiers!
You that ſell innocent blood, fall on full bravely!
1 *Sold.* We cannot ſtir.
Delp. You have your liberty;
So have you, lady: One of you come do it.
[*A hand with a bolt appears above.*
D'ye ſtand amaz'd? Look o'er thy head, Maximinian,
Look, to thy terror, what over hangs thee;
Nay, it will nail thee dead: Look how it threatens thee!
'The bolt for vengeance on ungrateful wretches;
'The bolt of innocent blood:' Read thoſe hot characters,
And ſpell the will of Heav'n. Nay, lovely lady,
You muſt take part too, as ſpur to Ambition.
Are you humble? Now ſpeak; my part is ended.

Does

Does all your glory ſhake?
Maxi. Hear us, great uncle,
Good and great Sir, be pitiful unto us!
Below your feet we lay our lives; be merciful!
Begin you, Heaven will follow.
Aur. Oh, it ſhakes ſtill!
Maxi. And dreadfully it threatens. We acknowledge
Our baſe and foul intentions: Stand between us!
For faults confeſs'd, they ſay, are half forgiven:
We're ſorry for our ſins. Take from us, Sir,
That glorious weight that made us ſwell, that poiſon'd us;
That maſs of majeſty I labour'd under,
(Too heavy and too mighty for my manage)
That my poor innocent days may turn again,
And my mind, pure, may purge me of theſe curſes.
By your old love, the blood that runs between us—
[*The hand taken in.*
Aur. By that love once you bare to me! by that, Sir,
That bleſſed maid enjoys——
Dio. Riſe up, dear couſin,
And be your words your judges! I forgive you.
Great as you are, enjoy that greatneſs ever,
Whilſt I mine own content make mine own empire.
Once more I give you all; learn to deſerve it,
And live to love your good more than your greatneſs.—
Now ſhew your loves to entertain this emperor,
My honeſt neighbours! Geta, ſee all handſome.
Your Grace muſt pardon us; our houſe is little;
But ſuch an ample welcome as a poor man
And his true love can make you and your empreſs—
Madam, we have no dainties.
Aur. 'Tis enough, Sir;
We ſhall enjoy the riches of your goodneſs.
Sold. Long live the good and gracious Diocleſian!
Dio. I thank you, ſoldiers; I forgive your raſhneſs.
And, royal Sir, long may they love and honour you!
[*Drums beat a march afar off.*
What drums are thoſe?

Delp.

Delp. Meet 'em, my honeſt ſon;
They are thy friends, Charinus and the old ſoldiers;
That come to reſcue thee from thy hot couſin.
But all is well; and turn all into welcomes!
Two emperors you muſt entertain now.
Dio. Oh, dear mother,
I've will enough, but I want room and glory.
Delp. That ſhall be my care. Sound your pipes now merrily,
And all your handſome ſports: Sing 'em full welcomes!
Dio. And let 'em know, our true love breeds more ſtories,
And perfect joys, than kings do, and their glories.
[*Exeunt.*

THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.
Oh, Heaven!
Is this the happy time? my hope to this come? Act II.
J. J. Barralet delin.t
C. Grignion sculp.t

THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Hills aſſign this Play wholly to Fletcher. It was firſt printed in the folio of 1647. We do not know of any alteration that has been made to it, nor has it been acted theſe many years.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Agenor, *prince of Argos.*
Theanor, *ſon of the Queen of Corinth, a vicious prince.*
Leonidas, *the Corinthian general, brother to Merione.*
Euphanes, *a noble young gentleman, favourite to the Queen.*
Crates, *elder brother to Euphanes, a malicious beautefeu*[1].
Conon, *Euphanes's confidant, and fellow-traveller.*
Neanthes, Soſicles, Eraton, } *Courtiers.*
Onos, *or* Lamprias, *a very fooliſh traveller.*
Tutor, Uncle, } *to Onos, two fooliſh knaves.*
Gentlemen, ſervants to Agenor.
A page to lord Euphanes.

Marſhal, Vintner, and Drawers.

WOMEN.

Queen of Corinth, *a wife and virtuous widow.*
Merione, *a virtuous lady, honourably ſolicited by prince Agenor.*
Beliza, *a noble lady, miſtreſs to Euphanes.*

SCENE, CORINTH.

[1] *Beutefeu.*] An incendiary.

THE

THE

QUEEN OF CORINTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Neanthes, Soficles, and Eraton.

Eraton. THE general is return'd then?

Nean. With much honour.

Sof. And peace concluded with the prince of Argos?

Nean. To the Queen's wiſhes: The conditions ſign'd
So far beyond her hopes, to the advantage
Of Corinth, and the good of all her ſubjects,
That tho' Leonidas, our brave general,
Ever came home a fair and great example,
He never yet return'd or with leſs loſs
Or more deſerved honour.

Era. Have you not heard
The motives to this general good?

Nean. The main one
Was admiration firſt in young Agenor
(For by that name we know the prince of Argos)
Of our Leonidas' wiſdom and his valour;
Which, tho' an enemy, firſt in him bred wonder,
That liking, love ſucceeded that, which was
Follow'd by a deſire to be a friend,
Upon what terms ſoever, to ſuch goodneſs.
They had an interview; and, that their friendſhip
Might with our peace be ratified, it was concluded,

Agenor,

Agenor, yielding up all ſuch ſtrong places
As he held in our territories, ſhould receive
(With a ſufficient dower paid by the Queen)
The fair Merione for his wife.
Era. But how
Approves the Queen of this? ſince we well know,
Nor was her highneſs ignorant, that her ſon
The prince Theanor made love to this lady,
And in the nobleſt way.
Nean. Which ſhe allow'd of,
And I have heard from ſome familiar with
Her neareſt ſecrets, ſhe ſo deeply priz'd her,
Being from an infant train'd up in her ſervice,
(Or, to ſpeak better, rather her own creature)
She once did ſay, that if the prince ſhould ſteal
A marriage without her leave, or knowledge,
With this Merione, with a little ſuit
She ſhould grant both their pardons; whereas now,
To ſhew herſelf forſooth a Spartan lady,
And that 'tis in her power, now it concerns
The common good, not alone to ſubdue
Her own affections, but command her ſon's,
She has not only forc'd him with rough threats
To leave his miſtreſs, but compell'd him, when
Agenor made his entrance into Corinth,
To wait upon his rival.
Sof. Can it be
The prince ſhould ſit down with this wrong?
Nean. I know not;
I am ſure I ſhould not.
Era. Truſt me, nor I:
A mother is a name; but, put in balance
With a young wench, 'tis nothing. Where did you
leave him?
Nean. Near Veſta's temple (for there he diſmiſs'd
me)
And full of troubled thoughts, calling for Crates:
He went with him, but whither, or to what purpoſe,
I am a ſtranger.

Enter

Enter Theanor and Crates.

Era. They're come back, Neanthes.
The. I like the place well.
Cra. Well, Sir? it is built
As if the architect had been a prophet,
And faſhion'd it alone for this night's action;
The vaults ſo hollow, and the walls ſo ſtrong,
As Dian there might ſuffer violence,
And with loud ſhrieks in vain call Jove to help her;
Or ſhould he hear, his thunder could not find
An entrance to it.
The. I give up myſelf
Wholly to thy direction, worthieſt Crates:
And yet the deſp'rate cure that we muſt practiſe
Is in itſelf ſo foul, and full of danger,
That I ſtand doubtful whether 'twere more manly
To die not ſeeking help, or that help being
So deadly, to purſue it.
Cra. To thoſe reaſons
I have already urg'd, I will add theſe:
For, but conſider, Sir—— [*They talk apart.*
Era. It is of weight
Whate'er it be, that with ſuch vehement action
Of eye, hand, foot, nay, all his body's motion,
Crates incites the prince to.
Nean. Then obſerve,
With what variety of paſſions he
Receives his reaſons: Now he's pale, and ſhakes
For fear or anger; now his natural red
Comes back again, and with a pleaſing ſmile
He ſeems to entertain it. 'Tis reſolv'd on,
Be it what 'twill: To his ends may it proſper,
Tho' the ſtate ſink for't!
Cra. Now you are a prince
Fit to rule others, and, in ſhaking off
The bonds in which your mother fetters you,
Diſcharge your debt to Nature: She's your guide;
Follow her boldly, Sir.

The. I am confirm'd,
Fall what may fall.
Cra. Yet ſtill diſguiſe your malice
In your humility.
The. I am inſtructed.
Cra. Tho' in your heart there rage a thouſand tempeſts,
All calmneſs in your looks.
The. I ſhall remember.
Cra. And at no hand, tho' theſe are us'd as agents,
Acquaint them with your purpoſe, 'till the inſtant
That we employ them; 'tis not fit they have
Time to conſider: When 'tis done, reward
Or fear will keep them ſilent. Yet you may
Grace them as you paſs by; 'twill make them ſurer,
And greedier to deſerve you [2].
The. I'll move only
As you would have me. Good day, gentlemen!
Nay, ſpare this ceremonious form of duty
To him that brings love to you, equal love,
And is in nothing happier than in knowing
It is return'd by you; we are as one.
Soſ. I am o'erjoyed! I know not
How to reply; but——
Era. Hang all *buts!*—My lord,
For this your bounteous favour——
Nean. Let me ſpeak.
If to feed vultures here, after the halter
Has done his part, or if there be a hell
To take a ſwinge or two there, may deſerve this—
Soſ. We're ready.
Era. Try us any way.
Nean. Put us to it.
The. What jewels I have in you!
Cra. Have theſe ſouls,
That for a good look, and a few kind words,

[2] *To* deſerve *you.*] Sympſon and Seward chuſe to read, *ſerve* inſtead of *deſerve*: We think the latter word genuine, if not preferable. *To deſerve you* ſignifies *to merit your favour.*

Part

Part with their eſſence?

The. Since you will compel me
To put that to the trial which I doubt not,
Crates, may be ſuddenly, will inſtruct you
How, and in what, to ſhew your loves: Obey him
As you would bind me to you.

Cra. 'Tis well grounded;
Leave me to rear the building.

Nean. We will do——

Cra. I know it.

Era. Any thing you'll put us to. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Leonidas, Merione, and Beliza.

Leo. Siſter, I reap the harveſt of my labours
In your preferment; be you worthy of it,
And with an open boſom entertain
A greater fortune than my love durſt hope for!
Be wiſe, and welcome it: Play not the coy
And fooliſh wanton, with the offer'd bounties
Of him that is a prince. I was woo'd for you,
And won, Merione; then, if you dare
Believe the object that took me was worthy,
Or truſt my judgment, in me think you were
Courted, ſued to, and conquer'd.

Mer. Noble brother,
I have and ſtill eſteem you as a father,
And will as far obey you; my heart ſpeaks it:
And yet, without your anger, give me leave
To ſay, that in the choice of that on which
All my life's joys or ſorrows have dependance,
It had been fit, ere you had made a full
And abſolute grant of me to any other,
I ſhould have us'd mine own eyes, or at leaſt
Made you to underſtand, whether it were
Within my power to make a ſecond gift
Of my poor ſelf.

Leo. I know what 'tis you point at,

The prince Theanor's love; let not that cheat you;
His vows were but mere courtſhip; all his ſervice
But practice how to entrap a credulous lady.
Or, grant it ſerious, yet you muſt remember,
He's not to love, but where the Queen his mother
Muſt give allowance; which to you is barr'd up;
And therefore ſtudy to forget that ever
You cheriſh'd ſuch a hope.

Mer. I would I could!

Leo. But brave Agenor, who is come in perſon
To celebrate this marriage, for your love
Forgives the forfeit of ten thouſand lives,
That muſt have fallen under the ſword of war
Had not this peace been made; which general good
Both countries owe to his affection to you.
Oh, happy ſiſter, aſk this noble lady,
Your boſom friend (ſince I fail in my credit)
What palm Agenor's name, above all princes
That Greece is proud of, carries, and with luſtre.

Bel. Indeed, fame gives him out for excellent;
And, friend, I doubt not but when you ſhall ſee him,

Enter a Servant, who whiſpers Beliza [3].

He'll ſo appear to you.—Art ſure 'tis he?

Ser. As I live, madam——

Bel. Virtue enable me to contain my joy!
'Tis my Euphanes?

Ser. Yes.

Bel. And he's in health?

Ser. Moſt certainly, madam.

Bel. I'll ſee him inſtantly.
So, prithee, tell him. [*Exit Servant.*

Mer. I yield myſelf too weak
In argument to oppoſe you; you may lead me
Whither you pleaſe.

Leo. 'Tis anſwer'd like my ſiſter;

[3] *Enter a Servant.*] Without the addition I have made to this direction, every reader perhaps would not take the abrupt queſtion, *Art ſure 'tis he?* in a proper light. *Sympſon.*

And

And if in him you find not ample cauſe
To pray for me, and daily, on your knees,
Conclude I have no judgment.
Mer. May it prove ſo!
Friend, ſhall we have your company?
Bel. Two hours hence
I will not fail you.
Leo. At your pleaſure, madam. [*Exe. Leo. and Mer.*

Enter Euphanes.

Bel. Could I in one word ſpeak a thouſand welcomes,
And hearty ones, you have 'em. Fy! my hand?
We ſtand at no ſuch diſtance: By my life,
The parting kiſs you took before your travel
Is yet a virgin on my lips, preſerv'd
With as much care as I would do my fame,
To entertain your wiſh'd return.
Euph. Beſt lady,
That I do honour you, and with as much reaſon
As ever man did Virtue; that I love you,
Yet look upon you with that reverence
As holy men behold the ſun, the ſtars,
The temples, and their gods, they all can witneſs;
And that you have deſerv'd this duty from me,
The life, and means of life, for which I owe you,
Commands me to profeſs it, ſince my fortune
Affords no other payment.
Bel. I had thought,
That for the trifling courteſies, as I call them,
(Tho' you give them another name) you had
Made ample ſatisfaction in th' acceptance;
And therefore did preſume you had brought home
Some other language.
Euph. No one I have learn'd,
Yields words ſufficient to expreſs your goodneſs;
Nor can I ever chuſe another theme,
And not be thought unthankful.
Bel. Pray you no more,

As you reſpect me.

Euph. That charm is too powerful
For me to diſobey it. 'Tis your pleaſure,
And not my boldneſs, madam.

Bel. Good Euphanes,
Believe I am not one of thoſe weak ladies,
That (barren of all inward worth) are proud
Of what they cannot truly call their own,
Their birth or fortune, which are things without them:
Nor in this will I imitate the world,
Whoſe greater part of men think when they give
They purchaſe bondmen, not make worthy friends:
By all that's good I ſwear, I never thought
My great eſtate was an addition to me,
Or that your wants took from you.

Euph. There are few
So truly underſtanding or themſelves or what
They do poſſeſs.

Bel. Good Euphanes, where benefits
Are ill conferr'd, as on unworthy men[4],
That turn them to bad uſes, the beſtower,
For wanting judgment how and on whom to place them,
Is partly guilty: But when we do favours
To ſuch as make them grounds on which they build
Their noble actions, there we improve our fortunes
To the moſt fair advantage. If I ſpeak
Too much, tho' I confeſs I ſpeak not well[5],
Prithee remember 'tis a woman's weakneſs,
And then thou wilt forgive it.

Euph. You ſpeak nothing
But what would well become the wiſeſt man:
And that by you deliver'd is ſo pleaſing
That I could hear you ever.

Bel. Fly not from

---

4 *As* to *unworthy men.*] Amended by Sympſon.

5 *I ſpeak well.*] The inſertion of the word *not* is recommended by Sympſon. The anſwer of Euphanes, and all that follows, proves it to be the original reading.

Your

Your word; for I arreſt it: And will now
Expreſs myſelf a little more, and prove
That whereas you profeſs yourſelf my debtor,
That I am yours.

Euph. Your ladyſhip then muſt uſe
Some ſophiſtry I never heard of.

Bel. By plain reaſons;
For, look you, had you never ſunk beneath
Your wants, or if thoſe wants had found ſupply
From Crates, your unkind and covetous brother,
Or any other man, I then had miſs'd
A ſubject upon which I worthily
Might exerciſe my bounty: Whereas now,
By having happy opportunity
To furniſh you before, and in your travels,
With all conveniencies that you thought uſeful,
That gold which would have ruſted in my coffers,
Being thus employ'd, has render'd me a partner
In all your glorious actions. And whereas,
Had you not been, I ſhould have died a thing
Scarce known, or ſoon forgotten; there's no trophy
In which Euphanes for his worth is mention'd,
But there you have been careful to remember,
That all the good you did came from Beliza.

Euph. That was but thankfulneſs.

Bel. 'Twas ſuch an honour,
And ſuch a large return for the poor traſh
I ventur'd with you, that, if I ſhould part
With all that I poſſeſs, and myſelf too,
In ſatisfaction for it, 'twere ſtill ſhort
Of your deſervings.

Euph. You o'er-prize them, madam.

Bel. The Queen herſelf hath given me gracious thanks
In your behalf; for ſhe hath heard, Euphanes,
How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour
In all the courts of Greece: And reſt aſſur'd
(Tho' yet unknown) when I preſent you to her,
Which I will do this evening, you ſhall find

That ſhe intends good to you.
Euph. Worthieſt lady,
Since all you labour for is the advancement
Of him that will live ever your poor ſervant,
He muſt not contradict it.
Bel. Here's your brother;
'Tis ſtrange to ſee him here.

Enter Crates.

Cra. You're welcome home, Sir!
(Your pardon, madam.) I had thought my houſe,
Conſidering who I am, might have been worthy
Of your firſt viſit.
Euph. 'Twas not open to me
When laſt I ſaw you; and to me 'tis wonder
That abſence, which ſtill renders men forgotten,
Should make my preſence wiſh'd for.
Bel. That's not it;
Your too-kind brother, underſtanding that
You ſtand in no need of him, is bold to offer
His entertainment.
Cra. He had never wanted
Or yours, or your aſſiſtance, had he practis'd
The way he might have took, to have commanded
Whatever I call mine.
Euph. I ſtudied many,
But could find none.
Cra. You would not find yourſelf, Sir,
Or in yourſelf, what was due to me from you;
The privilege my birth beſtow'd upon me
Might challenge ſome regard.
Euph. You had all the land, Sir;
What elſe did you expect? And I am certain
You kept ſuch ſtrong guards to preſerve it yours,
I could force nothing from you.
Cra. Did you ever
Demand help from me?
Euph. My wants have, and often,
With open mouths, but you nor heard nor ſaw them.
May-be,

May-be, you look'd I ſhould petition to you,
As you went to your horſe; flatter your ſervants,
To play the brokers for my furtherance;
Sooth your worſt humours, act the paraſite
On all occaſions; write my name with theirs
That are but one degree remov'd from ſlaves;
Be drunk when you would have me, then wench with you,
Or play the pandar; enter into quarrels,
Altho' unjuſtly grounded, and defend them,
'Cauſe they were yours: Theſe are the tyrannies
Moſt younger brothers groan beneath; yet bear them
From the inſulting heir, ſelling their freedoms
At a leſs rate than what the ſtate allows
The ſalary of baſe and common ſtrumpets:
For my part, ere on ſuch low terms I feed
Upon a brother's trencher, let me die
The beggar's death, and ſtarve!

Cra. 'Tis bravely ſpoken,
Did what you do rank with it.

Bel. Why, what does he
You would not wiſh were yours?

Cra. I'll tell you, lady,
Since you riſe up his advocate, and boldly
(For now I find, and plainly, in whoſe favour
My love and ſervice to you was neglected).
For all your wealth, nay, add to that your beauty,
And put your virtues in, (if you have any)
I would not yet be pointed at, as he is,
For the fine courtier, the woman's man,
That tells my lady ſtories, diſſolves riddles,
Uſhers her to her coach, lies at her feet
At ſolemn maſques, applauding what ſhe laughs at;
Reads her aſleep a-nights, and takes his oath
Upon her pantofles, that all excellence
In other madams does but zany hers:
Theſe you are perfect in, and yet theſe take not
Or from your birth or freedom.

Euph. Should another

Say

Say this, my deeds, not looks ſhould ſhew——
Bel. Contemn it:
His envy fains this, and he's but reporter;
Without a ſecond, of his own dry fancies.
Cra. Yes, madam, the whole city ſpeaks it with me;
And tho' it may diſtaſte, 'tis certain you
Are brought into the ſcene, and with him cenſur'd;
For you are given out for the provident lady,
That, not to be unfurniſh'd for her pleaſures,
(As, without them, to what vain uſe is greatneſs!)
Have made choice of an able man, a young man,
Of an Herculean back, to do you ſervice;
And one you may command too, that is active,
And does what you would have him.
Bel. You are foul-mouth'd!
Cra. That can ſpeak well, write verſes too, and good ones,
Sharp and conceited, whoſe wit you may lie with
When his performance fails him; one you have
Maintain'd abroad to learn new ways to pleaſe you;
And, by the gods, you well reward him for it.
No night in which, while you lie ſick and panting,
He watches by you, but is worth a talent;
No conference in your coach, which is not paid with
A ſcarlet ſuit: This the poor people[6] mutter,
Tho' I believe, for I am bound to do ſo,
A lady of your youth, that feeds high too,
And a moſt exact lady, may do all this
Out of a virtuous love, the laſt-bought vizard
That lechery purchas'd.
Euph. Not a word beyond this!
The reverence I owe to that one womb
In which we both were embrions, makes me ſuffer
What's paſt; but if continued——
Bel. Stay your hand!

[6] Poor *people.*] I have a ſtrong ſuſpicion that *moſt* is the reading we ought to follow, but I have not ventured to diſturb the text. *Sympſon.*

The text is beſt.

The

The Queen ſhall right my honour.
Cra. Let him do it;
It is but marrying him. And, for your anger,
Know that I ſlight it! When your goddeſs here
Is weary of your ſacrifice, as ſhe will be,
You know my houſe, and there amongſt my ſervants
Perhaps you'll find a livery. [*Exit.*
Bel. Be not mov'd;
I know the rancor of his diſpoſition,
And turn it on himſelf by laughing at it;
And in that let me teach you.
Euph. I learn gladly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Neanthes, Soſicles, and Eraton, ſeverally.

Nean. You're met unto my wiſhes; if you ever
Deſir'd true mirth ſo far as to adventure
To die with the extremity of laughter,
I come before the object that will do it;
Or let me live your fool.
Sof. Who is't, Neanthes?
Nean. Lamprias the uſurer's ſon.
Era. Lamprias? the youth
Of ſix and fifty?
Sof. That was ſent to travel
By rich Beliza, 'till he came to age
And was fit for a wife?
Nean. The very ſame.
This gallant, with his Guardian and his Tutor,
(And, of the three, who is moſt fool I know not)
Are newly come to Corinth: I'll not ſtale them
By giving up their characters[7]; but leave you
To make your own diſcoveries. Here they are, Sir.

[7] *By giving* up *their*, &c.] The particle *up* I have left out of the preſent text, though it ſtands in all the other copies, becauſe it confounds the ſenſe: *Giving up a character* is a phraſe of a quite different import to what he would ſay here, as the leaſt attention will make evident enough. *Sympſon.*

To give up is right. It does not here ſignify to *renounce*, in the modern acceptation, but to *deſcribe*.

Enter

Enter Onos, Uncle, and Tutor.

Tutor. That leg a little higher; very well.
Now put your face into the traveller's poſture;
Exceeding good.
Uncle. Do you mark how they admire him?
Tutor. They will be all my ſcholars, when they know
And underſtand him truly.
Era. Phœbus guard me
From this new Python!
Sof. How they have trim'd him up
Like an old reveller!
Nean. Curl'd him and perfum'd him;
But that was done with judgment, for he looks
Like one that purg'd perpetually. Truſt me,
That witch's face of his is painted too,
And every ditch upon it buries more
Than would ſet off ten bawds and all their tenants!
Sof. See how it moves towards us.
Nean. There's a ſalutation!—
'Troth, gentlemen, you have beſtow'd much travel
In training up your pupil.
Tutor. Sir, great buildings
Require great labours; which yet we repent not,
Since for the country's good we have brought home
An abſolute man.
Uncle. As any of his years,
Corinth can ſhew you.
Era. He's exceeding meagre.
Tutor. His contemplation——
Uncle. Beſides, 'tis fit
Learners ſhould be kept hungry.
Nean. You all contemplate;
For three ſuch wretched pictures of lean famine
I never ſaw together.
Uncle. We have fat minds, Sir,
And travell'd to ſave charges. Do you think
'Twas fit a young and hopeful gentleman
Should be brought up a glutton? He's my ward;

Nor

Nor was there ever, where I bore the bag,
Any ſuperfluous waſte.

Era. Pray you can it ſpeak?

Tutor. He knows all languages, but will uſe none;
They're all too big for's mouth, or elſe too little
To expreſs his great conceits. And yet of late,
With ſome impulſion, he hath ſet down,
In a ſtrange method, by the way of queſtion,
And briefly too[8], all buſineſs whatſoever,
That may concern a gentleman.

Nean. Good Sir, let's hear him.

Tutor. Come on, Sir.

Nean. They have taught him, like an ape,
To do his tricks by ſigns. Now he begins.

Onos. When ſhall we be drunk together?

Tutor. That's the firſt.

Onos. Where ſhall we whore to-night?

Uncle. That ever follows.

Era. 'Ods me, he now looks angry.

Onos. Shall we quarrel?

Nean. With me at no hand, Sir.

Onos. Then let's proteſt.

Era. Is this all?

Tutor. Theſe are, Sir, the four new virtues
That are in faſhion; many a mile we meaſur'd
Before we could arrive unto this knowledge.

Nean. You might have ſpar'd that labour, for at home here
There's little elſe in practice. Ha! the Queen?
Good friends, for half an hour remove your motion[9];
Tomorrow willingly, when we've more leiſure,
We'll look on him again.

Onos. Did I not rarely?

Uncle. Excellent well.

Tutor. He ſhall have ſix plumbs for it.

[*Exeunt Onos, &c.*

[8] *And briefly* to *all.*] Corrected by Mr. Sympſon.

[9] *Motion.*] *i. e.* Puppet. See note 13 on Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.

Enter

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Theanor, Queen, Merione, Beliza, Euphanes, Crates, ladies and attendants, with lights.

Queen. How much my court is honour'd, princely brother,
In your vouchſafing it your long'd-for preſence,
Were tedious to repeat, ſince 'tis already
(And heartily) acknowledg'd. May the gods,
That look into kings' actions, ſmile upon
The league we have concluded; and their juſtice
Find me out to revenge it, if I break
One article!

Age. Great miracle of queens,
How happy I eſteem myſelf, in being
Thought worthy to be number'd in the rank
Of your confed'rates, my love and beſt ſervice
Shall teach the world hereafter; but this gift
With which you have confirm'd it, is ſo far
Beyond my hopes and means e'er to return,
That of neceſſity I muſt die oblig'd
To your unanſwer'd bounty.

The. The ſweet lady
In bluſhes gives your highneſs thanks.

Queen. Believe it,
On the Queen's word, ſhe is a worthy one;
And I am ſo acquainted with her goodneſs,
That but for this peace that hath chang'd my purpoſe,
And to her more advancement, I ſhould gladly
Have call'd her daughter.

The. Tho' I am depriv'd of
A bleſſing, 'tis not in the fates to equal,
To ſhew myſelf a ſubject as a ſon,
Here I give up my claim, and willingly
With mine own hand deliver you what onee
I lov'd above myſelf; and from this hour,
(For my affection yields now to my duty)
Vow never to ſolicit her.

Cra. 'Tis well cover'd.
Neanthes, and the reſt! [*Exe. Cra. Nean. Sof. Era.*

Queen.

Queen. Nay, for this night
You muſt (for 'tis our country faſhion, Sir)
Leave her to her devotions; in the morning
We'll bring you to the temple.
Leo. How in this
Your highneſs honours me!
Mer. Sweet reſt to all!
Age. This kiſs, and I obey you.
Bel. Pleaſe it your highneſs,
This is the gentleman.
Queen. You're welcome home, Sir.—
Now, as I live, one of a promiſing preſence.—
I've heard of you before, and you ſhall find
I'll know you better; find out ſomething that
May do you good, and reſt aſſur'd to have it.
Were you at Sparta lately?
Euph. Three days ſince, madam,
I came from thence.
Queen. 'Tis very late.
Good night, my lord! Do you, Sir, follow me;
I muſt talk further with you.
Age. All reſt with you! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Crates, Neanthes, Eraton, and Soſicles, diſguiſed.

Cra. She muſt paſs thro' this cloiſter; ſuddenly
And boldly ſeize upon her.
Nean. Where's the prince?
Cra. He does expect us at the place I ſhew'd you.

Enter Merione and Servant.

I hear one's footing; peace, 'tis ſhe.
Mer. Now leave me; [*Exit Servant.*
I know the way; tho', Veſta witneſs with me,
I never trod it with ſuch fear.—Help, help!
Cra. Stop her mouth cloſe; out with the light;
I'll guide you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Merione, as newly raviſh'd.

Mer. TO whom now ſhall I cry? What pow'r thus kneel to,
And beg my raviſh'd honour back upon me?
Deaf, deaf, you gods of goodneſs, deaf to me,
Deaf Heav'n to all my cries; deaf hope, deaf juſtice!
I am abus'd, and you, that ſee all, ſaw it,
Saw it, and ſmil'd upon the villain did it;
Saw it, and gave him ſtrength: Why have I pray'd to ye,
When all the world's eyes have been ſunk in ſlumbers?
Why have I then pour'd out my tears? kneel'd to ye?
And from the altar of a pure heart ſent ye
Thoughts like yourſelves, white, innocent, vows purer
And of a ſweeter flame[10] than all earth's odours?
Why have I ſung your praiſes, ſtrew'd your temples,
And crown'd your holy prieſts with virgin roſes?
Is it we hold ye powerful, to deſtroy us?
Believe and honour ye, to ſee us ruin'd?
Theſe tears of anger thus I ſprinkle toward ye,
You that dare ſleep ſecure whilſt virgins ſuffer;
Theſe ſtick like comets[11], blaze eternally,
'Till, with the wonder, they have wak'd your juſtice,
And forc'd ye fear our curſes, as we yours.

Enter Theanor and Crates, with vizards.

My ſhame ſtill follows me, and ſtill proclaims me.

[10] *Sweeter* flame.] Though I have not diſturbed the text, I ſuſpect we ſhould read *fume*. *Sympſon.*

[11] *Theſe ſtick like comets.*] To compare *tears* to *comets*, *fire* to *water*, is ſo ſtrange an alluſion, that we cannot help thinking a line has been dropt here; and the two following lines almoſt prove that the *curſes* and *execrations* of the ſuffering innocent (not the *tears* which ſhe *ſprinkles*) are what ſhe means by ſaying,

THESE *ſtick like* COMETS, BLAZE *eternally.*

He

He turns away in ſcorn! I am contemn'd too;
A more unmanly violence than the other:
Bitten, and flung away? Whate'er you are,
Sir, you that have abus'd me, and now moſt baſely
And ſacrilegiouſly robb'd this fair temple,
I fling all theſe behind me, but look upon me,
But one kind loving look, be what you will,
So from this hour you will be mine, my huſband.
And you, his hand in miſchief, I ſpeak to you too,
Counſel him nobly now; you know the miſchief,
The moſt unrighteous act he has done; perſuade him,
Perſuade him like a friend, knock at his conſcience
'Till fair Repentance follow. Yet be worthy of me,
And ſhew yourſelf, if ever good thought guided you:
You've had your foul will; make't yet fair with marriage;
Open yourſelf and take me, wed me now.
[*Draws his dagger.*
More fruits of villainy? Your dagger? Come;
You're merciful; I thank you for your medicine.

Enter the reſt diſguiſed.

Is that too worthy too? Devil! thou with him!
Thou penny bawd to his luſt! Will not that ſtir thee?
Do you work by tokens now? Be ſure I live not,
For your own ſafeties, knaves. I will ſit patiently:
But, as you are true villains, the devil's own ſervants,
And thoſe he loves and truſts, make it as bloody
An act, of ſuch true horror, Heav'n would ſhake at;
'Twill ſhew the braver. Goodneſs, hold my hope faſt,
And in thy mercies look upon my ruins,

Enter ſix diſguiſed, ſinging and dancing to a horrid muſick, and ſprinkling water on her face.

And then I'm right!—My eyes grow dead and heavy.
Wrong me no more, as ye are men.
The. She's faſt.
Cra. Away with her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Agenor and Gentlemen, with torches.

Age. Now, Gentlemen, the time's come now t'enjoy
That fruitful happineſs my heart has long'd for.
This day be happy call'd[12]; and when old Time
Brings it about each year, crown'd with that ſweetneſs
It gives me now, ſee every man obſerve it,
And, laying all aſide bears ſhow of buſineſs,
Give this to joy and triumph. How ſit my cloaths?

1 *Gent.* Handſome, and wondrous well, Sir.

Age. Do they ſhew richly?
For to thoſe curious eyes even Beauty envies,
I muſt not now appear poor, or low-faſhion'd.
Methinks I am younger than I was, far younger;
And ſuch a promiſe in my blood I feel now,
That, if there may be a perpetual youth
Beſtow'd on man, I am that ſoul ſhall win it.
Does my hair ſtand well? Lord, how ill-favour'dly
You have dreſs'd me to-day! how baldly! Why this cloak?

2 *Gent.* Why, 'tis the richeſt, Sir.

Age. And here you have put me on
A pair of breeches look like a pair of bagpipes.

1 *Gent.* Believe, Sir, they ſhew bravely.

Age. Why theſe ſtockings?

2 *Gent.* Your leg appears——

Age. Poh! I would have had 'em peach-colour;
All young and new about me. And this ſcarf here,
A goodly thing! you have trick'd me like a puppet.

1 *Gent.* I'll undertake to rig forth a whole navy,
And with leſs labour, than one man in love:
They're never pleas'd.

2 *Gent.* Methinks he looks well.

1 *Gent.* Well
As man can look, as handſome. Now do I wonder

[12] *This day be happy call'd*, &c.] Rowe has cloſely copied this ſpeech, in the beginning of the Fair Penitent.

He

He found not fault his noſe was put on ugly,
Or his eyes look'd too grey, and rail at us:
They are the wayward'ſt things, theſe lovers.
2 *Gent.* All will be right
When once it comes to th' puſh.
1 *Gent.* I would they were at it,
For our own quiet ſake.
Age. Come, wait upon me;
And bear yourſelves like mine, my friends, and nobly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Theanor, Crates, and Eraton, bringing Merione.

Erat. This is her brother's door.
Cra. There lay her down then;
Lay her along. She's faſt ſtill?
Erat. As forgetfulneſs[13].
Cra. Be not you ſtirr'd now, but away to your mother,
Give all attendance, let no ſtain appear
Of fear, or doubt in your face; carry yourſelf confidently.
The. But whither runs your drift now?
Cra. When ſhe wakes,
Either what's done will ſhew a mere dream to her,
And carry no more credit; or, ſay ſhe find it,
Say ſhe remember all the circumſtances,
Twenty to one the ſhapes in which they were acted,
The horrors, and the ſtill affrights we ſhew'd her,
Riſing in wilder figures to her memory,
Will run her mad, and no man gueſs the reaſon:
If all theſe fail, and that ſhe riſe up perfect,
And ſo collect herſelf, believe this, Sir,
Not knowing who it was that did this to her,
Nor having any power to gueſs; the thing done too

[13] Ser. *As forgetfulneſs.*] As there is no *Servant* preſent, nor any perſon whoſe name begins in this manner, we have given the ſpeech to *Eraton.*

Being the utter undoing of her honour
If it be known, and to the world's eye publiſh'd,
Eſpecially at this time when Fortune courts her,
She muſt and will conceal it, nay, forget it:
The woman is no Lucrece. Get you gone, Sir;
And, as you would have more of this ſport, fear not.
The. I am confirm'd. Farewell!
Cra. Farewell! Away, Sir.
Diſperſe yourſelves; and, as you love his favour,
And that that crowns it, gold, no tongues amongſt ye!
You know your charge; this way goes no ſuſpicion[14].
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Agenor, and Leonidas, with two Gentlemen, with lights.

Age. You are ſtirring early, Sir.
Leo. It was my duty
To wait upon your Grace.
Age. How fares your ſiſter,
My beauteous miſtreſs? What, is ſhe ready yet?
Leo. No doubt ſhe'll loſe no time, Sir: Young maids in her way
Tread upon thorns, and think an hour an age,
'Till the prieſt has done his part, that theirs may follow.
I ſaw her not ſince yeſterday i'th' evening;
But, Sir, I'm ſure ſhe is not ſlack: Believe me,
Your Grace will find a loving ſoul.
Age. A ſweet one;
And ſo much joy I carry in the thought of it,
So great a happineſs to know ſhe is mine,
(Believe me, noble brother) that to expreſs it
Methinks a tongue's a poor thing, can do nothing,

[14] *Goes no ſuſpicion.*] Though this may be underſtood, it is ſuch a low and ſtiff expreſſion, that I can ſcarce think it genuine. The word *gives*, inſtead of *goes*, makes clearer Engliſh, but I believe the original might be

——*this way go*——*no ſuſpicion*; *i. e.* Be ſure ye take care, not to give the leaſt ſuſpicion by your conduct. *Seward.*

We think the text needs no change.

Imagination

Imagination leſs [15]. Who's that that lies there?

Leo. Where, Sir?

Age. Before the door; it looks like a woman.

Leo. This way I came abroad, but then there was nothing.

One of the maids o'erwatch'd belike.

Age. It may be.

Leo. But methinks this is no fit place to ſleep in.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis ſure a woman, Sir; ſhe has jewels on too:

She fears no foul play ſure.

Leo. Bring a torch hither;

Yet 'tis not perfect day. I ſhould know thoſe garments.

Age. How ſound ſhe ſleeps!

Leo. I'm ſorry to ſee this!

Age. Do you know her?

Leo. And you now, I am ſure, Sir.

Age. My miſtreſs? How comes this?

Enter Queen, Theanor, Beliza, Euphanes, Neanthes, and attendants.

Leo. The Queen and her train?

Queen. You know my pleaſure.

Euph. And will be moſt careful.

Queen. Be not long abſent;

The ſuit you preferr'd is granted.

Nean. This fellow mounts

Apace, and will tower o'er us like a falcon.

Queen. Good morrow to ye all! Why ſtand ye wondring?

Enter the houſe, Sir, and bring out your miſtreſs;

You muſt obſerve our ceremonies. What's the matter?

What's that ye ſtand at? How! Merione?

Aſleep i' th' ſtreet? Belike ſome ſudden palſy,

[15] *Imagination* leſs.] Sympſon propoſes to read,

Imagination —— Bleſs us, *who's that*, &c.

Seward, *Imagination* SCARCE; and they jointly have another reading, *imaginationleſs*, one word. We think the text unexceptionable, and their objections futile and trifling.

As ſhe ſtept out laſt night upon devotion,
To take her farewell of her virgin ſtate,
The air being ſharp and piercing, ſtruck her ſuddenly.
See if ſhe breathe.

Leo. A little.

Queen. Wake her then;
'Tis ſure a fit.

Age. She wakes herſelf: Give room to her.

Queen. See how the ſpirits ſtruggle to recover,
And ſtrongly reinforce their ſtrengths; for certain,
This was no natural ſleep.

The. I'm of your mind, madam.

Queen. No, ſon, it cannot be.

The. Pray Heav'n, no trick in't!
Good ſoul, ſhe little merits ſuch a miſchief.

Queen. She's broad awake now, and her ſenſe clears up;
'Twas ſure a fit. Stand off.

Mer. The Queen, my love here,
And all my noble friends? Why, where am I?
How am I tranc'd, and mop'd! I' th' ſtreet? Heav'n bleſs me!
Shame to my ſex! o'th' ground too?--Oh, I remember—

Leo. How wild ſhe looks!

Age. Oh, my cold heart, how ſhe trembles!

Mer. Oh, I remember, I remember!

Queen. What's that?

Mer. My ſhame, my ſhame, my ſhame! Oh, I remember,
My never-dying ſhame!

The. Here has been villainy.

Queen. I fear ſo too.

Mer. You are no furies, are ye?
No horrid ſhapes ſent to affright me?

Age. No, ſweet;
We are your friends. Look up; I am Agenor,
(Oh, my Merione!) that loves you dearly,
And come to marry you.

Leo. Siſter, what ail you?

Speak

Speak out your griefs, and boldly.
Age. Something ſticks here
Will choak you elſe.
Mer. I hope it will.
Queen. Be free, lady;
You have your loving friends about you.
Age. Dear Merione,
By the unſpotted love I ever bore you,
By thine own goodneſs——
Mer. Oh, 'tis gone, 'tis gone, Sir;
I'm now I know not what; pray ye look not on me;
No name is left me, nothing to inherit,
But that deteſted, baſe, and branded——
Age. Speak it,
And how: Diſeaſes of moſt danger,
Their cauſes once diſcover'd, are eaſily cur'd.
My fair Merione——
Mer. I thank your love, Sir:
When I was fair Merione, unſpotted,
Pure, and unblaſted in the bud you honour'd [16],
White as the heart of truth, then, prince Agenor,
Even then I was not worthy of your favour.
Wretch that I am, leſs worthy now of pity!
Let no good thing come near me; Virtue fly me;
You that have honeſt noble names, deſpiſe me;
For I am nothing now but a main peſtilence,
Able to poiſon all! Send thoſe unto me
That have forgot their names, ruin'd their fortunes,
Deſpis'd their honours; thoſe that have been virgins
Raviſh'd and wrong'd, and yet dare live to tell it.
The. Now it appears too plain.
Mer. Send thoſe ſad people
That hate the light, and curſe ſociety;
Whoſe thoughts are graves, and from whoſe eyes continually
Their melting ſouls drop out, ſend thoſe to me;
And when their ſorrows are moſt excellent,
So full that one grief more cannot be added,

[16] *You honour'd,*] Seward reads, *You honour'd* ME.

My ſtory like a torrent ſhall devour 'em.
Hark! it muſt out: But pray ſtand cloſe together,
And let not all the world hear.
Leo. Speak it boldly.
Mer. And, royal lady, think but charitably!
Your Grace has known my breeding.
Queen. Prithee, ſpeak it.
Mer. Is there no ſtranger here? Send off your ſervants.
And yet it muſt be known.—I ſhake.
Age. Sweet miſtreſs!
Mer. I am abus'd, baſely abus'd! do you gueſs yet?
Come cloſe; I'll tell ye plainer; I am whor'd,
Raviſh'd, and robb'd of honour!
Leo. Oh, the devil!
Age. What helliſh ſlave was this?
The. A wretch, a wretch,
A damned wretch! Do you know the villain, lady?
Mer. No.
The. Not by gueſs?
Mer. Oh, no.
The. It muſt be known.
Queen. Where was the place?
Mer. I know not neither.
Age. Oh, Heaven!
Is this the happy time? my hope to this come?
Leo. Neither the man nor circumſtances?
The. His tongue,
Did you not hear his tongue? no voice?
Mer. None, none, Sir:
All I know of him was his violence.
Age. How came you hither, ſweet?
Mer. I know not neither.
The. A cunning piece of villainy.
Mer. All I remember
Is only this: Going to Veſta's temple,
To give the goddeſs my laſt virgin prayers,
Near to that place I was ſuddenly ſurpriz'd,
By five or ſix diſguis'd, and from thence violently

To

To my diſhonour hal'd: That act perform'd,
Brought back; but how, or whither, 'till I wak'd
here——
The. This is ſo monſtrous, the gods cannot ſuffer it;
I have not read, in all the villainies
Committed by the moſt obdurate raſcals,
An act ſo truly impious.
Leo. 'Would I knew him!
The. He muſt be known; the devil cannot hide him.
Queen. If all the art I have, or power, can do it,
He ſhall be found; and ſuch a way [17] of juſtice
Inflicted on him—A lady wrong'd in my court?
And this way robb'd, and ruin'd?
The. Be contented, madam;
If he be above ground, I will have him.
Age. Fair virtuous maid, take comfort yet, and
flouriſh,
In my love flouriſh; the ſtain was forc'd upon you,
None of your will's, nor yours. Riſe, and riſe mine ſtill,
And riſe the ſame white, ſweet, fair ſoul, I lov'd ye;
Take me the ſame.
Mer. I kneel and thank you, Sir;
And I muſt ſay you are truly honourable,
And dare confeſs my will yet ſtill a virgin:
But ſo unfit and weak a cabinet
To keep your love and virtue in am I now,
That have been forc'd and broken, loſt my luſtre;
I mean this body, ſo corrupt a volume,
For you to ſtudy goodneſs in, and honour,
I ſhall entreat your Grace, confer that happineſs
Upon a beauty Sorrow never ſaw yet.
And when this grief ſhall kill me, (as it muſt do)
Only remember yet you had ſuch a miſtreſs [18];
And if you then dare ſhed a tear, yet honour me.

[17] *A* way *of juſtice.*] Probably we ſhould read, *weight*; *way* is very flat.

[18] Yet *you had ſuch a miſtreſs*;
——— yet *honour me.*] Sympſon ſubſtitutes *that* for *yet* in theſe places; but the old reading is much beſt.

Good

Good gentlemen, expreſs your pities to me,
In ſeeking out this villainy. And my laſt ſuit
Is to your Grace, that I may have your favour
To live a poor recluſe nun with this lady,
From court and company, 'till Heaven ſhall hear me,
And ſend me comfort, or death end my miſery.

Queen. Take your own will; my very heart bleeds for thee.

Age. Farewell, Merione! ſince I have not thee,
I'll wed thy goodneſs, and thy memory.

Leo. And I her fair revenge.

The. Away; let's follow it;
For he's ſo rank i' th' wind we cannot miſs him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Crates and Conon.

Cra. Conon? You're welcome home! you're wondrous welcome!
Is this your firſt arrival?

Con. Sir, but now
I reach'd the town.

Cra. You're once more welcome then.

Con. I thank you, noble Sir.

Cra. Pray you do me the honour
To make my poor houſe firſt——

Con. Pray, Sir, excuſe me;
I have not ſeen mine own yet; nor made happy
Theſe longing eyes with thoſe I love there.—What is this? a tavern?

Cra. It ſeems ſo by the outſide.

Con. Step in here then;
And ſince it offers itſelf ſo freely to us,
A place made only for liberal entertainment,
Let's ſeek no further, but make uſe of this,
And, after the Greek faſhion, to our friends
Crown a round cup or two.

Enter

Enter Vintner and Drawer.

Cra. Your pleaſure, Sir.
Drawers! who waits within?
Draw. Anon, anon, Sir.
Vint. Look into the Lilly-pot. Why, Mark, there!
You're welcome, gentlemen! heartily welcome,
My noble friend!
Cra. Let's have good wine, mine hoſt,
And a fine private room.
Vint. Will you be there, Sir?
What is't you'll drink? I'll draw your wine myſelf.
Cuſhions, ye knaves! Why, when?

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Anon, anon, Sir.
Vint. Chios, or Leſbos, Greek?
Cra. Your beſt and neateſt.
Vint. I'll draw ye that ſhall dance.
Cra. Away; be quick then. [*Exit Vintner.*
Con. How does your brother, Sir, my noble friend,
The good Euphanes? In all my courſe of travel,
I met not with a gentleman ſo furniſh'd
In gentleneſs and courteſy; believe, Sir,
So many friendly offices I receiv'd from him,
So great and timely, and enjoy'd his company
In ſuch an open and a liberal ſweetneſs,
That when I dare forget him——
Cra. He is in good health, Sir;
But you will find him a much-alter'd man;
Grown a great courtier, Sir.
Con. He is worthy of it.
Cra. A man drawn up, that leaves no print behind him
Of what he was. Thoſe goodneſſes you ſpeak of
That have been in him, thoſe that you call freedoms,
Societies, and ſweetneſs, look for now, Sir,
You'll find no ſhadows of them left, no ſound;
The very air he has liv'd in alter'd. Now behold him,

And

And you ſhall ſee a thing walk by, look big upon you,
And cry for place: 'I am the Queen's; give room there!'
If you bow low, may-be he'll touch the bonnet,
Or fling a forc'd ſmile at you, for a favour.

Con. He is your brother, Sir.

Cra. Theſe forms put off,
Which travel and court holy-water ſprinkle on him,
I dare accept and know him. You'll think it ſtrange, Sir,
That ev'n to me, to me, his natural brother,
And one by birth he owes a little honour too——

Enter Vintner with wine.

But that's all one. Come, give me ſome wine, mine hoſt.
Here's to your fair return!

Con. I wonder at it!
But ſure h' has found a nature not worth owning
In this way [19]; elſe I know he is tender carried.—
I thank you, Sir. And now durſt I preſume,
For all you tell me of theſe alterations
And ſtops in his ſweet nature (which 'till I find ſo,
I have known him now ſo long, and look'd ſo thro' him,
You muſt give me leave to be a little faithleſs)
I ſay, for all theſe, if you pleaſe to venture,
I'll lay the wine we drink, let me ſend for him
(Ev'n I, that am the pooreſt of his fellowſhip)
But by a boy o' th' houſe too, let him have buſineſs,
Let him attend the Queen, nay, let his miſtreſs
Hold him betwixt her arms, he ſhall come to me,
And ſhall drink with me too, love me, and heartily;
Like a true honeſt man, bid me welcome home:
I'm confident.

Cra. You'll loſe.

Con. You'll ſtand to th' wager?

Cra. With all my heart.

Con. Go, Boy, and tell Euphanes——

Boy. He's now gone up the ſtreet, Sir, with a great train of gallants.

Cra. What think you now, Sir?

[19] *In this* way.] Seward, we think injudiciouſly, reads *man* for *way*.

Con.

Con. Go, and overtake him:
Commend my love unto him, (my name's Conon)
Tell him I'm new arriv'd, and where I am,
And would requeſt to ſee him preſently.
You ſee I uſe old dudgeon phraſe to draw him.
Cra. I'll hang and quarter when you draw him hither.
Con. Away, Boy.
Boy. I am gone, Sir. [*Exit.*
Con. Here's to you now!
And you ſhall find his travel has not ſtopt him,
As you ſuppoſe, nor alter'd any freedom;
But made him far more clear and excellent.
It draws the groſſneſs off the underſtanding,
And renders active and induſtrious ſpirits:
He that knows moſt mens' manners, muſt of neceſſity
Beſt know his own, and mend thoſe by example.
'Tis a dull thing to travel like a mill-horſe,
Still in the place he was born in, lam'd and blinded;
Living at home is like it. Pure and ſtrong ſpirits,
That, like the fire, ſtill covet to fly upward,
And to give fire, as well as take it, cas'd up and mew'd here,
I mean at home, like luſty mettled horſes,
Only tied up in ſtables[20], to pleaſe their maſters,
Beat out their fiery lives in their own litters.
Why don't you travel, Sir?
Cra. I've no belief in't,
I ſee ſo many ſtrange things, half unhatch'd too[19],
Return, thoſe that went out men, and good men,
They look like poach'd eggs, with the ſoul ſuck'd out,

[20] *Up in* ſtables.] Mr. Seward joined with me in reading *ſtalls* for *ſtables*, which, though no great improvement to the ſenſe, is to that of the meaſure. *Sympſon.*

Variations for the ſake of meaſure *only*, are inadmiſſible. Our Authors, and all others of their time, were very licentious in that reſpect.

[19] *Strange things half unhatch'd*, to
Return, thoſe that went, &c.] There is probably ſome omiſſion here; however, the variation we have made affords a more plauſible reading than the former editions.

Empty

Empty and full of wind: All their affections
Are bak'd in rye-cruſt, to hold carriage
From this good town to t'other; and when they are
open'd,
They're ſo ill-cook'd and mouldy——

Con. You are pleaſant.

Cra. I'll ſhew you a pack of theſe: I have 'em for you,
That have been long in travel too.

Con. Pleaſe you, Sir.

Cra. You know the Merchants' Walk, Boy?

2 *Boy.* Very well.

Cra. And you remember thoſe gentlemen were here
The other day with me?

2 *Boy.* Yes.

Cra. Then go thither,
For there I am ſure they are; pray 'em come hither,
(And uſe my name) I would be glad to ſee 'em.

Enter Firſt Boy.

1 *Boy.* Your brother's coming in, Sir.

Vint. Odds my paſſion!
Out with the plate, ye knaves; bring the new cuſhions,
And waſh thoſe glaſſes I ſet by for high-days;
Perfume the rooms along. Why, ſirrah!

1 *Boy.* Here, Sir.

Vint. Bid my wife make herſelf ready handſomely,
And put on her beſt apron; it may be,
The noble gentleman will look upon her.

Enter Euphanes and two Gentlemen.

Euph. Where is he, Boy?

Vint. Your worſhip's heartily welcome!
It joys my very heart to ſee you here, Sir.
The gentleman that ſent for your honour——

Euph. Oh, good mine hoſt!

Vint. To my poor homely houſe, an't like your
honour——

Euph. I thank thine honour, good mine hoſt. Where
is he?

Con.

Con. What think you now?—My beſt Euphanes!
Euph. Conon!
Welcome, my friend! my noble friend, how is it?
Are you in ſafety come, in health?
Con. All health, all ſafety,
Riches, and all that makes content and happineſs,
Now I am here, I have. How have you far'd, Sir?
Euph. Well, I thank Heaven; and never nearer, friend,
To catch at great occaſion.
Con. Indeed I joy in't.
Euph. Nor am I for myſelf born in theſe fortunes;
In truth I love my friends.
Con. You were noble ever. [*Euph. ſalutes Cra.*
Cra. I thought you had not known me.
Euph. Yes; you are my brother,
My elder brother too: 'Would your affections
Were able but to aſk that love I owe to you,
And as I give, preſerve it!—Here, friend Conon,
To your fair welcome home!
Con. Dear Sir, I thank you.
Fill it to th' brim, boy. Crates!
Cra. I will pledge you;
But for that glorious comet, lately fir'd——
Con. Fy, fy, Sir, fy!
Euph. Nay, let him take his freedoms;
He ſtirs not me, I vow to you; much leſs ſtains me.
Cra. Sir, I can't talk with that neat travelling tongue.
Con. As I live, he has the worſt belief in men abroad!

Enter Second Boy.

I'm glad I am come home.
2 *Boy.* Here are the gentlemen.
Cra. Oh, let 'em enter. Now you that truſt in travel,
And make ſharp beards and little breeches deities,
You that enhance the daily price of toothpicks,
And hold there is no home-bred happineſs,
Behold a model of your minds and actions.
Euph. Tho' this be envious, yet, done i' th' way of mirth,

I am

I am content to thank you for't.
Con. 'Tis well yet.
Cra. Let the maſque enter.

Enter Onos, Uncle, and Tutor.

Onos. A pretty tavern 'faith, of a fine ſtructure!
Uncle. Bear yourſelf like a gentleman; here's ſixpence,
And be ſure you break no glaſſes.
Tutor. Hark ye, pupil;
Go as I taught you, hang more upon your hams,
And put your knees out bent; there; yet a little.
Now I beſeech ye, be not ſo improvident
To forget your travelling pace, 'tis a main poſture,
And to all unair'd gentlemen will betray you:
Play with your Piſa beard. Why, where's your bruſh, pupil?
He muſt have a bruſh, Sir.
Uncle. More charge yet?
Tutor. Here, take mine;
Theſe elements of travel he muſt not want, Sir.
Uncle. Ma'foy, he has had ſome nineteen-pence in elements;
What would you more?
Tutor. Durus mehercle pater!
Con. What, monſieur Onos, the very pump of travel[21]!
Sir, as I live, you've done me the greateſt kindneſs—
Oh, my fair Sir, Lampree, the careful Uncle
To this young hopeful iſſue! Monſieur Tutor too,
The father to his mind! Come, come; let's hug, boys.
Why, what a bunch of travel do I embrace now!
Methinks I put a girdle about Europe.
How has the boy profited?
Uncle. He has enough, Sir,
If his too-fiery mettle do not mar it.
Con. Is he not thrifty yet?
Tutor. That's all his fault;

[21] Pump *of travel?*] I ſuſpect that for *pump* here we ſhould read *pink*. The *pink of courteſy* is a well-known phraſe. *Sympſon.*

Too

Too bounteous minded, being under age too;
A great conſumer of his ſtock in pippins:
H' had ever a hot ſtomach.
Con. Come hither, Onos.
Will you love me for this fine apple?
Onos. *Ouy.*
Con. And will you be rul'd by me ſometimes?
Onos. 'Faith, I will.
Con. That's a good boy.
Uncle. Pray give not the child ſo much fruit;
He's of a raw complexion.
Euph. You, monſieur Hard-Egg!
Do you remember me? Do you remember
When you and your conſort travell'd thro' Hungary?
Con. He's in that circuit ſtill.
Euph. Do you remember
The cantle of immortal cheeſe you carried with you,
The half-cold cabbage in a leather ſachel,
And thoſe invincible eggs that would lie in your bowels
A fortnight together, and then turn to bedſtaves;
Your ſour milk that would choak an Iriſhman,
And bread was bak'd in Cæſar's time for the army?
Con. Providence, providence.
Tutor. The ſoul of travel.
Euph. Can the boy ſpeak yet?
Tutor. Yes; and as fine a gentleman,
I thank my able knowledge, h' has arriv'd at,
Only a little ſparing of his language,
Which every man of obſervation——
Uncle. And of as many tongues——
Tutor. Pray be content, Sir;
You know you are for the bodily part, the purſe,
I for the magazine, the mind.
Euph. Come hither, ſpringal.
Onos. That in the Almain tongue ſignifies a gentleman.
Euph. What think you of the forms of Italy or Spain?
Onos. I love mine own country pippin.
Tutor. Nobly anſwer'd;

Born for his country firſt.
Euph. A great philoſopher!
What horſes do you prefer?
Onos. The white horſe, Sir;
There where I lie; honeſt, and a juſt beaſt.
Tutor. *O caput lepidum!* A child to ſay this!
Are theſe figures[22] for the mouths of infants?
Con. Onos, what wenches?
Come, tell me true.
Onos. I cannot ſpeak without book.
Con. When ſhall we have one? ha?
Onos. Steal me from mine Uncle;
For, look you, I am broke out horribly
For want of fleſhly phyſick; they ſay I am too young,
And that 'twill ſpoil my growth; but, could you help me——
Con. Meet me tomorrow, man; no more.
Euph. You think now
You've open'd ſuch a ſhame to me of travel,
By ſhewing theſe thin cubs! You've honour'd us
Againſt your will, proclaim'd us excellent:
Three frails of ſprats, carried from mart to mart,
Are as much meat as theſe, to more uſe travell'd;
A bunch of bloated fools! Methinks your judgment
Should look abroad ſometimes, without your envy.
Cra. Such are moſt of you. So I take my leave,
And when you find your womens' favour fail,
'Tis ten to one you'll know yourſelf, and ſeek me,
Upon a better muſter of your manners.
Con. This is not handſome, Sir.
Euph. Pray take your pleaſure;
You wound the wind us much.
Cra. Come you with me;
I've buſineſs for you preſently. There's for your wine;
I muſt confeſs I loſt it.
Onos. Shall I ſteal to you?
And ſhall we ſee the wench?

[22] *Are theſe figures.*] Sympſon reads, *Are theſe* FIT *figures.*

Con.

Con. A dainty one.
Onos. And have a diſh of pippins?
Con. What? a peck, man.
Tutor. Will you wait, Sir?
Con. Pray let's meet oftner, gentlemen;
I would not loſe ye.
Tutor. Oh, ſweet Sir!
Con. Do you think I would?
Such noted men as you?
Onos, Uncle, Tutor. We are your ſervants! [*Exeunt.*
Euph. That thing they would keep in everlaſting nonage,
My brother, for his own ends, has thruſt on
Upon my miſtreſs: 'Tis true, he ſhall be rich,
If ever he can get that rogue his Uncle
To let him be of years to come to inherit it.
Now, what the main drift is——
Con. Say you ſo? no more words:
I'll keep him company 'till he be of years,
(Tho' it be a hundred years) but I'll diſcover it;
And ten to one I'll croſs it too.
Euph. You are honeſt,
And I ſhall ſtudy ſtill your love. Farewell, Sir!
For theſe few hours I muſt deſire your pardon;
I've buſineſs of importance. Once a-day,
At leaſt, I hope you'll ſee me; I muſt ſee you elſe:
So, once more, you are welcome!
Con. All my thanks, Sir;
And when I leave to love you, life go from me!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Theanor and Crates.

Cra. WHY, Sir, the kingdom's his; and no man now
Can come to Corinth, or from Corinth go,
Without his licence; he puts up the tithes
Of every office thro' Achaia;
From courtier to the carter hold of him;
Our lands, our liberties, nay, very lives,
Are ſhut up in his cloſet, and let looſe
But at his pleaſure; books, and all diſcourſe,
Have now no patron, nor direction,
But glorified Euphanes; our cups are guilty
That quench our thirſts, if not unto his health.
Oh, I could eat my heart, and fling away
My very ſoul, for anguiſh! Gods, nor men,
Should tolerate ſuch diſproportion.

The. And yet is he belov'd; whether it be virtue,
Or ſeeming virtue, which he makes the cloak
To his ambition.

Cra. Be it which it will,
Your highneſs is too tame, your eyes too film'd,
To ſee this, and ſit ſtill: The lion ſhould not
Tremble to hear the bellowing of the bull.
Nature, excuſe me! tho' he be my brother,
You are my country's father, therefore mine:
One parallel line of love I bend on him,
All lines of love and duty meet in you,
As in their centre; therefore hear, and weigh,
What I ſhall ſpeak. You know the Queen your mother
Did, from a private ſtate, your father raiſe;
So all your royalty you hold from her:
She is older than ſhe was, therefore more doting;

And

And what know we but blindneſs of her love,
(That hath, from underneath the foot of Fortune,
Set even Euphanes' foot on Fortune's head)
Will take him by the hand, and cry, 'Leap now
'Into my bed?' 'tis but a trick of age;
Nothing impoſſible.

The. What d'ye infer on this?

Cra. Your pardon, Sir,
With reverence to the Queen: Yet why ſhould I
Fear to ſpeak plain what pointeth to your good?
A good old widow is a hungry thing
(I ſpeak of other widows, not of queens).

The. Speak to thy purpoſe.

Cra. I approach it. Sir,
Should young Euphanes claſp the kingdom thus,
And pleaſe the good old lady ſome one night,
What might not ſhe be wrought to put on you,
Quite to ſupplant your birth? neither is ſhe
Paſt children, as I take it.

The. Crates, thou ſhak'ſt me!
Thou, that doſt hate thy brother for my love,
In my love find one; henceforth be my brother.
This giant I will fell beneath the earth;
I will ſhine out, and melt his artful wings:
Euphanes, from my mother's ſea of favours,
Spreads like a river, and runs calmly on,
Secure yet from my ſtorms; like a young pine
He grows up planted under a fair oak,
Whoſe ſtrong large branches yet do ſhelter him,
And every traveller admires his beauty:
But, like a wind, I'll work into his cranks,
Trouble his ſtream, and drown all veſſels that
Ride on his greatneſs. Under my mother's arms,
Like to a ſtealing tempeſt will I ſearch,
And rend his root from her protection.

Cra. Ay; now Theanor ſpeaks like prince Theanor.

The. But how ſhall we provoke him to our ſnares?
He has a temper malice cannot move

To exceed the bounds of judgment; he's ſo wiſe,
That we can pick no cauſe to affront him.
Cra. No?
What better than his croſſing your intent?
The ſuit I'd to you? Conon's forfeit ſtate
(Before he travell'd) for a riot, he
Hath from your mother got reſtor'd to him.
The. Durſt he? What is this Conon?
Cra. One that hath,
As people ſay, in foreign countries pleaſur'd him.

Enter Onos, Uncle, Tutor, Neanthes, Soſicles, and Eraton.

But now no more;
They have brought the travellers I told you of.
That's the ſweet youth that is my brother's rival,
That curls his head, for he has little hair,
And paints his vizor, for it is no face,
That ſo deſires to follow you, my lord:
Shew 'em ſome countenance, and 'twill beget
Our ſport at leaſt.
The. What villainous crab-tree legs
He makes[23]! His ſhins are full of true-love knots.
Cra. His legs were ever villainous, ſince I knew him.
Era. Faith his Uncle's ſhanks are ſomewhat the better.
Nean. But is it poſſible he ſhould believe
He's not of age? Why, he is fifty, man;
In's jubilee, I warrant! 'Slight, he looks
Older than a groat; the very ſtamp on's face
Is worn out with handling.

---

[23] *Crab-tree legs*
He makes?] Sympſon diſlikes this reading, and would ſubſtitute *has* for *makes*; which is clearly for the worſe, as in all probability Onos enters making ridiculous congees.—To MAKE *a leg* is a common manner of ſpeaking of a bow or congee: It occurs frequently in our Authors. See Wild-Gooſe Chace, vol. v. p. 254.

I'll make *my three* legs,
Kiſs my hand twice, and, if I ſmell no danger,
If the interview be clear, may be I'll ſpeak to her.

Soſ.

Sof. Why, I tell you,
All men believe it when they hear him ſpeak,
He utters ſuch ſingle matter in ſo infantly a voice.

Nean. He looks as like a fellow that I have ſeen Accommodate gentlemen with tobacco in our theatres.

Onos. Moſt illuſtrious prince!

Era. A pox on him, he is gelt! how he trebles!

Onos. I am a gentleman o' both ſides.

Tutor. He means (ſo't pleaſe your highneſs) both by father and mother.

Sof. Thou a gentleman? thou an aſs.

Nean. He is ne'er the further from being a gentleman, I aſſure you.

Tutor. May it pleaſe your Grace, I am another.

Nean. He is another aſs, he ſays; I believe him.

Uncle. We be three, heroical prince.

Nean. Nay then, we muſt have the picture of 'em, and the word *nos ſumus*.

Tutor. That have travell'd all parts of the globe together.

Uncle. For my part, I have ſeen the viciſſitude of Fortune before.

Onos. Peace, Uncle; for tho' you ſpeak a little better than I——

Nean. 'Tis a very little, in truth.

Onos. Yet we muſt both give place, as they ſay,
To the beſt ſpeaker, the Tutor.

Tutor. Yet ſince it hath pleaſed your radiance to decline ſo low, as on us poor and unworthy dunghills——

Nean. What a ſtinking knave's this!

Tutor. Our peregrination was ne'er ſo felicitated, as ſince we enter'd the line of your gracious favour, under whoſe beamy aſpect, and by which infallible mathematical compaſs, may we but hereafter preſume to ſail, our induſtries have reach'd their deſir'd termination and period; and we ſhall voluntarily ſacrifice our lives to your reſplendent eyes, both the altars and fires of our devoted offerings.

Onos. Oh, divine Tutor!

Cra. Can you hold, Sir?

Era. He has ſpoken this very ſpeech to ſome whore in Corinth.

Nean. A plague on him for a fuſtian dictionary! On my conſcience, this is the Ulyſſean Traveller[24] that ſent home his image riding upon elephants to the great Mogol.

Soſ. The ſame; his wit is ſo huge, nought but an elephant could carry him.

Era. So heavy, you mean.

Nean. Theſe three are ev'n the fineſt one fool tripartite that was e'er diſcover'd.

Soſ. Or a treatiſe of Famine, divided into three branches.

Era. The prince ſpeaks.

The. I thank ye for your loves; but, as I told you,
I have ſo little means to do for thoſe
Few followers I have already, that
I would have none ſhipwreck themſelves and fortune
Upon my barren ſhelf. Sue to Euphanes,

[24] *The* Ulyſſean Traveller *that ſent home*, &c.] The *Ulyſſean Traveller* here mentioned was the celebrated Thomas Coryate, who is ſuppoſed to have travelled more miles on foot than any perſon of that age, or in any period ſince. He was undoubtedly not in his perfect ſenſes; but was a man of conſiderable learning, and appears to have related faithfully what he ſaw; for he became ridiculous chiefly by dwelling with too much attention on the trifling accidents which happened to him during his journey. In the year 1608, he ſet out from England, and went on foot as far as Venice, and back again; a journey which he completed in five months. He publiſhed an account of it in the year 1611, in a large quarto volume, containing 655 pages, beſide more than 100 filled with Commendatory Verſes by Ben Jonſon, and moſt of the wits of the age, who both laughed at him and flattered his vanity at the ſame time. An extract from this ſingular performance is given p. 246. He afterwards travelled into Perſia, and from thence into the Eaſt-Indies, ſtill on foot, and died at Surat in the year 1617. The piece alluded to by our Author was entitled, 'Thomas Coriate, Traveller for the Engliſh Wits, greeting. 'From the Court of the Great Mogul, reſident at the Towne of 'Aſmere in Eaſterne India. Printed by W. Jaggard and Henry 'Featherſton, 1616.' quarto. It has, in the frontiſpiece, a repreſentation of the Author riding on an elephant. *R.*

For

For he is prince, and queen; I would have no man
Curſe me in his old age.

Cra. Alas, Sir, they deſire to follow you
But afar off; the further off the better.

Tutor. Ay, Sir; an't be ſeven mile off, ſo we may but follow you, only to countenance us in the confronts and affronts, which (according to your highneſs' will) we mean on all occaſions to put upon the lord Euphanes.

Onos. He ſhall not want gibing nor jeering, I warrant him; if he do, I'll forſwear wit.

Nean. It has forſworn thee, I'll ſwear; it is the ancient enemy to thy houſe.

The. Well, be it ſo; I here receive ye, for my followers a great way off.

Nean. Seven miles, my lord; no further.

Onos. By what time, Sir, (by this meaſure) may I come to follow him in his chamber?

Nean. Why, when his chamber, Sir, is ſeven miles long.

Enter Euphanes, Conon, Page, Gentlemen and attendants.

Gent. Make way there for my lord Euphanes!

Cra. Look, Sir! Jove appears,
The peacock of our ſtate, that ſpreads a train
Brighter than Iris' bluſhes after rain.

Euph. You need not thank me, Conon: In your love
You antedated what I can do for you,
And I in gratitude was bound to this,
And am to much more; and whate'er he be
Can with unthankfulneſs aſſoil me, let him
Dig out mine eyes, and ſing my name in verſe,
In ballad verſe, at every drinking houſe,
And no man be ſo charitable to lend me
A dog to guide my ſteps.

Nean. Hail to Euphanes!

Soſ. Mighty Euphanes!

Era. The great prince Euphanes!

Tutor. Key of the court, and jewel of the Queen!

Uncle.

Uncle. Sol in our firmament!
Onos. Pearl in the ſtate's eye!
Nean. Being a black man.
Era. Miſtreſs of the land!
Nean. Our humble, humble, poor petitions are,
That we may hold our places.
All. May we?
Euph. Yes;
Be you malicious knaves ſtill; and you fools.
Con. This is the prince's and your brother's ſpite.
Euph. I know't, but will not know it.
Con. Yonder they are.
Whoſe fine child's this?
Uncle. Sir!
Onos. Uncle, le'be,
Let him alone, he is a mighty prince.
Euph. I aſk your highneſs' pardon! I proteſt.
By Jupiter I ſaw you not.
The. Humph! it may be ſo.
You've rais'd ſuch mountains 'twixt your eyes and me,
That I am hidden quite. What do you mean, Sir?
You much forget yourſelf.
Euph. I ſhould much more,
Not to remember my due duty to your Grace.
I know not wherein I have ſo tranſgreſs'd
My ſervice to your highneſs, to deſerve
This rigour and contempt, not from you only,
But from your followers, with the beſt of whom
I was an equal in my loweſt ebb:
Beſeech you, Sir, reſpect me as a gentleman;
I will be never more in heart to you.
Five fair deſcents I can derive myſelf,
From fathers worthy both in arts and arms.
I know your goodneſs companies your greatneſs,
But that you are perverted: Royal Sir,
I am your humbleſt ſubject; uſe your pleaſure,
But do not give protection to the wrongs
Of theſe ſubordinate ſlaves, whom I could cruſh
By that great deſtin'd favour which my miſtreſs

And your majeſtic mother deigns to me,
But in reſpect of you. I know lean envy
Waits ever on the ſteps of virtue advanc'd;
But why your mother's grace gets me diſgrace,
Or renders me a ſlave to bear theſe wrongs,
I do not know. Oh, mediocrity,
Thou prizeleſs jewel, only mean men have,
But cannot value; like the precious gem
Found in the muckhill by the ignorant cock!
The. Your creamy words but cozen; how durſt you
Intercept me ſo lately to my mother?
And what I meant your brother, you obtain'd
Unto the forfeiter again.
Cra. Your anſwer
To that, my lord my brother.
Euph. May I periſh
If e'er I heard you intended ſuch a ſuit!
Tho' 'twould have ſtuck an ignominious brand
Upon your highneſs, to have given your ſervant
A gentleman's whole ſtate of worth and quality,
Confiſcate only for a youthful brawl.
The. Your rudiments are too ſaucy; teach your page.
Con. Ay, ſo are all things but your flatterers.
Onos. Hold you your prating!
Con. You know where you are, you fleeten face!
Euph. Yet,
Sir, to appeaſe and ſatisfy your anger,
Take what you pleaſe from me, and give it him,
In lieu of this. You ſhall not take it neither,
I freely will impart it, half my ſtate;
Which, brother, if you pleaſe——
Cra. I'll ſtarve in chains firſt,
Eat my own arms!
Euph. Oh, that you ſaw yourſelf!
You ne'er made me ſuch offer in my poorneſs;
And 'cauſe, to do you eaſe, I ſought not to you,
You thus malign me; yet your nature muſt not
Corrupt mine, nor your rude examples lead me:
If mine can mend you, I ſhall joy. You know

I fear

I fear you not; you've ſeen me prov'd a man
In every way of fortune; 'tis my comfort
I know no more ſuch brothers in the world
As Crates is.

Con. Nor I ſuch as Euphanes:
The temper of an angel reigns in thee!

Euph. Your royal mother, Sir, (I had forgot)
Entreats your preſence.

The. You have done her errand;
I may do yours. [*Exit.*

Euph. Let it be truth, my lord.

Con. Crates, I'll queſtion you for this.

Cra. Piſh, your worſt! [*Exit.*

Con. Away, you hounds, after your ſcent!

Onos. Come, we'll ſcorn to talk to 'em: Now they're gone,
We'll away too. [*Exeunt.*

Con. Why bear you this, my lord?

Euph. To ſhew the paſſive fortitude the beſt;
Virtue's a ſolid rock, whereat being aim'd
The keeneſt darts of envy, yet unhurt
Her marble heroes ſtand, built of ſuch baſes,
Whilſt they recoil, and wound the ſhooters' faces.

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Con. My lord, the Queen.

Queen. Gentle Euphanes, how,
How doſt thou, honeſt lord? Oh, how I joy
To ſee what I have made! like a choice workman,
That having fram'd a maſter-piece, doth reap
An univerſal commendation!
Princes are gods in this. I'll build thee yet,
The good foundation ſo pleaſes me,
A ſtory or two higher; let dogs bark:
They're fools that hold them dignified by blood,
They ſhould be only made great that are good.

Euph. Oraculous madam!

Queen. Sirrah, I was thinking,
If I ſhould marry thee, what merry tales

Our

Our neighbour iſlands would make of us:
But let that paſs; you have a miſtreſs
That would forbid our bans. Troth, I have wiſh'd
A thouſand times that I had been a man;
Then I might ſit a day with thee alone, and talk;
But as I am, I muſt not. There's no ſkill
In being good, but in not being thought ill.
Sirrah, who's that?

Euph. So't pleaſe your majeſty,
Conon, the friend I ſued for.

Queen. 'Tis diſpatch'd.

Con. Gracious madam,
I owe the gods and you my life.

Queen. I thank you,
I thank you heartily; and I do think you
A very honeſt man; he ſays you are.
But now I'll chide thee: What's the cauſe my ſon
(For my eye's every where, and I have heard)
So inſolently does thee contumelies
Paſt ſufferance (I am told), yet you complain not?
As if my juſtice were ſo partial
As not to right the meaneſt: Credit me,
I'll call him to a ſtrict account, and fright,
By his example, all that dare curb me
In any thing that's juſt. I ſent you for him.

Euph. Humbly he did return, he would wait on you.
But let me implore your majeſty, not to give
His highneſs any check, for worthleſs me;
They are court-cankers, and not counſellors,
That thus inform you; they do but hate the prince,
And would ſubvert me. I ſhould curſe my fortune,
Even at the higheſt, to be made the gin[25]
To unſcrew a mother's love unto her ſon:
Better had my pale flame in humble ſhades
Been ſpent unſeen, than to be rais'd thus high,
Now to be thought a meteor to the ſtate,
Portending ruin and contagion.

[25] *Gin*] Here only means *inſtrument*, or *means*, &c. not as we take it now, for a trap or ſnare. *Sympſon.*

Beſeech

Beſeech you then reſt ſatisfied, the prince
Is a moſt noble-natur'd gentleman,
And never did to me but what I took
As favours from him; my blown billows muſt not
Strive 'gainſt my ſhore, that ſhould confine me, nor
Juſtle with rocks to break themſelves to pieces.
Queen. Well, thou'rt the compoſition of a god:
My lion, lamb, my eaglet, and my dove,
Whoſe ſoul runs clearer than Diana's fount!
Nature pick'd ſeveral flowers from her choice banks,
And bound them up in thee, ſending thee forth
A poſy for the boſom of a queen.
Lady. The prince attends you.
Queen. Farewell, my good lord,
My honeſt man. Stay; haſt no other ſuit?
I prithee tell me; ſirrah, thine eye ſpeaks
As if thou hadſt; out with it, modeſt fool!
Euph. With favour, madam, I would crave your leave
To marry, where I'm bound in gratitude;
The immediate means ſhe was to all my being,
Nor do I think your wiſdom, ſacred Queen,
Fetters in favours, taking from me ſo
The liberty that meaneſt men enjoy.
Queen. To marry? you're a fool! thou'ſt anger'd me.
Leave me; I'll think on't. [*Exe. Euph. and Con.*
Only to try thee this, for tho' I love thee,

Enter Theanor.

I can ſubdue myſelf; but ſhe that can
Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more than a man.—
Nay, riſe without a bleſſing, or kneel ſtill!
What's, Sir, the reaſon you oppoſe me thus,
And ſeek to darken what I would have ſhine?
Eclipſe a fire much brighter than thyſelf,
Making your mother not a competent judge
Of her own actions?
The. Gracious madam, I
Have done no more than what in royalty,

And

And to preſerve your fame, was fit to do:
Heard you the peoples' talk of you, and him
You favour ſo, his greatneſs, and your love,
The pity given to me, you would excuſe me.
They prate as if he did diſhonour you;
And what know I, but his own laviſh tongue
Has utter'd ſome ſuch ſpeeches? he is call'd
The king of Corinth.

Queen. They are traitors all:
I wear a cryſtal caſement 'fore my heart,
Thro' which each honeſt eye may look into't;
Let it be proſpect unto all the world,
I care not this.

The. This muſt not be my way. [*Aſide.*
Your pardon, gracious madam! Theſe incitements
Made me not ſhew ſo clear a countenance
Upon the lord Euphanes as I would;
Which ſince your majeſty affects ſo grievouſly,
I'll clear the black cloud off it, and henceforth
Vow on this knee all love and grace to him.

Queen. Riſe, with my bleſſing; and to prove this true,
Bear him from me this cabinet of jewels
In your own perſon; tell him, for his marrying,
He may diſpoſe him how and when he pleaſe. [*Exit.*

The. I ſhall diſcharge my duty and your will.
Crates!

Enter Crates.

Cra. I have heard all, my lord: How luckily
Fate pops her very ſpindle in our hands!
This marriage with Beliza you ſhall croſs;
Then have I one attempt for Lamprias more
Upon this Phaeton: Where's Merione's ring,
That in the rape you took from her?

The. 'Tis here.

Cra. In, and effect our purpoſe. You, my lord,
Shall diſobey your mother's charge, and ſend
This cabinet by ſome ſervant of her own,

That

That what ſucceeds may have no reference
Unto your highneſs.

The. On, my engine, on!

Cra. Now, if we be not ſtruck by Heaven's own hand,
We'll ruin him, and on his ruins ſtand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione, and Beliza.

[*A ſad ſong*[26].

Age. Theſe heavy airs feed ſorrow in her, lady,
And nouriſh it too ſtrongly; like a mother
That ſpoils her child with giving on't the will.

Bel. Some lighter note. [*A lighter ſong*[27].

Leo. How like a hill of ſnow ſhe ſits, and melts,
Before the unchaſte fire of others' luſt!
What heart can ſee her paſſion, and not break?

---

[26] *A ſad ſong.*] The following *ſong* not being in the firſt folio, we have remov'd it from the text:

Weep no more, nor ſigh nor groan,
Sorrow calls* no time that's gone:
Violets pluck'd, the ſweeteſt rain
Makes not freſh nor grow again;
Trim thy locks, look chearfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot ſee.
Joys as winged dreams fly faſt,
Why ſhould ſadneſs longer laſt?
Grief is but a wound to woe;
Gentleſt fair, mourn, mourn no moe.

[27] *A lighter ſong.*] For the reaſon urged in the laſt note, we have removed this *ſong* alſo:

Court-ladies, laugh and wonder. Here is one
That weeps becauſe her maidenhead is gone;
Whilſt you do never fret, nor chafe, nor cry,
But when too long it keeps you company.
Too well you know, maids are like towns on fire,
Waſting themſelves, if no man quench deſire.
Weep then no more, fool: A new maidenhead
Thou ſuffer'ſt loſs of, in each chaſte tear ſhed.

* *Sorrow* calls.] Sympſon reads RE*calls*, and preſcribes the pronouncing *ſorrow* as one ſyllable, *ſ'row*; but who can ſo pronounce it?

Age.

Age. Take comfort, gentle madam! You know well
Even actual ſins, committed without will,
Are neither ſins nor ſhame, much more compell'd;
Your honour's no whit leſs, your chaſtity
No whit impair'd, for fair Merione
Is more a virgin yet than all her ſex.
Mer. Alas, 'tis done[28]!
Age. Why burn theſe tapers now?
Wicked and frantic creatures joy in night.
Leo. Imagine fair Merione had dream'd
She had been raviſh'd, would ſhe ſit thus then
Excruciate?
Mer. Oh!
Bel. Fy, fy! how fond is this!
What reaſon for this ſurfeit of remorſe?
How many that have done ill, and proceed,
Women that take degrees in wantonneſs,
Commence, and riſe in rudiments of luſt,
That feel no ſcruple of this tenderneſs?
Mer. Piſh!
Bel. Nor are you matchleſs in miſhap; ev'n I
Do bear an equal part of miſery;
That love, belov'd, a man the crown of men,
Whom how I've friended[29], and how rais'd, 'tis better
That all do know and ſpeak it than myſelf.
When he ſail'd low, I might have made him mine,
Now, at his full gale, it is queſtionable
If ever I o'er-take him.
Age. Wherefore ſits
My Phœbe ſhadow'd in a ſable cloud?
Thoſe pearly drops which thou let'ſt fall like beads,
Numb'ring on them thy veſtal oriſons,
Alas, are ſpent in vain! I love thee ſtill;
In midſt of all theſe ſhowers thou ſweetlier ſcent'ſt,

[28] *Alas, 'tis done.*] Mr. Seward concurred with me in taking this paſſage out of the mouth of *Agenor*, and putting it into that of *Merione*, to whom it undoubtedly belongs: For ſhe breaks out into this paſſionate ſentence, and interrupts the prince, before he could conclude his conſolatory addreſs. *Sympſon.*

[29] *Whom I have friended.*] Amended by Sympſon.

Like a green meadow on an April-day,
In which the ſun and Weſt-wind play together,
Striving to catch and drink the balmy drops.

Enter Euphanes and Servant.

Serv. The lord Euphanes, madam. [*Exit Mer.*
Age. Poor Merione!
She loaths the light, and men. [*Exit with Leo.*
Euph. The virtuous gods preſerve my miſtreſs!
Bel. Oh, my moſt-honour'd lord, thoſe times are chang'd.
Euph. Let times and men change! Could Heav'n change, Euphanes
Should never change to be devoted ever
To fair Beliza. Should my load of honours,
Or any grace which you were author of,
Detract mine honour, and diminiſh grace?
The gods forbid! You here behold your ſervant,
Your creature, gentle lady, whoſe ſound ſleeps
You purchas'd for him, whoſe food you paid for,
Whoſe garments were your charge, whoſe firſt preferment
You founded; then, what ſince the gracious Queen
Hath, or can rear, is upon your free land,
And you are miſtreſs of.
Bel. Mock me not, gentle lord;
You ſhine now in too high a ſphere for me:
We're planets now disjoin'd for ever! Yet,
Poor ſuperſtitious innocent that I am,
Give leave that I may lift my hands, and love,
Not in idolatry, but perfect zeal:
For, credit me, I repent nothing I have done,
But, were it to begin, would do the ſame.
Euph. There are two ſeas in Corinth, and two Queens,
And but there, not two ſuch i' th' ſpacious univerſe,
I came to tender you the man you've made,
And like a thankful ſtream to retribute
All you, my ocean, have enrich'd me with.

You

You told me once you'd marry me.

Bel. Another mock? You were wont to play fair play.
You ſcorn poor helps; he that is ſure to win,
May ſlight mean hearts, whoſe hand commands the Queen.

Euph. Let me be held the knave thro' all the ſtock
When I do ſlight my miſtreſs! You know well
The gracious inclination of the Queen,
Who ſent me leave this morning to proceed
To marry, as I ſaw convenience,
And a great gift of jewels: Three days hence
The general ſacrifice is done to Veſta,
And can you by then be accommodated,
Your ſervant ſhall wait on you to the temple.

Bel. 'Till now I never felt a real joy indeed.

Euph. Here then I ſeal my duty, here my love.
'Till which, vouchſafe to wear this ring, dear miſtreſs;
'Twas the Queen's token, and ſhall celebrate
Our nuptials.

Bel. Honour ſtill raiſe, and preſerve
My honour'd lord, as he preſerves all honour!

[*Exit Euph.*

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, and Merione.

Age. Why ſhift you places thus, Merione,
And will not lend a word? Couldſt thou ſo ſoon
Leave ſorrow as the place, how bleſt were I!
But 'twill not be; grief is an impudent gueſt,
A follower every where, a hanger-on,
That words nor blows can drive away.

Leo. Dear ſiſter!

Bel. Who can be ſad? Out with theſe tragic lights,
And let day repoſſeſs her natural hours;
Tear down theſe blacks, caſt ope the caſements wide.
That we may jocundly behold the ſun.
I did partake with ſad Merione
In all her mourning; let her now rejoice
With glad Beliza, for Euphanes is
As full of love, full of humility,

As when he wanted.
Mer. Oh! that——
Leo. Help! ſhe faints!
Her grief has broke her heart.
Mer. No: That——that——
Age. Miſtreſs, what point you at?
Her lamps are out, yet ſtill ſhe extends her hand
As if ſhe ſaw ſomething antipathous
Unto her virtuous life.
Leo. Still, ſtill ſhe points,
And her lips move, but no articulate ſound
Breathes from 'em. Siſter, ſpeak, what moves you thus?
Bel. Her ſpirits return.
Mer. Oh, hide that fatal ring!
Where had it you, Beliza?
Bel. What hid fate
Depends on it?—Euphanes gave it me,
As holy pledge of future marriage.
Mer. Then is Euphanes the foul raviſher!
Let me ſpeak this, and die. That diſmal night
Which ſeal'd my ſhame upon me, was that ring
The partner of my robb'd virginity.
Leo. Euphanes?
Age. Strange!
Bel. Impoſſible!
Mer. Impoſſible to have redreſs on him,
Chief ſervant of the Queen. Ha! I have read
Somewhere, I'm ſure, of ſuch an injury
Done to a lady, and how ſhe durſt die! [*Exit.*
Age. Oh, follow her, Beliza.
Bel. To aſſure her
The unlikelihood of this. [*Exit.*
Age. Love hides all ſins.
What's to be done, Leonidas?
Leo. Why, this——
Amazement takes up all my faculties!
The plagues of gods and men will muſter all
To avenge this tyranny. Oh, frontleſs man,
To dare do ill, and hope to bear it thus!

First

Firſt let's implore, then cure.

Age. Who, who can truſt
The gentle looks and words of two-fac'd man?
Like Corinth's double torrent, you and I
Will ruſh upon the land; nor ſhall the Queen
Defend this villain in his villainy:
Luſt's violent flames can never be withſtood,
Nor quench'd, but with as violent ſtreams of blood.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Crates, Uncle, Tutor, and Onos.

Onos. THINKS he to carry her, and live

Cra. It ſeems ſo.

And ſhe will carry him, the ſtory ſays.

Onos. Well; hum!
Have I for this, thou fair, but falſeſt fair,
Stretch'd this ſame ſimple leg over the ſea?
What tho' my baſhfulneſs, and tender years,
Durſt ne'er reveal my affection to thy teeth?
Deep Love ne'er tattles, and, ſay they, Love's bit,
The deeper dipp'd, the ſweeter ſtill is it.

Tutor. Oh, ſee the power of love! he ſpeaks in rhime.

Cra. Oh, love will make a dog howl in rhime.
Of all the lovers yet I have heard or read,
This is the ſtrangeſt: But his Guardian,
And you his Tutor, ſhould inform him better;
Thinks he that love is anſwer'd by inſtinct?

Tutor. He ſhould make means;
For certain, Sir, his baſhfulneſs undoes him,
For from his cradle, h' had a ſhameful face.
Thus walks he night and day, eats not a bit,
Nor ſleeps one jot, but's grown ſo humorous,
Drinks ale, and takes tobacco as you ſee,
Wears a ſteeletto at his codpiece cloſe,

Stabs on the leaſt occaſion; ſtrokes his beard,
Which now he puts i' th' poſture of a T,
The Roman T; your T beard is the faſhion,
And twifold doth expreſs the enamour'd courtier,
As full as your fork-carving traveller [30].

[30] Fork-*carving traveller.*] As every new cuſtom is a good fund for ſatire, to your wits of all ſorts; ſo I imagine here, could we know the preciſe time when this play was wrote, we might fix the æra of the introduction of *forks*, the uſe of which it ſo agreeably bantered. Nor are our Authors the only ſatiriſts upon this occaſion. Ben Jonſon has joined the laugh with 'em againſt this cuſtom, in his Devil's an Aſs, act v. ſcene iv. Meercraft ſays to Gilt-head and Sledge.

'Have I deſerv'd this from you two? for all
'My pains at court, to get you each a patent.
'*Gilt.* For what?
'*Meer.* Upo' my project o' the *forks*.
'*Sle. Forks?* what be they? [*The project of* forks.
'*Meer.* The laudable uſe of *forks*,
'Brought into cuſtom here as they are in Italy,
'To th' ſparing o' *napkins*.' *Sympſon.*

The 'preciſe time' when the uſe of *forks* was introduced into this kingdom will appear with certainty, from the following extract from 'Coryat's Crudities, haſtily gobled up in five Moneths Travells in 'France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia, commonly called the Griſons Coun-'try, Helvetia, alias Switzerland, ſome parts of High-Germany, 'and the Netherlands, *&c.* 1611,' 4to, p. 90. As the paſſage is curious, on account of its deſcribing one of the cuſtoms of the times, we ſhall make no apology for the length of it. 'Here I wil men-'tion a thing that might have been ſpoken of before, in diſcourſe of 'the firſt Italian towne. I obſerved a cuſtome in all thoſe Italian 'cities and townes through the which I paſſed, that is not uſed in any 'other country that I ſaw in my travels, neither do I thinke that any 'other nation of Chriſtendome doth uſe it, but only Italy. The 'Italian, and alſo moſt ſtrangers that are commorant in Italy, doe al-'waies at their meales uſe a little *forke*, when they cut their meate. 'For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut 'the meate out of the diſh, they faſten their *forke*, which they hold 'in their other hand, upon the ſame diſh. So that whatſoever he be 'that ſitting in the company of any others at meale, ſhould unad-'viſedly touch the diſh of meate with his fingers from which all at 'the table doe cut, he will give occaſion of offence unto the com-'pany, as having tranſgreſſed the lawes of good manners, inſomuch 'that for his error he ſhall be at leaſt brow-beaten, if not repre-'hended in wordes. This forme of feeding I underſtand is gene-'rally uſed in all places of Italy, their *forkes* being for the moſt part 'made of yron or ſteele, and ſome of ſilver, but thoſe are uſed only 'by gentlemen. The reaſon of this their curioſity is, becauſe the 'Italian cannot by any meanes indure to have his diſh touched with 'fingers,

Onos. Oh, black clouds of diſcontent, invelop me;
Garters, fly off; go, hatband, bind the brows
Of ſome dull citizen that fears to ake;
And, leg, appear now in ſimplicity,
Without the trappings of a courtier;
Burſt, buttons, burſt, your bachelor is worm'd!

Cra. A worm-eaten bachelor thou art indeed.

Onos. And, devil Melancholy, poſſeſs me now[30]!

Uncle. Croſs him not in this fit I adviſe you, Sir.

Onos. Die, crimſon roſe, that didſt adorn theſe cheeks,
For itch of love is now broke forth on me!

Uncle. Poor boy, 'tis true; his wriſts and hands are ſcabby.

Onos. Burn, eyes, out in your ſockets, ſink and ſtink;
Teeth, I will pick you to the very bones;
Hang, hair, like hemp, or like the Iſling cur's[31],
For never powder, nor the criſping-iron,
Shall touch theſe dangling locks; oh, ruby lips,
Love hath to you been like wine vinegar,
Now you look wan and pale, lips, ghoſts ye are,
And my diſgrace ſharper than muſtard-ſeed!

Cra. How like a chandler he does vent his paſſions! *Riſum teneatis?*

Onos. Well ſung the poet,
Love is a golden *bubo*, full of dreams;

---

fingers, ſeeing all mens fingers are not alike cleane. Hereupon, I myſelf thought good to imitate the Italian faſhion, by this *forked* cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but alſo in Germany, and oftentimes in England ſince I came home; being once quipped for that frequent uſing of my *forke*, by a certaine learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one M. Laurence Whitaker, who in his merry humour doubted not to call me at table *Furcifer*, only for uſing a *forke* at feeding, but for no other cauſe.' *R.*

[30] Poſſeſſes *me now.*] So all former editions.

[31] Iſling *curs.*] Probably ISLAND *curs*, as in the following paſſage from Maſſinger's Picture, act v. ſcene i.

'——would I might lie
'Like a dog under her table, and ſerve for a footſtool,
'So I might have my belly full of that
'Her *Iſland* cur refuſes.' *R.*

That ripen'd breaks, and fills us with extremes.
Tutor. A golden *bubble*, pupil; oh, groſs ſoleciſm
To chaſter ears that underſtand the Latin.
Onos. I will not be corrected now;
I am in love! Revenge is now the cud
That I do chew: I'll challenge him.
Cra. Ay, marry, Sir.
Uncle. Your honour bids you, nephew; on and proſper.
Onos. But none will bear it from me; times are dangerous.
Cra. Carry it yourſelf, man.
Onos. Tutor, your counſel. I'll do nothing, Sir,
Without him.
Uncle. This may rid thee, valiant coz,
Whom I have kept this forty year my ward;
Fain would I have his ſtate, and now of late
He did enquire at Epheſus for his age [32],
But the church-book being burnt with Dian's temple,
He loſt his aim. I've tried to famiſh him,
Marry he'll live o' th' ſtones; and then for poiſons,
He is an antidote 'gainſt all of 'em;
He ſprung from Mithridates; he's ſo dry and hot,
He will eat ſpiders faſter than a monkey;
His maw, unhurt, keeps quickſilver like a bladder;
The largeſt doſe of camphire, opium,
Harms not his brain; I think his ſkull's as empty
As a ſuck'd egg; vitriol and oil of tartar
He will eat toaſts of; henbane, I am ſure,
And hemlock, I have made his pot-herbs often.
Cra. If he refuſe you, yours is then the honour;
If he accept, he being ſo great, you may
Crave both to chuſe the weapon, time, and place,
Which may be ten years hence, and Calicut,
Or underneath the line, to avoid advantage.
Onos. I am reſolv'd.
Tutor. By your favour, pupil,

[32] *For his age,*] 'Tis to be wiſhed our Authors had not been guilty of this and the like anachroniſms. *Sympſom.*

Whence

Whence ſhall this challenge riſe? for you muſt ground it
On ſome ſuch fundamental baſe, or matter,
As now the gentry ſet their lives upon.
Did you e'er cheat him at ſome ordinary,
And durſt he ſay ſo, and be angry? if thus,
Then you muſt challenge him. Hath he call'd your whore
Whore? tho' ſhe be, beſide yours, twenty mens',
Your honour, reputation, is touch'd then,
And you muſt challenge him. Has he denied
On thirty *damme's* to accommodate money?
Tho' you have broke threeſcore before to him [33],
Here you muſt challenge him. Durſt he ever ſhun
To drink two pots of ale wi'ye? or to wench,
Tho' weighty buſineſs otherwiſe importun'd?
He is a proud lord,
And you may challenge him. Has he familiarly
Diſlik'd your yellow ſtarch [34], or ſaid your doublet
Was not exactly frenchified? or that, that report
In fair terms was untrue? or drawn your ſword,
Cried 'twas ill mounted? has he given the lie
In circle, or oblique, or ſemi-circle,

[33] *Though* he *have broke threeſcore before to* you.] Amended in 1750.

[34] Yellow *ſtarch*.] This was invented by one Turner, a tire-woman, a court bawd; who, afterwards, was amongſt the miſcreants concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, for which ſhe was hanged at Tyburn, and would die in a *yellow* ruff of her own invention: Which made *yellow* ſtarch ſo odious, that it immediately went out of faſhion. *Warburton.*

Stubbs, in his Anatomie of Abuſes, publiſhed in 1595, ſpeaks of ſtarch of various colours.

——'The one arch or pillar wherewith the devil's kingdome of great ruffes is underpropped, is a certain kinde of liquid matter, which they call *ſtarch*, wherein the devill hath learned them to waſh and die their ruffes, which, being drie, will ſtand ſtiff and inflexible about their neckes. And this ſtarch they make of divers ſubſtances, ſometimes of wheate flower, of branne, and other graines: Sometimes of rootes, and ſometimes of other thinges: Of all collours and hues, as white, redde, blewe, purple, and the like.'

In The World toſs'd at Tennis, a maſque by Middleton, 1620, *the five ſtarches* are perſonified, and introduced conteſting for ſuperiority. *Steevens.*

Or

Or direct parallel? you muſt challenge him.

Onos. He never gave my direct apparel[35] the lie in's life.

Tutor. But, for the crown of all, has he refus'd
To pledge your miſtreſs' health? tho' he were ſick,

Enter Neanthes and Page.

And crav'd your pardon, you muſt challenge him,
There's no avoiding; one or both muſt drop.

Onos. Exquiſite Tutor!

Nean. Crates, I've ſought you long; what make you here
Fooling with theſe three-farthings, while the town
Is all in uproar, and the prince our maſter,
Seiz'd by Leonidas and Agenor, carried
And priſoner kept i'th' caſtle flanks
The Weſt part of the city, where they vow
To hold him 'till your brother, lord Euphanes,
Be render'd to 'em, with his life to ſatisfy
The rape, by him ſuſpected to Merione?
The Queen refuſes to deliver him,
Pawning her knowledge for his innocency,
And dares 'em do their worſt on prince Theanor;
The whole ſtate's in combuſtion.

Cra. Fatal ring!

Uncle. What will become of us?

Nean. And ſhe hath given commiſſion to Euphanes
And Conon, who have levied men already,
With violence to ſurprize the tower, and take 'em.
What will you do?

Cra. Along wi'ye, and prevent
A further miſchief. Gentlemen, our intents
We muſt defer; you are the prince's followers.

Nean. Will ye walk with us?

Uncle. You ſhall pardon us.

Tutor. We are his followers afar off, you know,

[35] *My direct apparel.*] Sympſon, not thinking this blunder of Onos was intended by the Poets, reads,

He never gave me th' direct parallel *lie in's life.*

And

And are contented to continue ſo. [*Exe. Cra. and Nean.*

Onos. Sir boy!

Page. Sir fool! a challenge to my lord?
How dar'ſt thou, or thy ambs-ace here, think of him?
Ye crow-pick'd heads, which your thin ſhoulders bear
As do the poles on Corinth bridge the traitors';
Why, you three nine-pins, you talk of my lord,
And challenges? you ſhall not need: Come, draw;
His Page is able to ſwinge three ſuch whelps.
Uncle, why ſtand ye off? Long-man, advance.

Onos. 'Slight, what have we done, Tutor?

Tutor. He is a boy,
And we may run away with honour.

Page. That ye ſhall not;
And being a boy, I am fitter to encounter
A child in law as you are, under twenty.
Thou ſot, thou three-ſcore ſot! and that's a child
Again, I grant you.

Uncle. Nephew, here's an age:
Boys are turn'd men, and men are children.

Page. Away, ye peaſants with your bought gentry!
Are not you he, when your fellow paſſengers,
Your laſt tranſportment, being aſſail'd by a galley,
Hid yourſelf i'th' cabbin; and the fight done
Peep'd above hatches, and cried, 'Have we taken,
'Or are we ta'en?' Come, I do want a ſlipper,
But this ſhall ſerve: Swear all as I would have you,
Or I will call ſome dozen brother pages,
(They're not far off, I'm ſure) and we will blanket you
Until you piſs again.

All. Nay, we will ſwear, Sir.

Page. 'Tis your beſt courſe.
Firſt, you ſhall ſwear never to name my lord,
Or hear him nam'd hereafter, but bare-headed;
Next, to begin his health in every place,
And never to refuſe to pledge it, tho'
You forfeit to the death; laſtly, to hold
The pooreſt, littleſt page in reverence,
To think him valianter, and a better gentleman,

Than

Than you three ſtamp'd together, and to give him
Wine and tobacco whereſoe'er you meet,
And the beſt meat, if he can ſtay.

All. We ſwear it loyally.

Page. Then I diſmiſs you,
True liegemen to the pantofle;
I had more articles, but I have buſineſs
And cannot ſtay now: So adieu, dear monſieur,
Tres noble & tres puiſſant!

Uncle. Adieu, monſieur!

Onos. A voſtre ſervice & commandement.

Tutor. I told you, pupil, you'd repent this foollery.

Onos. Who? I repent? you are miſtaken, Tutor,
I ne'er repented any thing yet in my life,
And ſcorn to begin now. Come, let's be melancholy[36].
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Queen, Euphanes, Conon, and Lords.

Lord. 'Twere better treat with 'em.

Queen. I will no treaties
With a league-breaker and a rebel; ſhall I
Article with a traitor? be compell'd
To yield an innocent unto their fury,
Whom I have prov'd ſo to you?

Euph. Gracious Queen,
Tho' your own godlike diſpoſition
Would ſuccour virtue, and protect the right;
Yet, for the publick good, for the dear ſafety
Of your moſt royal only ſon, conſent
To give me up the ſacrifice to their malice:
My life is aim'd at, and 'twere better far
The blood of twenty thouſand ſuch as I
Purpled our ſeas, than that your princely ſon
Should be endanger'd.

Queen. Still well ſaid, honeſt fool!

[36] *Come, let's be* melancholy.] See note 58, on the Mad Lover.

Were

Were their demand but one hair from thy head,
By all the gods, I'd ſcorn 'em! Were they here,
The majeſty that dwells upon this brow
Should ſtrike 'em on their knees. As for my ſon,
Let 'em no more dare than they'll anſwer: I
An equal mother to my country am,
And every virtuous ſon of it is ſon
Unto my boſom, tender as mine own.

Con. Oh, you are heav'nly, madam, and the gods
Can ſuffer nothing paſs to injure you!
The life that Conon promis'd, he ſtands now
Ready to pay with joy.

Queen. Farewell both;
Succeſs attend you! you have ſoldiers been,
Tam Marti quam Mercurio; if you bring not peace,
Bring me their heads.

Con. I will put fair for one. [*Exe. Queen and Lords.*

Euph. Double the guard upon her highneſs' perſon.
Conon, you muſt perform a friendly part,
Which I ſhall counſel you.

Con. I am your ſervant. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Theanor, Agenor, and Leonidas, above.

Leo. Make good that fortification, and the watch
Keep ſtill upon the battlements. Royal Sir,
Weigh but our injuries; we have told you fully
The manner and the matter hales us thus;
Nor ſhall this upſtart muſhroom, bred i' th' night,
Sit brooding underneath your mother's wings
His damn'd impieties.

Age. For yourſelf, brave prince,
Fear nothing that this face of arms preſents;
We aſk the raviſher, and have no means
To win him from your moſt indulgent mother
But by this practice.

The. Stout Leonidas,
Princely Agenor, your wrongs cry ſo loud,

That

That whoſo would condemn you is not heard;
I blame you not; who but Euphanes durſt
Make ſtories like to this? My wrongs, as ſtrong,
Aſk my revengeful arm to ſtrengthen yours;
As for my fear, know you, and Greece throughout,

Enter Euphanes and Conon.

Our mother was a Spartan princeſs born,
That never taught me to ſpell ſuch a word.
Con. Sir, you do tempt your life.
Euph. Conon, no more.
Do thus, as thou wouldſt ſave it. [*Sound trumpet within.*
Age. What trumpet's this?
Leo. Beneath I do perceive
Two arm'd men ſingle, that give us ſummons
As they would treat.
Age. Let us deſcend.
Con. My lord,
I would you would excuſe me, and proceed
According to the Queen's directions.
Euph. Friend,
As thou wouldſt wear that title after death,

Enter below Theanor, Agenor, Leonidas, and ſoldiers.

Perform my charge. No ſoldier, on his life,
Approach us nearer.
Con. Safety to both the princes; loyalty
To you, lord general. The Queen, your miſtreſs
As well as ours, tho' not thro' fear [37], to cut
Civil diſſention from her land, and ſave
Much guiltleſs blood, that uproar ever thirſts,
And for the ſafeguard of her ſon, by me
(As you demand) hath ſent the lord Euphanes
To plead his own cauſe, or to ſuffer death,
As you ſhall find him worthy; ſo, delivering
The prince back, I ſhall leave him to your guard.
Leo. The Queen is good and gracious: Kiſs her hand.
Age. And ſeal our duties. Sir, depart in peace.

[37] *Though not* to *fear.*] Amended by Sympſon.

The. Oh, Sir, you now perceive, when in the ſcales
Nature and fond affection weigh together,
One poizes like a feather; and you know, my lords,
What's to be done.

Euph. Your highneſs is unarm'd;
Pleaſe you to uſe mine, and to lead the army
Back to your mother. Conon, march you with 'em.

Con. I will, my lord.—But not ſo far as not
To bring you help, if danger look upon you. [*Exit.*

Euph. Why do you look ſo ſtrangely, fearfully,
Or ſtay your deathful hand? Be not ſo wiſe
To ſtop your rage. Look how unmov'dly here
I give myſelf my country's ſacrifice,
An innocent ſacrifice: Truth laughs at death,
And terrifies the killer more than kill'd;
Integrity thus armleſs ſeeks her foes,
And never needs the target nor the ſword,
Bow, nor envenom'd ſhafts.

Leo. We are amaz'd,
Not at your eloquence, but impudence,
That dare thus front us.

Age. Kill him! Who knows not
The iron forehead that bold Miſchief wears?

Leo. Forbear awhile, Agenor; I do tremble,
And ſomething ſits like virtue in his face,
Which the gods keep.

Euph. Agenor, ſtrike; Leonidas,
You that have purchas'd fame on certain grounds,
Loſe it on ſuppoſition; Smear your hands
In guiltleſs blood, laugh at my martyrdom;
But yet remember, when poſterity
Shall read your volumes fill'd with virtuous acts,
And ſhall arrive at this black bloody leaf,
Noting your fooliſh barbariſm, and my wrong,
(As time ſhall make it plain) what follows this
Decyphering any noble deed of yours
Shall be quite loſt, for men will read no more.

Leo. Why, dare you ſay you're innocent?

Euph. By all the gods, as they, of this foul crime,

Why,

Why, gentlemen, pry clean thro' my life,
Then weigh theſe circumſtances. Think you that he
Which made day night, and men to furies turn'd,
Durſt not truſt ſilence, vizors, nor her ſenſe
That ſuffer'd; but with charms and potions
Caſt her aſleep, (for all this I've enquir'd)
Acted the fable of Proſerpine's rape,
The place (by all deſcription) like to hell;
And all to perpetrate unknown his luſt;
Would fondly in his perſon bring a ring,
And give it a betrothed wife, i' th' ſame houſe
Where the poor injur'd lady liv'd and groan'd?

Age. Hell gives us art to reach the depth of ſin,
But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in.

Euph. Had it giv'n me that art, and left me ſo,
I would not thus into the lion's jaws
Have thruſt myſelf defenceleſs, for your good,
The prince's ſafety, or the commonweal's.
You know the Queen denied me, and ſent us
Commanders to ſurprize you, and to raze
This tower down; we had power enough to do it,
Or ſtarve you, as you ſaw, and not to tender
My perſon to your wrath, which I have done,
Knowing my heart as pure as infants' ſleep.

Leo. What think you, Sir?

Age. No harm, I'm ſure; I weep.

Euph. The gods are juſt, and mighty. But to give you
Further aſſurance, and to make yourſelves
Judges and witneſſes of my innocence,
Let me demand this queſtion; on what night
Was this foul deed committed?

Age. On the eve
Before our marriage meant.

Euph. Leonidas,
(Your rage being off, that ſtill drowns memory)
Where was yourſelf and I that very night,
And what our conference?

Leo. By the gods, 'tis true:

Both

Both in her highneſs' chamber, conferring
Even of this match until an hour of day,
And then came I to call you. We are ſham'd!
Age. Utterly loſt, and ſham'd!
Euph. Neither; be chear'd;
He that could find this out, can pardon it.
And know, this ring was ſent me from the Queen;
How ſhe came by it, yet is not enquir'd:
Deeper occurrents hang on't, and pray Heav'n
That my ſuſpicions prove as falſe as yours!
Which for the world ('till I have greater proof)
I dare not utter what, nor whom they touch:
Only this build upon, with all my nerves
I'll labour with ye, 'till Time waken Truth.
Age. There are our ſwords, Sir; turn the points on us.
Leo. Puniſh rebellion, and revenge your wrong.
Euph. Sir, my revenge ſhall be to make your peace:
Neither was this rebellion, but raſh love.

Enter Conon.

Con. How's this? Unarm'd left, now found doubly arm'd?
And thoſe, that would have ſlain him, at his feet?
Oh, Truth, thou art a mighty conquereſs.—
The Queen, my lord, perplex'd in care of you,
That, croſs to her command, hazard yourſelf,
In perſon here is come into the field,
And, like a leader, marches in the head
Of all her troops; vows that ſhe will demoliſh
Each ſtone of this proud tower, be you not ſafe;
She chafes like ſtorms in groves, now ſighs, now weeps,
And both ſometimes, like rain and wine commix'd;
Abjures her ſon for ever, 'leſs himſelf
Do fetch you off in perſon, that did give
Yourſelf to ſave him of your own free will,
And ſwears he muſt not, nor is fit to live.
Euph. Oh, ſhe's a miſtreſs for the gods!
Age. And thou
A godlike ſervant, fit for her.

Leo. Wide Greece
May boaſt, becauſe ſhe cannot boaſt thy like.
Euph. Thus, Conon, tell her highneſs.
Con. My joy flies!
Euph. Let's tow'rd her march. Stern drum, ſpeak gentle peace.
Leo. We are priſoners; lead us. Ne'er was known
A precedent like this; one unarm'd man,
Suſpected, to captive with golden words
(Truth being his ſhield) ſo many arm'd with ſwords.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter, at one door, Queen, Theanor, Crates, Conon, lords, and ſoldiers; at another, Euphanes (with two ſwords), Agenor, Leonidas, and ſoldiers. Euphanes preſents Leonidas on his knees to the Queen; Agenor, bare-headed, makes ſhow of ſorrow to the Queen; ſhe ſtamps, and ſeems to be angry at the firſt. Euphanes perſuades her, lays their ſwords at her feet; ſhe kiſſes him, gives them their ſwords again, they kiſs her hand and embrace; the ſoldiers lift up Euphanes, and ſhout. Theanor and Crates diſcovered; Conon whiſpers with Crates, Euphanes with Agenor, and Leonidas obſerves it, who ſeem to promiſe ſomething; Euphanes directs his Page ſomewhat. Exeunt all but Theanor and Crates.

The. We are not lucky, Crates; this great torrent
Bears all before him.
Cra. Such an age as this
Shall ne'er be ſeen again. Virtue grows fat,
And Villainy pines; the furies are aſleep;
Miſchief, 'gainſt goodneſs aim'd, is like a ſtone,
Unnat'rally forc'd up an eminent hill,
Whoſe weight falls on our heads and buries us;
We ſpringe ourſelves, we ſink in our own bogs.
The. What's to be done?
Cra. Repent, and grow good.
The. Piſh!
'Tis not the faſhion, fool, 'till we grow old.

The

The peoples' love to him now ſcares me more
Than my fond mother's; both which, like two floods,
Bearing Euphanes up, will o'erflow me;
And he is worthy: 'Would he were in Heav'n!
But that hereafter. Crates, help me now,
And henceforth be at eaſe.

Cra. Your will, my lord?

The. Beliza is to marry him forthwith;
I long to have the firſt touch of her too;
That will a little quiet me.

Cra. Fy, Sir!
You'll be the tyrant to Virginity;
To fall but once is manly, to perſevere
Beaſtly, and deſp'rate.

The. Croſs me not, but do't:
Are not the means, the place, the inſtruments,
The very ſame? I muſt expect you ſuddenly. [*Exit.*

Cra. I muſt obey you.
Who is in evil once a companion,
Can hardly ſhake him off, but muſt run on.
Here I appointed Conon to attend,
Him, and his ſword; he promis'd to come ſingle,

Enter Conon and Page.

To avoid prevention: He's a man on's word.

Con. You're well met, Crates.

Cra. If we part ſo, Conon.

Con. Come, we muſt do theſe mutual offices;
We muſt be our own ſeconds, our own ſurgeons,
And fairly fight, like men, not on advantage.

Cra. You have an honeſt boſom.

Con. Your's ſeems ſo.

Cra. Let's pair our ſwords: You are a juſt gentleman.

Con. You might be ſo. Now ſhake hands, if you pleaſe;
Tho' it be the cudgel faſhion, 'tis a friendly one.

Cra. So; ſtand off.

Page. That's my cue to beckon 'em. [*Exit.*

Con. Crates, to expoſtulate your wrongs to me
Were to doubt of 'em, or wiſh your excuſe
In words, and ſo return like maiden knights;
Yet freely thus much I profeſs; your ſpleen
And rugged carriage toward your honour'd brother
Hath much more ſtirr'd me up, than mine own cauſe;
For I did ne'er affect theſe bloody men,
But hold 'em fitter be made public hangmen,
Or butchers call'd than valiant gentlemen.
'Tis true, ſtamp'd valour does upon juſt grounds;
Yet for whom juſtlier ſhould I expoſe my life
Than him, unto whoſe virtue I owe all.

Cra. Conon, you think by this great deed of yours
To inſinuate yourſelf a lodging nearer
Unto my brother's heart: Such men as you
Live on their undertakings for their lords,
And more diſable them by anſwering for 'em,
Than if they ſat ſtill; make 'em but their whores,
For which end gallants now-a-days do fight.
But here we come not to upbraid; what men
Seem the raſh world will judge; but what they are,
Heav'n knows: And this—Horſes? we are deſcried[39]:
One ſtroke, for fear of laughter.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, and Page.

Con. Half a ſcore.

Euph. Hold, hold! on your allegiance, hold!

Age. He that ſtrikes next——

Leo. Falls like a traitor on our ſwords.

Euph. Oh, Heav'n, my brother bleeds! Conon, thou art
A villain, an unthankful man, and ſhalt
Pay me thy blood for his, for his is mine!
Thou wert my friend, but he is ſtill my brother;
And tho' a friend ſometimes be nearer ſaid,

[39] Horſes, *we are deſcry'd.*] Sympſon would read,
CURSE ON'T, *we are deſcry'd.*

In-

In ſome gradation, it can never be,
Where that ſame brother can be made a friend;
Which, deareſt Crates, thus low I implore:
What in my poverty I would not ſeek,
Becauſe I would not burden you, now here
In all my height of bliſs I beg of you,
Your friendſhip; my advancement, Sir, is yours;
I never held it ſtrange; pray uſe it ſo.
We are but two, which number Nature fram'd
In the moſt uſeful faculties of man,
To ſtrengthen mutually and relieve each other:
Two eyes, two ears, two arms, two legs and feet,
That where one fail'd, the other might ſupply;
And I, your other eye, ear, your arm and leg,
Tender my ſervice, help, and ſuccour to you.

Age. Leo. A moſt divine example!

Euph. For, dear brother,
You have been blind, and lame, and deaf, to me;
Now be no more ſo: In humility
I give you the duty of a younger brother,
Which take you as a brother, not a father,
And then you'll pay a duty back to me.

Cra. 'Till now I have not wept theſe thirty years.

Euph. Diſcording brothers are like mutual legs,
Supplanting one another; he that ſeeks
Aid from a ſtranger, and forſakes his brother,
Does but like him that madly lops his arm,
And to his body joins a wooden one;
Cuts off his natural leg, and truſts a crutch;
Plucks out his eye to ſee with ſpectacles.

Cra. Moſt dear Euphanes, in this crimſon flood
Waſh my unkindneſs out; you have o'ercome me,
Taught me humanity and brotherhood:
Full well knew Nature thou wert fitter far
To be a ruler o'er me than a brother,
Which henceforth be! Jove ſurely did deſcend,
When thou wert gotten, in ſome heav'nly ſhape,
And greet my mother, as the poets tell
Of other women.

Age. Be this holiday!
Leo. And noted ever with the whiteſt ſtone!
Con. And pardon me, my lord! Look you, I bleed
Faſter than Crates. What I've done I did
To reconcile your loves, to both a friend;
Which my blood cement, never to part or end!
Age. Moſt worthy Conon!
Leo. Happy riſe; this day
Contracts more good than a whole age hath done.
Euph. Royal Agenor, brave Leonidas,
You are main cauſes, and muſt ſhare the fame.
Cra. Which, in ſome part, this hour ſhall requite,
For I have aim'd my black ſhafts at white marks,
And now I'll put the clue into your hands,
Shall guide you moſt perſpicuouſly to the depth
Of this dark labyrinth, where ſo long you were loſt
Touching this old rape, and a new intent,
Wherein your counſel, and your active wit,
My deareſt brother, will be neceſſary.
Euph. My prophecy is come; prove my hopes true,
Agenor ſhall have right, and you no wrong.
Time now will pluck her daughter from her cave[40].
Let's hence, to prevent rumour. My dear brother,
Nature's divided ſtreams the higheſt ſhelf
Will over-run at laſt, and flow to itſelf. [*Exeunt.*

[40] *Time now will pluck, &c.*] 'In the title-page of this laſt,' (viz. the edition of The Poeſies of George Gaſcoigne, Eſq. 1575) 'by 'way of printer's or bookſeller's device, is an ornamental wooden 'cut, tolerably well executed, wherein Time is repreſented drawing 'the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, '*Occulta veritas tempore patet.*' Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. iii. This ſeems to have ſuggeſted the idea in the above line. Dr. Percy adds, that 'it was not improbable but the accidental ſight 'of this, or ſome other title-page containing the ſame device, ſug-'geſted to Rubens that well-known deſign of a ſimilar kind, which 'he has introduced into the Luxemburg-gallery, and which has been 'ſo juſtly cenſured for the unnatural manner of its execution.' *R.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Crates, Euphanes, Neanthes, Soſicles, and Eraton.

Euph. I'VE won the lady to it, and that good
Which is intended to her, your faith only
And ſecreſy muſt make perfect; think not, Sir,
I ſpeak as doubting it, for I dare hazard
My ſoul upon the trial.
Cra. You may ſafely;
But are Agenor and Leonidas ready
To ruſh upon him in the act, and ſeize him
I' th' height of his ſecurity?
Euph. At all parts
As you could wiſh them.
Cra. Where's the lady?
Euph. There
Where you appointed her to ſtay.
Cra. 'Tis wiſely order'd.
Euph. Laſt, when you have him ſure, compel him this way;
For, as by accident, here I'll bring the Queen
To meet you; 'twill ſtrike greater terror to him,
To be ta'en unprovided of excuſe,
And make more for our purpoſes. [*Exit.*
Cra. Come, Neanthes;
Our fames and all are at the ſtake.
Nean. 'Tis fit,
That ſince relying on your ſkill, we venture
So much upon one game, you play with cunning,

Enter Theanor.

Or we ſhall riſe ſuch loſers as——
Soſ. The prince!
Cra. The plot is laid, Sir; howſoe'er I ſeem'd
A little ſcrupulous, upon better judgment

I have effected it.

The. 'Tis the laſt ſervice
Of this foul kind I will employ you in.

Cra. We hope ſo, Sir.

The. And I will ſo reward it——

Nean. You are bound to that; in every family
That does write luſtful, your fine bawd gains more
(For, like your broker, he takes fees on both ſides)
Than all the officers o' th' houſe.

Sof. For us then
To be a great man's pandars, and live poor,
That were a double fault.

Cra. Come, you loſe time, Sir;
We will be with you inſtantly: The deed done,
We have a maſque that you expect not.

The. Thou
Art ever careful; for Jove's Mercury
I would not change thee. [*Exit.*

Era. There's an honour for you.

Nean. To be compar'd with the celeſtial pimp,
Jove's ſmock-ſworn ſquire, don Hermes.

Cra. I'll deſerve it;
And, gentlemen, be aſſur'd, tho' what we do now
Will to the prince Theanor look like treaſon
And baſe diſloyalty, yet the end ſhall prove,
(When he's firſt taught to know himſelf, then you)
In what he judg'd us falſe, we were moſt true. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, and Conon.

Euph. Only make haſte, my lords; in all things elſe
You are inſtructed: You may draw your ſwords
For ſhow, if you think good, but on my life
You will find no reſiſtance in his ſervants,
And he's himſelf unarm'd.

Age. I would he were not;
My juſt rage ſhould not then be loſt.

Euph.

Euph. Good Sir,
Have you a care no injury be done
Unto the perſon of the prince; but, Conon,
Have you an eye on both; it is your truſt
That I rely on.
Con. Which I will diſcharge,
Aſſure yourſelf, moſt faithfully.
Euph. For the lady,
I know your beſt reſpect will not be wanting:
Then, to avoid ſuſpicion and diſcovery,
I hold it requiſite, that as ſoon as ever
The Queen hath ſeen her, ſhe forſake the place,
And fit herſelf for that which is projected
For her good, and your honour.
Leo. If this proſper,
Believe it you have made a purchaſe of
My ſervice and my life.
Euph. Your love I aim at.
Leo. Here I ſhall find you?
Euph. With the Queen.
Con. Enough, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Page.

Page. The Queen enquires for you, my lord; I've met
A dozen meſſengers in ſearch of you.

Enter Queen, ladies and attendants.

Euph. I knew I ſhould be ſought for. As I wiſh'd,
She's come herſelf in perſon.
Queen. Are you found, Sir?
I wonder where you ſpend your hours; methinks
Since I ſo love your company, and profeſs
'Tis the beſt comfort this life yields me, mine
Should not be tedious to you.
Euph. Gracious madam,
To have the happineſs to ſee and hear you,
Which by your bounty is conferr'd upon me,
I hold ſo great a bleſſing, that my honours

And

And wealth, compar'd to that, are but as cyphers
To make that number greater; yet your pardon
For borrowing from my duty ſo much time,
As the proviſion for my ſudden marriage
Exacted from me.

Queen. I perceive this marriage
Will keep you often from me; but I'll bear it.
She's a good lady, and a fair, Euphanes:
Yet, by her leave, I will ſhare with her in you;
I am pleas'd that in the night ſhe ſhall enjoy you,
And that's ſufficient for a wife; the day-time
I will divorce you from her.

Leo. [*within.*] We will force you,
If you reſiſt.

Queen. What noiſe is that?

The. [*within.*] Baſe traitors!

Euph. It moves this way.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas with Theanor, Merione like Beliza, Conon, Crates, Neanthes, Soſicles, Eraton, and guard.

Queen. Whate'er it be, I'll meet it;
I was not born to fear. Who's that? Beliza?

Euph. My worthieſt, nobleſt miſtreſs! [*Exit Mer.*

Queen. Stay her! ha?
All of you look as you were rooted here,
And wanted motion: What new Gorgon's head
Have you beheld, that you are all turn'd ſtatues?
This is prodigious! has none a tongue
To ſpeak the cauſe?

Leo. Could every hair, great Queen,
Upon my head yield an articulate ſound,
And all together ſpeak, they could not yet
Expreſs the villainy we have diſcover'd:
And yet, when with a few unwilling words
I have deliver'd what muſt needs be known;
You'll ſay I am too eloquent, and wiſh
I had been born without a tongue.

Queen. Speak boldly;

For

For I, unmov'd with any loſs, will hear.

Leo. Then know, we have found out the raviſher
Of my poor ſiſter, and the place and means
By which th' unfortunate, tho' fair Beliza,
Hath met a ſecond violence.

Euph. This confirms
What but before I doubted to my ruin.
My lady raviſh'd?

Queen. Point me out the villain,
That guilty wretched monſter, that hath done this,
That I may look on him; and in mine eye
He reads his ſentence.

Leo. That I truly could
Name any other but the prince! that heard,
You have it all.

Queen. Wonder not that I ſhake;
The miracle is greater that I live,
Having endur'd the thunder that thy words
Have thrown upon me!—Dar'ſt thou kneel, with hope [*Theanor kneels.*
Of any favour, but a ſpeedy death,
And that too in the dreadfull'ſt ſhape that can
Appear to a deſpairing leprous ſoul,
If thou haſt any? No, libidinous beaſt,
Thy luſt hath alter'd ſo thy former being,
By Heav'n I know thee not!

The. Altho' unworthy,
Yet ſtill I am your ſon.

Queen. Thou lieſt, lieſt falſly!
My whole life never knew but one chaſte bed,
Nor e'er deſir'd warmth but from lawful fires;
Can I be then the mother to a goat,
Whoſe luſt is more inſatiate than the grave,
And like infectious air engenders plagues,
To murder all that's chaſte or good in woman?
The gods I from my youth have ſerv'd and fear'd,
Whoſe holy temples thou haſt made thy brothels;
Could a religious mother then bring forth
So damn'd an atheiſt? Read but o'er my life,

My

My actions, manners; and, made perfect in them,
But look into the ſtory of thyſelf
As thou art now, (not as thou wert, Theanor)
And reaſon will compel thee to confeſs,
Thou art a ſtranger to me.

Age. Note but how heavy[41]
The weight of guilt is! it ſo low hath ſunk him,
That he wants power to riſe up in defence
Of his bad cauſe.

Queen. Perſuade me not, Euphanes!
This is no prince, nor can claim part in me:
My ſon was born a freeman; this, a ſlave
To beaſtly paſſions, a fugitive
And runaway from Virtue[42]. Bring bonds for him!
By all the honour that I owe to juſtice,
He loſes me for ever that ſeeks to ſave him!
Bind him, I ſay; and like a wretch that knows
He ſtands condemn'd before he hears the ſentence,
With his baſe agents, from my ſight remove him,
And lodge them in the dungeon! as a Queen
And patroneſs to juſtice I command it.
Thy tears are like unſeaſonable ſhowers,
And in my heart now ſteel'd can make no entrance;
Thou'rt cruel to thyſelf, fool, 'tis not want
In me of ſoft compaſſion; when thou left'ſt

---

[41] Agen. *Note but*—] The giving this ſpeech to *Agenor*, as all the copies do, makes ſtrange work with the following one of the Queen. For ſhe bids *Euphanes* perſuade her not, *&c.* But how could he perſuade her, when, by the old edition, not he but *Agenor* had been pleading for the prince? But if we put *Euphanes* for *Agenor*, as I have done, the buſineſs is concluded, and all is right. *Sympſon.*

Mr. Sympſon, not the old copies, makes 'ſtrange work' here; for ſurely the diſputed ſpeech does not 'plead for the prince;' nor does that ſpeech at all ſuit the benignant character of *Euphanes*, though it does the enraged *Agenor*. The *perſuaſion* to which the Queen replies muſt be delivered in dumb-ſhow.

[42] *And* run away *from Virtue.*] The change of the verb into a ſubſtantive, by the help of a poor hyphen, gives a different and elegant ſenſe to this paſſage, which was not one of the cleareſt before. *Sympſon.*

We ſee no neceſſity for the POOR *hyphen*: *Runaway* ſhould be one word.

To

To be a ſon, I ceas'd to be a mother.
Away with them! The children I will leave
To keep my name, to all poſterities,
Shall be the great examples of my juſtice,
The government of my country, which ſhall witneſs
How well I rul'd myſelf. Bid the wrong'd ladies
Appear in court tomorrow; we will hear them;
And by one act of our ſeverity,
For fear of puniſhment, or love to virtue,
Teach others to be honeſt: All will ſhun
To tempt her laws, that would not ſpare her ſon. [*Ex.*

SCENE III.

Enter Onos, Uncle, and Tutor.

Uncle. Nay, nephew!
Tutor. Pupil, hear but reaſon!
Onos. No;
I have none, and will hear none. Oh, my honour!
My honour blaſted in the bud! my youth,
My hopeful youth, and all my expectation
Ever to be a man, are loſt for ever!
Uncle. Why, nephew, we as well as you are dubb'd
Knights o' th' pantofle.
Tutor. And are ſhouted at,
Kick'd, ſcorn'd, and laugh'd at, by each page and groom;
Yet with erected heads we bear it.
Onos. Alas,
You have years, and ſtrength to do it; but were you,
As I, a tender griſtle, apt to bow,
You would like me, with cloaks enveloped,
Walk thus, then ſtamp, then ſtare.
Uncle. He will run mad,
I hope, and then all's mine.
Tutor. Why, look you, pupil,
There are for the recovery of your honour
Degrees of medicines: For a tweak by the noſe
A man's to travel but ſix months, then blow it,

And

And all is well again; the baſtinado
Requires a longer time, a year or two,
And then 'tis buried. I grant you have been baffled;
'Tis but a journey of ſome thirty years,
And it will be forgotten.
Onos. Think you ſo?
Tutor. Aſſuredly.
Uncle. He may make a ſhorter cut,
But hang or drown himſelf, and, on my life,
'Twill no more trouble him.
Onos. I could ne'er endure
Or hemp or water, they are dangerous tools
For youth to deal with; I will rather follow
My Tutor's counſel.
Tutor. Do ſo.
Onos. And put in
For my ſecurity, that I'll not return
In thirty years, my whole 'ſtate to my uncle.
Uncle. That I like well of.
Onos. Still provided, Uncle,
That at my coming home you will allow me
To be of age, that I may call to account
This Page that hath abus'd me.
Uncle. 'Tis a match.
Onos. Then, Corinth, thus the baſhful Lamprias
Takes leave of thee; and for this little time
Of thirty years, will labour all he can,
'Tho' he goes young forth, to come home a man. [*Ex.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Euphanes and Marſhal.

Euph. Are your priſoners ready?
Mar. When it ſhall pleaſe the Queen
To call them forth, my lord.
Euph. Pray you do me the favour
To tell me how they have borne themſelves this night
Of their impriſonment?
Mar. Gladly, Sir: Your brother,

With

With the other courtiers, willingly receiv'd
All courteſies I could offer; eat, and drank,
And were exceeding merry, ſo diſſembling
Their guilt, or confident in their innocence,
That I much wonder'd at it. But the prince,
That, as born higheſt, ſhould have grac'd his fall
With greateſt courage, is ſo ſunk with ſorrow,
That to a common judgment he would ſeem
To ſuffer like a woman; but to me,
That from the experience I have had of many,
Look further in him, I do find the deep
Conſideration of what's paſt, more frights him
Than any other puniſhment.

Euph. That is indeed
True magnanimity; the other but
A deſp'rate baſtard valour.

Mar. I preſs'd to him,
And, notwithſtanding the Queen's ſtrict command,
(Having your lordſhip's promiſe to ſecure me)
Offer'd to free him from his bonds, which he
Refus'd, with ſuch a ſorrow, mix'd with ſcorn,
That it amaz'd me; yet I urg'd his highneſs
To give one reaſon for't: He briefly anſwer'd,
That he had ſat in judgment on himſelf,
And found that he deſerv'd them; that he was
A raviſher, and ſo to ſuffer like one;
Which is the reaſon of my tears, he addeth,
For wer't not I again ſhould break the laws
By ſcorning all their rigour can inflict,
I ſhould die ſmiling.

Euph. I forbear to wonder
That you were mov'd that ſaw this, I am ſtruck
With the relation ſo. 'Tis very well;
See all things ready. I do wiſh I could
Send comfort to the prince; (be ready with him)
'Tis in the Queen's breaſt only, which for us
To ſearch into were ſaucineſs, to determine
What ſhe thinks fit. [*Bar brought in.*

Enter

Enter Leonidas, with Merione in white; Euphanes, with Beliza in black; Queen, Agenor, Conon; Marſhal, with Theanor, Crates, Soſicles, Eraton; lords, ladies and guard.

Lord. Make way there for the Queen!

Queen. Read firſt the law, and what our anceſtors
Have in this caſe provided, to deter
Such-like offenders. To you, gentle ladies,
This only: 'Would I could as well give comfort,
As bid you be ſecure from fear or doubt
Of our diſpleaſure! be as confident
As if your plea were 'gainſt a common man,
To have all right from us; I will not grieve
For what's not worth my pity. Read the law.

Clerk [*reading*]. Lycurgus the nineteenth againſt rapes[43]: It is provided, and publickly enacted and confirmed, That any man of what degree ſoever, offering violence to the chaſtity of a virgin, ſhall, *ipſo facto*, be liable to her accuſation, and according to the ſaid law be cenſur'd; ever provided, that it ſhall be in the choice of the ſaid virgin ſo abuſed, either to compel the offender to marry her without a dowry, if ſo ſhe will be ſatisfied, or demanding his head for the offence, to have that accordingly performed.

Queen. You hear this: What do you demand?

Mer. The benefit
The law allows me.

Bel. For the injury
Done to mine honour, I require his head.

Mer. I likewiſe have an eye upon mine honour;
But knowing that his death cannot reſtore it,
I aſk him for my huſband.

Bel. I was raviſh'd,
And will have juſtice.

Mer. I was raviſh'd too;

[43] Lycurgus *the nineteenth.*] What buſineſs had *Lycurgus*' laws at Corinth? 'Tis an odd proceeding, to commit a rape in one country, and be try'd and condemn'd for it by the laws of another.

Sympſon.

I kneel

I kneel for mercy.
Bel. I demand but what
The law allows me.
Mer. That which I deſire
Is by the ſame law warranted.
Bel. The rape
On me hath made a forfeit of his life,
Which in revenge of my diſgrace I plead for.
Mer. The rape on me gives me the privilege
To be his wife, and that is all I ſue for.
Age. A doubtful caſe.
Leo. Such pretty lawyers, yet
I never ſaw nor read of.
Euph. May the Queen
Favour your ſweet plea, madam!
Bel. Is that juſtice?
Shall one that is to ſuffer for a rape
Be by a rape defended? Look upon
The publick enemy of chaſtity,
This luſtful ſatyr, whoſe enrag'd deſires
The ruin of one wretched virgin's honour
Would not ſuffice; and ſhall the wreck of two
Be his protection? May-be I was raviſh'd
For his luſt only, thou for his defence;
Oh, fine evaſion! ſhall with ſuch a ſlight
Your juſtice be deluded? your laws cheated?
And he that for one fact deſerv'd to die,
For ſinning often, find impunity?
But that I know thee, I would ſwear thou wert
A falſe impoſtor, and ſuborn'd to this:
And it may be thou art, Merione;
For hadſt thou ſuffer'd truly what I have done,
Thou wouldſt like me complain, and call for vengeance,
And, our wrongs being equal, I alone
Should not deſire revenge: But be it ſo!
If thou prevail, even he will puniſh it,
And fooliſh mercy ſhew'd to him undo thee.
Conſider, fool, before it be too late,
What joys thou canſt expect from ſuch a huſband,

To whom thy firſt, and what's more, forc'd embraces,
Which men ſay heighten pleaſure, were diſtaſteful.
Mer. 'Twas in reſpect that then they were unlawful,
Unbleſs'd by Hymen, and left ſtings behind them,
Which from the marriage-bed are ever baniſh'd.
Let this court be then the image of Jove's throne,
Upon which grace and mercy ſtill attend,
To intercede between him and his juſtice;
And ſince the law allows as much to me
As ſhe can challenge, let the milder ſentence,
Which beſt becomes a mother, and a Queen,
Now overcome, nor let your wiſdom ſuffer:
In doing right to her, I in my wrong
Endure a ſecond raviſhment.
Bel. You can free him
Only from that which does concern yourſelf,
Not from the puniſhment that's due to me;
Your injuries you may forgive, not mine;
I plead mine own juſt wreak, which will right both,
Where that which you deſire robs me of juſtice:
'Tis that which I appeal to.
Mer. Bloody woman,
Doſt thou deſire his puniſhment? Let him live then;
For any man to marry where he likes not
Is ſtill a lingring torment.
Bel. For one rape
One death's ſufficient; that way cannot catch me.
Mer. To you I fly then, to your mercy, madam!
Exempting not your juſtice, be but equal;
And ſince in no regard I come behind her,
Let me not ſo be undervalued in
Your highneſs' favour, that the world take notice
You ſo preferr'd her, that in her behalf
You kill'd that ſon you would not ſave for me;
Mercy, oh, mercy, madam!
Bel. Great Queen, juſtice!
Age. With what a maſculine conſtancy the grave lady
Hath heard them both!

Leo.

Leo. Yet how unmov'd ſhe ſits
In that which moſt concerns her!
Con. Now ſhe riſes;
And, having well weigh'd both their arguments,
Reſolves to ſpeak.
Euph. And yet again ſhe pauſes:
Oh, Conon, ſuch a reſolution once
A Roman told me he had ſeen in Cato
Before he kill'd himſelf.
Queen. 'Tis now determin'd.
Merione, I could wiſh I were no Queen,
To give you ſatisfaction; no mother,
Beliza, to content you; and would part
Even with my being, both might have their wiſhes;
But ſince that is impoſſible, in few words
I will deliver what I am reſolv'd on:
The end for which all profitable laws
Were made looks two ways only, the reward
Of innocent good men, and the puniſhment
Of bad delinquents: Ours, concerning rapes,
Provided that ſame latter clauſe of marriage
For him that had fall'n once, not then foreſeeing
Mankind could prove ſo monſtrous, to tread twice
A path ſo horrid. The great law-giver
Draco, that for his ſtrange ſeverity
Was ſaid to write his ſtern decrees in blood,
Made none for parricides, preſuming that
No man could be ſo wicked: Such might be
Lycurgus' anſwer (did he live) for this.
But ſince I find that in my ſon which was not
Doubted in any elſe, I will add to it:
He cannot marry both, but for both dying,
Both have their full revenge.—You ſee, Beliza,
You have your wiſh. With you, Merione,
I'll ſpend a tear or two. So, Heaven forgive thee!
The. Upon my knees I do approve your judgment,
And beg that you would put it into act
With all ſpeed poſſible; only that I may,
Having already made peace with myſelf,

Part ſo with all the world. Princely Agenor,
I aſk your pardon. Yours, my lord Euphanes.
And, Crates, with the reſt too, I forgive you;
Do you the like for me. Yours, gracious mother,
I dare not aſk; and yet if that my death
Be like a ſon of yours, tho' my life was not,
Perhaps you may vouchſafe it. Laſtly, that
Both theſe whom I have wrong'd may wiſh my aſhes
No heavy burden, ere I ſuffer death,
For the reſtoring of Merione's honour,
Let me be married to her; and then die
For you, Beliza.

Queen. Thou haſt made in this
Part of amends to me, and to the world:
Thy ſuit is granted. Call a Flamen forth
To do this holy work; with him a headſman.

Enter Flamen and Executioner.

Raiſe up thy weeping eyes, Merione;
With this hand I confirm thy marriage,
Wiſhing that now the gods would ſhew ſome miracle,
That this might not divorce it.

Cra. To that purpoſe
I am their miniſter. Stand not amaz'd;
To all your comforts, I will do this wonder.
Your majeſty (with your pardon I muſt ſpeak it)
Allow'd once heretofore of ſuch a contract,
Which you repenting afterwards, revok'd it,
Being fully bent to match her with Agenor;
The griev'd prince knowing this, and yet not daring
To croſs what you determin'd, by an oath
Bound me and theſe his followers to do ſomething
That he might once enjoy her; we, ſworn to it,
And eaſily perſuaded, being aſſur'd
She was his wife before the face of Heaven,
Altho' ſome ceremonious forms were wanting,
Committed the firſt rape, and brought her to him,
Which broke the marriage; but when we perceiv'd
He purpos'd to abuſe our ready ſervice

In

In the ſame kind, upon the chaſte Beliza,
Holding ourſelves leſs tied to him than goodneſs,
I made diſcovery of it to my brother,
Who can relate the reſt.

Euph. It is moſt true.

Queen. I would it were!

Euph. In ev'ry circumſtance
It is, upon my ſoul: For this known to me,
I won Merione, in my lady's habit
To be again (but willingly) ſurpriz'd;
But with Agenor, and her noble brother,
With my approv'd friend Conon, with ſuch ſpeed
She was purſued, that, the lewd act ſcarce ended,
The prince (aſſur'd he had enjoy'd Beliza,
For all the time Merione's face was cover'd)
Was apprehended and brought to your preſence,
But not 'till now diſcover'd, in reſpect
I hop'd the imminent danger of the prince,
To which his looſe unquenched heats had brought him,
Being purſued unto the lateſt trial,
Would work in him compunction, which it has done;
And theſe two ladies, in their feign'd contentions,
To your delight I hope have ſerv'd as maſquers
To their own nuptials.

Queen. My choice was worthy
When firſt I look'd on thee: As thou haſt order'd,
All ſhall be done; and not the meaneſt that
Play'd in this unexpected comedy,
But ſhall partake our bounty. And, my lord,
That with the reſt you may ſeem ſatisfied,
If you dare venture on a Queen, not yet
So far in debt to years but that ſhe may
Bring you a luſty boy, I offer up
Myſelf and kingdom, during my life, to you.

Age. It is a bleſſing which I durſt not hope for,
But with all joy receive.

All. We all applaud it.

Queen. Then on unto the temple, where the rites
Of marriage ended, we'll find new delights. [*Exeunt.*

THE TRAGEDY OF BONDUCA.

Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers!
Hear us, ye great revengers! — *Act III.*

J. F. Rigaud del. *C. Grignion Sculp.*

Published as the Act directs, by T. Sherlock, in Bow Street, March 30, 1777.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

BONDUCA.

This Tragedy was firſt printed in the folio edition of 1647. *In the year* 1696, *a friend of George Powell the player, but whoſe name is now unknown, made many alterations in it, and particularly in the firſt two acts. It was then acted at the Theatre-Royal, and printed in quarto in the ſame year. Since that time, two other plays on the ſame ſubject have been brought on the ſtage; one by Charles Hopkins, at the Theatre-Royal in Lincoln's Inn, in the ſucceeding year* 1697; *and the other by Richard Glover, Eſq. at Drury-Lane Theatre, in the year* 1753, *under the title of Boadicea.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Caratach, *general of the Britons, couſin to Bonduca.*
Nennius, *a great ſoldier, a Britiſh commander.*
Hengo, *a brave boy, nephew to Caratach.*
Suetonius, *general to the Roman army in Britain.*
Penius, *a brave Roman commander, but ſtubborn to the general.*
Junius, *a Roman captain, in love with Bonduca's daughter.*
Petillius, *another Roman captain.*
Demetrius, Decius, } *Roman commanders.*
Regulus, Druſius, Macer, Curius, } *Roman officers.*
Judas, *a corporal, a cowardly hungry knave.*
Herald.
Druids.
Soldiers.

WOMEN.

Bonduca, *queen of the Iceni, a brave virago.*
Her two Daughters, *by Praſutagus*[1].

SCENE, BRITAIN.

[1] *Bonduca, queen of the Iceni, a brave virago,* by Proſutagus. *Her two daughters.*] Thus runs the folio of 1679, from which the editor of the octavo inconſiderately copied. The reader will ſee by the courſe of the play, that the alteration made here is undoubtedly what the drawer-up of the *Dramatis Perſonæ* intended. *Sympſon.*

THE

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

BONDUCA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, Hengo, Nennius, and Soldiers.

Bonduca. THE hardy Romans? Oh, ye gods of Britain,
The ruſt of arms, the bluſhing ſhame of ſoldiers!
Are theſe the men that conquer by inheritance?
The fortune-makers? theſe the Julians,

Enter Caratach.

That with the ſun meaſure the end of nature,
Making the world but one Rome, and one Cæſar?
Shame, how they flee! Cæſar's ſoft ſoul dwells in 'em,
Their mothers got 'em ſleeping, Pleaſure nurs'd em;
Their bodies ſweat with ſweet oils, love's allurements,
Not luſty arms. Dare they ſend theſe to ſeek us,
Theſe Roman girls? is Britain grown ſo wanton?

Twice

Twice we have beat 'em, Nennius, ſcatter'd 'em;
And thro' their big-bon'd Germans, on whoſe pikes
The honour of their actions ſits in triumph,
Made themes for ſongs to ſhame 'em: And a woman,
A woman beat 'em, Nennius; a weak woman,
A woman, beat theſe Romans!
Car. So it ſeems;
A man would ſhame to talk ſo.
Bond. Who's that?
Car. I.
Bond. Couſin, d'you grieve my fortunes?
Car. No, Bonduca;
If I grieve, 'tis the bearing of your fortunes:
You put too much wind to your ſail; diſcretion
And hardy valour are the twins of honour,
And, nurs'd together, make a conqueror;
Divided, but a talker. 'Tis a truth,
That Rome has fled before us twice, and routed;
A truth we ought to crown the gods for, lady,
And not our tongues; a truth is none of ours,
Nor in our ends, more than the noble bearing;
For then it leaves to be a virtue, lady,
And we that have been victors, beat ourſelves,
When we inſult upon our honour's ſubject.
Bond. My valiant couſin, is it foul to ſay
What liberty and honour bid us do,
And what the gods allow us?
Car. No, Bonduca;
So what we ſay exceed not what we do.
You call the Romans 'fearful, fleeing Romans,
'And Roman girls, the lees of tainted pleaſures:'
Does this become a doer? are they ſuch?
Bond. They are no more.
Car. Where is your conqueſt then?
Why are your altars crown'd with wreaths of flowers?
The beaſts with gilt horns waiting for the fire?
The holy Druides compoſing ſongs
Of everlaſting life to victory?
Why are theſe triumphs, lady? for a May-game?

For

For hunting a poor herd of wretched Romans?
Is it no more? Shut up your temples, Britons,
And let the huſbandman redeem his heifers,
Put out our holy fires, no timbrel ring,
Let's home and ſleep; for ſuch great overthrows,
A candle burns too bright a ſacrifice,
A glow-worm's tail too full of flame. Oh, Nennius,
Thou hadſt a noble uncle knew a Roman,
And how to ſpeak him, how to give him weight
In both his fortunes.

Bond. By the gods, I think
You dote upon theſe Romans, Caratach!

Car. Witneſs theſe wounds, I do; they were fairly giv'n:
I love an enemy; I was born a ſoldier;
And he that in the head on's troop defies me,
Bending my manly body with his ſword,
I make a miſtreſs. Yellow-treſſed Hymen
Ne'er tied a longing virgin with more joy,
Than I am married to that man that wounds me:
And are not all theſe Roman? Ten ſtruck battles
I ſuck'd theſe honour'd ſcars from, and all Roman;
Ten years of bitter nights and heavy marches,
(When many a frozen ſtorm ſung thro' my cuiraſs,
And made it doubtful whether that or I
Were the more ſtubborn metal) have I wrought thro',
And all to try theſe Romans. Ten times a-night
I've ſwam the rivers, when the ſtars[2] of Rome
Shot at me as I floated, and the billows
Tumbled their watry ruins on my ſhoulders,
Charging my batter'd ſides with troops of agues;
And ſtill to try theſe Romans, whom I found
(And, if I lie, my wounds be henceforth backward,
And be you witneſs, gods, and all my dangers)

[2] *When the* ſtars *of Rome.*] Mr. Theobald in his margin gives us *ſhafts* or *darts*, as thinking the place corrupted. I have not, however, ventured to diſturb the text; as thinking the paſſage right as it ſtands. *Sympſon.*

We think Theobald's conjecture very plauſible.

As

As ready, and as full of that I brought,
(Which was not fear, nor flight) as valiant,
As vigilant, as wiſe, to do and ſuffer,
Ever advanc'd as forward as the Britons,
Their ſleeps as ſhort, their hopes as high as ours,
Ay, and as ſubtle, lady. 'Tis diſhonour,
And, follow'd, will be impudence, Bonduca,
And grow to no belief, to taint theſe Romans.
Have not I ſeen the Britons——

Bond. What?

Car. Diſhearten'd,
Run, run, Bonduca! not the quick rack [3] ſwifter;
The virgin from the hated raviſher
Not half ſo fearful; not a flight [4] drawn home,
A round ſtone from a ſling, a lover's wiſh,
E'er made that haſte that they have. By the gods,
I've ſeen theſe Britons, that you magnify,
Run as they would have out-run time, and roaring,
Baſely for mercy roaring; the light ſhadows,
That in a thought ſcur o'er the fields of corn,
Halted on crutches to 'em.

Bond. Oh, ye powers,
What ſcandals do I ſuffer!

Car. Yes, Bonduca,
I've ſeen thee run too; and thee, Nennius;
Yea, run apace, both; then when Penius
(The Roman girl!) cut thro' your armed carts,
And drove 'em headlong on ye, down the hill;
Then when he hunted ye like Britain foxes,
More by the ſcent than ſight; then did I ſee
Theſe valiant and approved men of Britain,
Like boding owls, creep into tods of ivy,
And hoot their fears to one another nightly.

Nen. And what did you then, Caratach?

Car. I fled too;

---

[3] *The* quick rack.] *i. e.* The *clouds.*

[4] *Not a* flight] Here means *arrow.* So Shakeſpeare in Much Ado about Nothing, act i. ſc. i. makes Beatrice ſay,

He (Benedick) *challeng'd Cupid at the* flight. *Sympſon.*

But

But not ſo faſt; your jewel had been loſt then,
Young Hengo there; he traſht me, Nennius[5]:
For when your fears out-run him, then ſtept I,
And in the head of all the Roman fury
Took him, and, with my tough belt, to my back,
I buckled him; behind him, my ſure ſhield;
And then I follow'd. If I ſay I fought
Five times in bringing off this bud of Britain,
I lie not, Nennius. Neither had you heard
Me ſpeak this, or ever ſeen the child more,
But that the ſon of Virtue, Penius,
Seeing me ſteer thro' all theſe ſtorms of danger,
My helm ſtill in my hand (my ſword), my prow
Turn'd to my foe (my face), he cried out nobly,
Go, Briton, bear thy lion's whelp off ſafely;
Thy manly ſword has ranſom'd thee; grow ſtrong,
And let me meet thee once again in arms;
Then if thou ſtand'ſt, thou'rt mine. I took his offer,
And here I am to honour him.

Bond. Oh, couſin,
From what a flight of honour haſt thou check'd me!
What wouldſt thou make me, Caratach?

Car. See, lady,
The noble uſe of others in our loſſes[6].

---

5 *He* traſht *me, Nennius.*] The more natural as well as uſual word in this place, ſhould have been *trac'd, i. e.* followed, and probably the line run ſo in the Authors MSS. for if I remember right *traſh* abſolutely taken, is not to be met with in the ſenſe here required.
Sympſon.

To TRASH a *hound* is a term of hunting ſtill uſed in the north, and perhaps not uncommon in other parts of England: It is, to *correct*, to *rate*.—Caratach ſays, 'It is very true, Nennius, that I fled from the 'Romans. But recollect, I did not run ſo faſt as you pretend: I 'ſoon ſtood ſtill, to defend your favourite youth Hengo: He STOPPED 'my *flight*, and I ſaved his life.' In this paſſage, where *traſh* properly ſignifies *check*, the commentators ſubſtitute *trace*; a correction which entirely deſtroys the force of the context, and the ſpirit of the reply. *Warton.*

6 ——————— *ſee, lady,*
The noble uſe *of others in our loſſes.*] *i. e.* Obſerve the noble *behaviour* of the Romans when they conquer.

Does

Does this afflict you? Had the Romans cried this,
And, as we have done theirs, ſung out theſe fortunes,
Rail'd on our baſe condition, hooted at us,
Made marks as far as th' earth was ours, to ſhew us
Nothing but ſea could ſtop our flights, deſpis'd us,
And held it equal whether banqueting
Or beating of the Britons were more buſineſs,
It would have gall'd you.

Bond. Let me think we conquer'd.

Car. Do; but ſo think, as we may be conquer'd;
And where we have found virtue, tho' in thoſe
That came to make us ſlaves, let's cheriſh it.
There's not a blow we gave ſince Julius landed,
That was of ſtrength and worth, but, like records,
They file to after-ages. Our regiſters
The Romans are, for noble deeds of honour;
And ſhall we brand their mentions with upbraidings[7]?

Bond. No more; I ſee myſelf. Th' haſt made me, couſin;
More than my fortunes durſt, for they abus'd me,
And wound me up ſo high, I ſwell'd with glory:
Thy temperance has cur'd that tympany,
And giv'n me health again, nay more, diſcretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love theſe Romans.

Car. Thy love and hate are both unwiſe ones, lady.

Bond. Your reaſon?

Nen. Is not peace the end of arms?

Car. Not where the cauſe implies a general conqueſt:
Had we a diff'rence with ſome petty iſle,
Or with our neighbours, lady, for our landmarks,
The taking in of ſome rebellious lord,
Or making head againſt commotions,
After a day of blood, peace might be argued;
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
The liberty we hold as dear as life,
The gods we worſhip, and next thoſe, our honours,

7 *And ſhall we* burn *their mentions.*] The variation in the text, propoſed by Sympſon.

And

And with thoſe ſwords that know no end of battle:
Thoſe men, beſide themſelves, allow no neighbour;
Thoſe minds that where the day is, claim inheritance,
And where the ſun makes ripe the fruits, their harveſt,
And where they march, but meaſure out more ground
To add to Rome, and here i'th' bowels on us;
It muſt not be. No, as they are our foes;
And thoſe that muſt be ſo until we tire 'em;
Let's uſe the peace of honour, that's fair dealing,
But in our ends our ſwords[8]. That hardy Roman
That hopes to graft himſelf into my ſtock,
Muſt firſt begin his kindred under-ground,
And be allied in aſhes.

Bond. Caratach,
As thou haſt nobly ſpoken, ſhall be done;
And Hengo to thy charge I here deliver:
The Romans ſhall have worthy wars.

Car. They ſhall:
And, little Sir, when your young bones grow ſtiffer,
And when I ſee you able in a morning
To beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfaſt,
I'll tie you to a ſword.

Hengo. And what then, uncle?

Car. Then you muſt kill, Sir, the next valiant Roman
That calls you knave.

Hengo. And muſt I kill but one?

Car. An hundred, boy, I hope.

Hengo. I hope five hundred.

Car. That is a noble boy! Come, worthy lady,
Let's to our ſeveral charges, and henceforth
Allow an enemy both weight and worth. [*Exeunt.*

[8] Ends *our ſwords.*] The ſenſe ſeems to labour here; what I have offer'd [*hands* for *ends*] is clear and abſolute. Let us uſe the peace of honour, but not tamely and ſubmiſſively deſire it: No, let us ſeek it with our ſwords in our *hands*, as tho' we cou'd carve it out for ourſelves, if the conditions offer'd are not honourable. *Sympſon.*

Ends here means *purpoſes*: 'We may deal honourably, but our *end* 'muſt be war.' This is the ſum of the whole ſpeech; and the propriety of this interpretation is confirmed by Bonduca afterwards ſaying,

The Romans ſhall have WORTHY WARS.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Junius and Petillius.

Pet. What ail'ſt thou, man? doſt thou want meat?
Jun. No.
Pet. Cloaths?
Jun. Neither. For Heav'ns love, leave me!
Pet. Drink?
Jun. You tire me.
Pet. Come, it is drink; I know 'tis drink.
Jun. 'Tis no drink.
Pet. I ſay, 'tis drink; for what affliction
Can light ſo heavy on a ſoldier,
To dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
Thou ſhalt have drink.
Jun. Prithee, Petillius——
Pet. And, by mine honour, much drink, valiant drink:
Never tell me, thou ſhalt have drink. I ſee,
Like a true friend, into thy wants; 'tis drink;
And when I leave thee to a deſolation,
Eſpecially of that dry nature, hang me.
Jun. Why do you do this to me?
Pet. For I ſee,
Altho' your modeſty would fain conceal it,
Which ſits as ſweetly on a ſoldier
As an old ſide-ſaddle——
Jun. What do you ſee?
Pet. I ſee as fair as day[9], that thou want'ſt drink.
Did I not find thee gaping like an oyſter
For a new tide? Thy very thoughts lie bare,
Like a low ebb; thy ſoul, that rid in ſack,
Lies moor'd for want of liquor. Do but ſee
Into thyſelf; for, by the gods, I do;
For all thy body's chap'd and crack'd like timber,
For want of moiſture: What is't thou want'ſt there, Junius,

9 *As* far *as day.*] Amended in 1750.

An

An if it be not drink?

Jun. You have too much on't.

Pet. It may be a whore too; ſay it be; come, meecher[10],
Thou ſhalt have both; a pretty valiant fellow,
Die for a little lap and lechery?
No, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid in our country,
Thou diedſt o'th' chin-cough. Hear, thou noble Roman,
The ſon of her that loves a ſoldier,
Hear what I promis'd for thee! thus I ſaid:
Lady, I take thy ſon to my companion;
Lady, I love thy ſon, thy ſon loves war,
The war loves danger, danger drink, drink diſcipline,
Which is ſociety and lechery;
Theſe two beget commanders: Fear not, lady;
Thy ſon ſhall lead.

Jun. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, Petillius,
That ſo ridiculous and looſe a mirth
Can maſter your affections.

Pet. Any mirth,
And any way, of any ſubject, Junius,
Is better than unmanly muſtineſs.
What harm's in drink? in a good wholeſome wench?
I do beſeech you, Sir, what error? Yet
It cannot out of my head handſomely,
But thou wouldſt fain be drunk; come, no more fooling;
The general has new wine, new come over.

Jun. He muſt have new acquaintance for it too,
For I will none, I thank ye.

Pet. 'None, I thank you?'
A ſhort and touchy anſwer! 'None, I thank you?'
You do not ſcorn it, do you?

Jun. Gods defend, Sir!
I owe him ſtill more honour.

Pet. 'None, I thank you?'
No company, no drink, no wench, 'I thank you?'
You ſhall be worſe entreated, Sir.

Jun. Petillius,
As thou art honeſt, leave me!

Pet. 'None, I thank you?'

[10] *Meecher.*] See note 55 on the Scornful Lady.

A modeſt and a decent reſolution,
And well put on. Yes; I will leave you, Junius,
And leave you to the boys, that very ſhortly
Shall all ſalute you, by your new ſirname
Of Junius 'None I thank you.' I would ſtarve now,
Hang, drown, deſpair, deſerve the forks[11], lie open
To all the dangerous paſſes of a wench,
Bound to believe her tears, and wed her aches,
Ere I would own thy follies. I have found you,
Your lays, and out-leaps, Junius, haunts, and lodges;
I've view'd you, and I've found you by my ſkill
To be a fool o'th' firſt head, Junius,
And I will hunt you: You're in love, I know it;
You are an aſs, and all the camp ſhall know it;
A peeviſh idle boy, your dame ſhall know it;
A wronger of my care, yourſelf ſhall know it.

Enter Judas and four Soldiers.

Judas. A bean? a princely diet, a full banquet,
To what we compaſs.

1 *Sold.* Fight like hogs for acorns?

2 *Sold.* Venture our lives for pig-nuts?

Pet. What ail theſe raſcals?

3 *Sold.* If this hold, we're ſtarv'd.

Judas. For my part, friends,
Which is but twenty beans a-day, (a hard world
For officers, and men of action!)
And thoſe ſo clipt by maſter Mouſe, and rotten—
(For underſtand 'em French beans, where the fruits
Are ripen'd like the people, in old tubs)
For mine own part, I ſay, I'm ſtarv'd already,
Not worth another bean, conſum'd to nothing,
Nothing but fleſh[12] and bones left, miſerable:

[11] *Forks.*] *i. e.* The *gallows.* *Sympſon.*

[12] Fleſh *and bones left.*] This is really a merry deſcription of a man hunger-ſtarved; he was reduced to fleſh and bones! Why what would he be at? Would he be more than ſo? Modes of ſpeech are ſtrangely altered, if we ſhould not read and the Poets have wrote,
Skin *and bones.* *Sympſon.*

It is meant to be *a merry deſcription*, as the reſt of the ſcene proves.

Now

Now if this muſty provender can prick me,
To honourable matters of atchievement, Gentlemen,
Why, there's the point.
4 Sold. I'll fight no more.
Pet. You'll hang then!
A ſovereign help for hunger. Ye eating raſcals,
Whoſe gods are beef and brewis! whoſe brave angers
Do execution upon theſe, and chibbals [13]!
Ye dog's heads in the porridge-pot! ye fight no more?
Does Rome depend upon your reſolution
For eating mouldy pie-cruſt?
3 Sold. 'Would we had it!
Judas. I may do ſervice, captain.
Pet. In a fiſh-market.
You, corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting
Profit the commonwealth? d' you hope to triumph?
Or dare your vamping valour, goodman Cobler,
Clap a new ſole to th' kingdom? 'Sdeath, ye dog-whelps,
You fight, or not fight?
Judas. Captain!
Pet. Out, ye fleſh-flies!
Nothing but noiſe and naſtineſs!
Judas. Give us meat,
Whereby we may do.
Pet. Whereby hangs your valour?
Judas. Good bits afford good blows.
Pet. A good poſition:
How long is't ſince thou eat'ſt laſt? Wipe thy mouth,

[13] *Chibbals.*] A ſort of onions. So Ben Johnſon, in his Gipſies Metamorphoſed.

'Where the cacklers, but no grunters,
'Shall uncas'd be for the hunters:
'Thoſe we ſtill muſt keep alive;
'I, and put them out to thrive
'In the parks, and in the chaſes,
'And the finer walled places;
'As Saint James's, Greenwich, Tibbals,
'Where the acorns plump as *chibbals*,
'Soon ſhall change both kind and name,
'And proclaim 'em the king's game.' *Sympſon.*

And then tell truth.

Judas. I have not eat to th' purpoſe——

Pet. 'To th' purpoſe?' what's that? half a cow, and garlick?

Ye rogues, my company eat turf, and talk not;
Timber they can digeſt, and fight upon't;
Old mats, and mud with ſpoons, rare meats. Your ſhoes, ſlaves;
Dare ye cry out for hunger, and thoſe extant?
Suck your ſword-hilts, ye ſlaves; if ye be valiant,
Honour will make 'em marchpane. 'To the purpoſe?'
A grievous penance! Doſt thou ſee that gentleman,
That melancholy monſieur?

Jun. Pray you, Petillius!

Pet. He has not eat theſe three weeks.

2 *Sold.* H' has drunk the more then.

3 *Sold.* And that's all one.

Pet. Nor drunk nor ſlept theſe two months.

Judas. Captain, we do beſeech you, as poor ſoldiers,
Men that have ſeen good days, whoſe mortal ſtomachs
May ſometime feel afflictions—— [*To Junius.*

Jun. This, Petillius,
Is not ſo nobly done.

Pet. 'Tis common profit;
Urge him to th' point, he'll find you out a food
That needs no teeth nor ſtomach; a ſtrange furmity
Will feed you up as fat as hens i' th' foreheads,
And make ye fight like fichoks; to him.

Judas. Captain——

Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut?

Pet. See what mettle
It makes in him: Two meals more of this melancholy,
And there lies Caratach.

Judas. We do beſeech you——

2 *Sold.* Humbly beſeech your valour——

Jun. Am I only
Become your ſport, Petillius?

Judas. But to render
In way of general good, in preſervation——

Jun.

Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye ſlaves!
4 *Sold.* Or rather pity——
3 *Sold.* Your warlike remedy againſt the maw-worms.
Judas. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.
Pet. Out with your table-books!
Jun. Is this true friendſhip?
And muſt my killing griefs make others May-games?
Stand from my ſword's point, ſlaves! your poor ſtarv'd ſpirits
Can make me no oblations; elſe, oh, Love,
Thou proudly-blind deſtruction, I would ſend thee
Whole hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my ſorrows.
Judas. Alas, he lives by love, Sir. [*Exit Junius.*
Pet. So he does, Sir;
And cannot you do ſo too? All my company
Are now in love; ne'er think of meat, nor talk
Of what provant is: *Aymes*, and hearty *hey-hoes*.
Are ſallads fit for ſoldiers. Live by meat?
By larding up your bodies? 'tis lewd, and lazy,
And ſhews ye merely mortal, dull, and drives ye
To fight, like camels, with baſkets at your noſes.
Get ye in love! Ye can whore well enough,
That all the world knows; faſt ye into famine,
Yet ye can crawl like crabs to wenches; handſomely
Fall but in love now, as ye ſee example,
And follow't but with all your thoughts, *probatum*,
There's ſo much charge ſav'd, and your hunger's ended. [*Drum afar off.*
Away! I hear the general. Get ye in love all,
Up to the ears in love, that I may hear
No more of theſe rude murmurings; and diſcretely
Carry your ſtomachs, or I propheſy
A pickled rope will choke ye. Jog, and talk not! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, Decius, drum and colours.

Suet. Demetrius, is the meſſenger diſpatch'd
To Penius, to command him to bring up
The Volans regiment?

Dem. He's there by this time.

Suet. And are the horſe well view'd we brought from Mona[14]?

Dec. The troops are full and luſty.

Suet. Good Petillius,
Look to thoſe eating rogues, that bawl for victuals,
And ſtop their throats a day or two: Proviſion
Waits but the wind to reach us.

Pet. Sir, already
I have been tampering with their ſtomachs, which I find
As deaf as adders to delays: Your clemency
Hath made their murmurs, mutinies; nay, rebellions;
Now, an they want but muſtard, they're in uproars!
No oil but Candy, Luſitanian figs,
And wine from Leſbos, now can ſatisfy 'em;
The Britiſh waters are grown dull and muddy,
The fruit diſguſtful; Orontes[15] muſt be ſought for,
And apples from the Happy Iſles; the truth is,
They are more curious now in having nothing,
Than if the ſea and land turn'd up their treaſures.
This loſt the colonies, and gave Bonduca
(With ſhame we muſt record it) time and ſtrength
To look into our fortunes; great diſcretion
To follow offer'd vict'ry; and laſt, full pride
To brave us to our teeth, and ſcorn our ruins.

Suet. Nay, chide not, good Petillius! I confeſs
My will to conquer Mona, and long ſtay
To execute that will, let in theſe loſſes:
All ſhall be right again, and as a pine
Rent from Oeta by a ſweeping tempeſt,
Jointed again, and made a maſt, deſies

[14] *Mona.*] *i. e.* The Iſle of Angleſea.

[15] *Orontes.*] Our Poets are ſadly out here in their choice of pleaſant waters for drinking. Mr. Maundrell ſays, the waters of this river are thick and turbid, as unfit to be drunk, as its fiſh to be eaten. *Choaſpes* was undoubtedly what they would have ſaid, but truſting to memory they made this miſtake. The waters of this river were famous for their fineneſs, &c. and as Ælian tells us were drunk by the Perſian monarchs, let 'em be in what part of their dominions they would. *Sympſon.*

Thoſe

Thoſe angry winds that ſplit him; ſo will I,
Piec'd to my never-failing ſtrength and fortune,
Steer thro' theſe ſwelling dangers, plow their prides up,
And bear like thunder thro' their loudeſt tempeſts.
They keep the field ſtill?

Dem. Confident and full.

Pet. In ſuch a number, one would ſwear they grew:
The hills are wooded with their partizans[16],
And all the vallies overgrown with darts,
As moors are with rank ruſhes; no ground left us
To charge upon, no room to ſtrike. Say fortune
And our endeavours bring us into 'em,
They are ſo infinite, ſo ever-ſpringing,
We ſhall be kill'd with killing; of deſperate women,
That neither fear or ſhame e'er found, the devil
Has rank'd amongſt 'em multitudes; ſay the men fail,
They'll poiſon us with their petticoats; ſay they fail,
They've prieſts enough to pray us into nothing.

Suet. Theſe are imaginations, dreams of nothing;
The man that doubts or fears ——

Dec. I'm free of both.

Dem. The ſelf-ſame I.

Pet. And I as free as any;
As careleſs of my fleſh, of that we call life,
So I may loſe it nobly, as indifferent
As if it were my diet. Yet, noble general,
It was a wiſdom learn'd from you, I learn'd it,
And worthy of a ſoldier's care, moſt worthy,
To weigh with moſt deliberate circumſtance
The ends of accidents, above their offers;
How to go on and get[17]; to ſave a Roman,

[16] *Partizans.*] Pikes or halberts.

[17] *Go on and* get.] *To go on and get* is a little ſavouring of tautology; for if a man *goes on*, in the ſenſe of this paſſage, he cannot chuſe but *get*. *But to go on, and* yet *not loſe a Roman*, is an expreſſion which the words immediately following would induce us to believe the Poets wrote here. I have not however diſturbed the text, and only humbly offer this innovation to the judgment of the reader. *Sympſon.*

To go on and get is, we think, right, and means ſimply *to proceed with advantage.*

Whoſe one life is more worth in way of doing,
Than millions of theſe painted waſps; how, viewing,
To find advantage out; how, found, to follow it
With counſel and diſcretion, leſt mere fortune
Should claim the victory.

Suet. 'Tis true, Petillius,
And worthily remember'd: The rule is certain,
Their uſes no leſs excellent; but where time
Cuts off occaſions, danger, time and all
Tend to a preſent peril[18], 'tis requir'd
Our ſwords and manhoods be beſt counſellors,
Our expeditions, precedents. To win is nothing,
Where Reaſon, Time, and Counſel are our camp-maſters:
But there to bear the field, then to be conquerors,
Where pale Deſtruction takes us, takes us beaten,
In wants and mutinies, ourſelves but handfulls,
And to ourſelves our own fears, needs a new way,
A ſudden and a deſperate execution:
Here, how to ſave, is loſs; to be wiſe, dangerous;
Only a preſent well-united ſtrength,
And minds made up for all attempts, diſpatch it:
Diſputing and delay here cool the courage;
Neceſſity gives time for doubts[19]; (things infinite,
According to the ſpirit they are preach'd to:)
Rewards like them[20], and names for after-ages,
Muſt ſteel the ſoldier, his own ſhame help to arm him:
And having forc'd his ſpirit, ere he cools,
Fling him upon his enemies; ſudden and ſwift,
Like tigers amongſt foxes, we muſt fight for't:

[18] ——danger, *time and all*
Tend to a preſent peril.] i. e. *Danger* tends to a preſent *danger*. Our Poets might have been guilty of ſuch inaccuracy, and they might not. *Evil* is very near in letters to *peril*, taking away the *p*, and might probably have been the word. *Seward.*

[19] *Neceſſity gives time for doubts.*] The whole context ſeems to require *gives* NO *time for doubts*:
DISPUTING *and* DELAY *here cool the courage.*
See the whole ſpeech.

[20] *Rewards* LIKE THEM.] This ſeems to be corrupt; or, which is more probable, there ſeems to be a line loſt here.

Fury

Fury muſt be our fortune; ſhame we've loſt
Spurs ever in our ſides to prick us forward:
There is no other wiſdom nor diſcretion
Due to this day of ruin, but deſtruction;
The ſoldier's order firſt, and then his anger.
Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all.
Suet. Then no doubt
The day muſt needs be ours. That the proud woman
Is infinite in number better likes me,
Than if we dealt with ſquadrons; half her army
Shall choke themſelves, their own ſwords dig their graves.
I'll tell ye all my fears; one ſingle valour,
The virtues of the valiant Caratach,
More doubts me than all Britain: He's a ſoldier
So forg'd out, and ſo temper'd for great fortunes,
So much man thruſt into him, ſo old in dangers,
So fortunate in all attempts, that his mere name
Fights in a thouſand men, himſelf in millions,
To make him Roman: But no more. Petillius,
How ſtands your charge?
Pet. Ready for all employments,
To be commanded too, Sir.
Suet. 'Tis well govern'd;
Tomorrow we'll draw out, and view the cohorts:
I' th' mean time, all apply their offices.
Where's Junius?
Pet. In's cabin, ſick o' th' mumps, Sir.
Suet. How?
Pet. In love, indeed in love, moſt lamentably loving,
To the tune of Queen Dido.
Dec. Alas poor gentleman!
Suet. 'Twill make him fight the nobler. With what lady?
I'll be a ſpokeſman for him.
Pet. You'll ſcant ſpeed, Sir.
Suet. Who is't?
Pet. The devil's dam, Bonduca's Daughter,

Her

Her youngeſt, crack'd i' th' ring.
Suet. I'm ſorry for him:
But ſure his own diſcretion will reclaim him;
He muſt deſerve our anger elſe. Good captains,
Apply yourſelves in all the pleaſing forms
Ye can, unto the ſoldiers; fire their ſpirits,
And ſet 'em fit to run this action;
Mine own proviſions ſhall be ſhar'd amongſt 'em,
'Till more come in; tell 'em, if now they conquer,
The fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em.
Their ſhames forgot, their honours infinite,
And want for ever baniſh'd. Two days hence,
Our fortunes, and our ſwords, and gods be for us!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Penius, Regulus, Macer, and Druſius.

Pen. I *MUST* come?
Macer. So the general commands, Sir.
Pen. I *muſt* bring up my regiment?
Macer. Believe, Sir,
I bring no lie.
Pen. But did he ſay, I *muſt* come?
Macer. So delivered.
Pen. How long is't, Regulus, ſince I commanded
In Britain here?
Reg. About five years, great Penius.
Pen. The general ſome five months. Are all my actions
So poor and loſt, my ſervices ſo barren,
That I'm remember'd in no nobler language
But *muſt* come up?
Macer. I do beſeech you, Sir,
Weigh but the time's eſtate.
Pen. Yes, good lieutenant,

I do,

I do, and his that ſways it. *Muſt* come up?
Am I turn'd bare centurion? *Muſt*, and *ſhall*,
Fit embaſſies to court my honour?

Macer. Sir——

Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my men
Againſt an hundred thouſand barbarous ſlaves
That have march'd name by name with Rome's beſt doers?
Serve 'em up ſome other meat; I'll bring no food
To ſtop the jaws of all thoſe hungry wolves;
My regiment's mine own. I *muſt*, my language?

Enter Curius.

Cur. Penius, where lies the hoſt?

Pen. Where Fate may find 'em.

Cur. Are they ingirt?

Pen. The battle's loſt.

Cur. So ſoon?

Pen. No; but 'tis loſt, becauſe it muſt be won;
The Britons muſt be victors. Whoe'er ſaw
A troop of bloody vultures hovering
About a few corrupted carcaſſes,
Let him behold the ſilly Roman hoſt,
Girded with millions of fierce Britain's ſwains,
With deaths as many as they have had hopes;
And then go thither, he that loves his ſhame!
I ſcorn my life, yet dare not loſe my name.

Cur. Do not you hold it a moſt famous end,
When both our names and lives are ſacrific'd
For Rome's encreaſe?

Pen. Yes, Curius; but mark this too:
What glory is there, or what laſting fame
Can be to Rome or us, what full example,
When one is ſmother'd with a multitude,
And crouded in amongſt a nameleſs preſs?
Honour got out of flint, and on their heads
Whoſe virtues, like the ſun, exhal'd all valours[21],

[21] *Like the ſun, exhal'd all* valours.] The ſimile, and the argument, both ſeem to require us to read *vapours*.

Muſt

Muſt not be loſt in miſts and fogs of people,
Noteleſs, and out of name, both rude and naked[22]:
Nor can Rome taſk us with impoſſibilities,
Or bid us fight againſt a flood; we ſerve her,
That ſhe may proudly ſay ſhe has good ſoldiers,
Not ſlaves to choke all hazards. Who but fools,
That make no diff'rence betwixt certain dying,
And dying well, would fling their fames and fortunes
Into this Britain gulf, this quickſand ruin,
That, ſinking, ſwallows us? what noble hand
Can find a ſubject fit for blood there? or what ſword
Room for his execution? what air to cool us,
But poiſon'd with their blaſting breaths and curſes,
Where we lie buried quick above the ground,
And are with labouring ſweat, and breathleſs pain,
Kill'd like to ſlaves, and cannot kill again?

Druſ. Penius, mark antient wars, and know that then
A captain weigh'd an hundred thouſand men[23].

Pen. Druſius, mark antient wiſdom, and you'll find then,
He gave the overthrow that ſav'd his men.
I muſt not go.

Reg. The ſoldiers are deſirous,
Their eagles all drawn out, Sir.

Pen. Who drew up, Regulus?
Ha? ſpeak! did you? whoſe bold will durſt attempt this?
Drawn out? why, who commands, Sir? on whoſe warrant

[22] But *rude and naked.*] Amended by Sympſon.

[23] ——— *that then*
Captains weigh'd.] The corruption here is very evident, but little trouble will ſet all right. We may read thus,
——— *that* then
Ten captains weigh'd.
Or thus, ——— *that* ten
Captains out-*weigh'd*—The number has either been dropt upon us, or the verb ſuffered a mutilation of its firſt ſyllable: I am for the firſt, and have altered the text accordingly. *Sympſon.*
We do not like either of theſe conjectures, and hope our reading will meet with approbation,

Durſt

Durſt they advance?

Reg. I keep mine own obedience.

Druſ. 'Tis like the general cauſe, their love of honour,
Relieving of their wants——

Pen. Without my knowledge?
Am I no more? my place but at their pleaſures?
Come, who did this?

Druſ. By Heaven, Sir, I am ignorant.

[*Drum ſoftly within, then enter Soldiers with drum and colours.*

Pen. What! am I grown a ſhadow?—Hark! they march.
I'll know, and will be myſelf. Stand! Diſobedience?
He that advances one foot higher, dies for't.
Run thro' the regiment, upon your duties;
And charge 'em, on command, beat back again;
By Heaven, I'll tithe 'em all elſe!

Reg. We'll do our beſt. [*Exe. Druſ. and Reg.*

Pen. Back! ceaſe your bawling drums there,
I'll beat the tubs about your brains elſe. Back!
Do I ſpeak with leſs fear than thunder to ye?
Muſt I ſtand to beſeech ye? Home, home!—Ha!
D'ye ſtare upon me? Are thoſe minds I moulded,
Thoſe honeſt valiant tempers I was proud
To be a fellow to, thoſe great diſcretions
Made your names fear'd and honour'd, turn'd to wild-fires?
Oh, gods, to diſobedience? Command, farewell!
And ye be witneſs with me, all things ſacred,
I have no ſhare in theſe mens' ſhames! March, ſoldiers,
And ſeek your own ſad ruins; your old Penius
Dares not behold your murders.

1 *Sold.* Captain!

2 *Sold.* Captain!

3 *Sold.* Dear, honour'd captain!

Pen. Too, too dear-lov'd ſoldiers,
Which made ye weary of me, and Heav'n yet knows,
Tho' in your mutinies, I dare not hate you;

Take

Take your own wills! 'tis fit your long experience
Should now know how to rule yourſelves; I wrong ye,
In wiſhing ye to ſave your lives and credits,
To keep your necks whole from the axe hangs o'er ye:
Alas, I much diſhonour'd ye; go, ſeek the Britons,
And ſay ye come to glut their ſacrifices;
But do not ſay I ſent ye. What ye have been,
How excellent in all parts, good, and govern'd,
Is only left of my command, for ſtory;
What now ye are, for pity. Fare ye well!

Enter Druſius and Regulus.

Druſ. Oh, turn again, great Penius! ſee the ſoldier
In all points apt for duty.

Reg. See his ſorrow
For's diſobedience, which he ſays was haſte,
And haſte, he thought, to pleaſe you with. See, captain,
The toughneſs of his courage turn'd to water;
See how his manly heart melts.

Pen. Go; beat homeward;
There learn to eat your little with obedience;
And henceforth ſtrive to do as I direct ye.

Macer. My anſwer, Sir. [*Exeunt ſoldiers.*

Pen. Tell the great general,
My companies are no faggots to fill breaches;
Myſelf no man that *muſt*, or *ſhall*, can carry:
Bid him be wiſe, and where he is, he's ſafe then;
And when he finds out poſſibilities,
He may command me. Commend me to the captains.

Macer. All this I ſhall deliver.

Pen. Farewell, Macer! [*Exit.*

Cur. Pray gods this breed no miſchief!

Reg. It muſt needs,
If ſtout Suetonius win; for then his anger,
Beſides the ſoldiers' loſs of due and honour,
Will break together on him.

Druſ. He's a brave fellow;
And but a little hide his haughtineſs,

(Which

(Which is but ſometimes neither, on ſome cauſes)
He ſhews the worthieſt Roman this day living.
You may, good Curius, to the general
Make all things ſeem the beſt.

Cur. I ſhall endeavour.

Pray for our fortunes, gentlemen; if we fall,
This one farewell ſerves for a funeral.
The gods make ſharp our ſwords, and ſteel our hearts!

Reg. We dare, alas, but cannot fight our parts [24].

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Junius, Petillius, and a Herald.

Pet. Let him go on. Stay; now he talks.

Jun. Why,
Why ſhould I love mine enemy? what's beauty?
Of what ſtrange violence, that, like the plague,
It works upon our ſpirits? Blind they feign him;
I'm ſure, I find it ſo——

Pet. A dog ſhall lead you.

Jun. His fond affections blinder——

Pet. Hold you there ſtill!

Jun. It takes away my ſleep——

Pet. Alas, poor chicken!

Jun. My company, content, almoſt my faſhion——

Pet. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.

Jun. 'Tis ſure the plague, for no man dare come near me
Without an antidote; 'tis far worſe, hell.——

Pet. Thou'rt damn'd without redemption then.

Jun. The way to't
Strew'd with fair Weſtern ſmiles, and April bluſhes,
Led by the brighteſt conſtellations; eyes,
And ſweet proportions, envying Heaven; but from thence

[24] *We dare, alas,* &c.] This has hitherto been made a continuation of *Curius*'s ſpeech; but it is impoſſible that this line and that which precedes it ſhould belong to any one perſon. *Curius* is going to the engagement, therefore properly ſpeaks the former, but the latter muſt be ſpoke by either *Druſius* or *Regulus* (who are ſubordinate to Penius), and is expreſſive of their diſcontent at being kept from the field.

No

No way to guide, no path, no wiſdom brings us.
Pet. Yes, a ſmart water, Junius.
Jun. Do I fool?
Know all this, and fool ſtill? Do I know further,
That when we have enjoy'd our ends we loſe 'em,
And all our appetites are but as dreams
We laugh at in our ages?——
Pet. Sweet philoſopher!
Jun. Do I know on ſtill, and yet know nothing?
Mercy, gods!
Why am I thus ridiculous?
Pet. Motley on thee!
Thou art an arrant aſs.
Jun. Can red and white,
An eye, a noſe, a cheek——
Pet. But one cheek, Junius?
An half-fac'd miſtreſs?
Jun. With a little trim,
That wanton fools call faſhion, thus abuſe me?
Take me beyond my reaſon? Why ſhould not I
Dote on my horſe well trapt, my ſword well hatch'd?
They are as handſome things, to me more uſeful,
And poſſible to rule too. Did I but love,
Yet 'twere excuſable, my youth would bear it;
But to love there, and that no time can give me,
Mine honour dare not aſk (ſhe has been raviſh'd),
My nature muſt not know (ſhe hates our nation),
Thus to diſpoſe my ſpirit!
Pet. Stay a little; he will declaim again.
Jun. I will not love! I am a man, have reaſon,
And I will uſe it; I'll no more tormenting,
Nor whining for a wench; there are a thouſand——
Pet. Hold thee there, boy!
Jun. A thouſand will entreat me.
Pet. Ten thouſand, Junius.
Jun. I am young and luſty,
And to my faſhion valiant; can pleaſe nightly.
Pet. I'll ſwear thy back's *probatum*, for I've known thee

Leap

Leap at ſixteen like a ſtrong ſtallion.

Jun. I will be man again.

Pet. Now mark the working!

The devil and the ſpirit tug for't: Twenty pound
Upon the devil's head!

Jun. I muſt be wretched!

Pet. I knew I'd won.

Jun. Nor have I ſo much power
To ſhun my fortune.

Pet. I will hunt thy fortune
With all the ſhapes imagination breeds, [*Muſick.*
But I will fright thy devil. Stay, he ſings now.

[*Song, by Junius, and Petillius after him in mockage.*

Jun. Muſt I be thus abus'd?

Pet. Yes, marry muſt you.
Let's follow him cloſe: Oh, there he is; now read it.

Herald [*reading*]. It is the general's command, that all ſick perſons, old and unable, retire within the trenches; he that fears has liberty to leave the field [25]: Fools, boys, and cowards [26] muſt not come near the regiments, for fear of their infections; eſpecially thoſe cowards they call lovers.

Jun. Ha?

Pet. Read on.

Herald [*reading*]. If any common ſoldier love an enemy, he's whip'd and made a ſlave: If any captain [27], caſt, with loſs of honours, flung out of the army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a ſoldier.

Jun. The pox conſume ye all, rogues! [*Exit.*

Pet. Let this work;
H'has ſomething now to chew upon. He's gone;
Come, ſhake no more.

[25] *He that fears* his *liberty.*] Amended by Sympſon.

[26] *Fools, boys, and* lovers.] Sympſon, to avoid the repetition of *lovers*, reads *cowards*.

[27] *Captain, caſt.*] The reſtoring of the verb here to its ancient undoubted right, makes full and compleat ſenſe, which it could not be ſaid to be before this inſertion. *Sympſon.*

Sympſon reads, HE's *caſt*; but the verb may be very well *underſtood*:

Herald. Well, Sir, you may command me,
But not to do the like again for Europe;
I would have given my life for a bent two-pence.
If I e'er read to lovers whilſt I live again,
Or come within their confines——
Pet. There's your payment,
And keep this private.
Herald. I am ſchool'd for talking. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius.

Pet. How now, Demetrius? are we drawn?
Dem. 'Tis doing;
Your company ſtands fair. But pray you, where's Junius?
Half his command are wanting, with ſome forty
That Decius leads.
Pet. Hunting for victuals.
Upon my life, free-booting rogues! their ſtomachs
Are like a widow's luſt, ne'er ſatisfied.
Dem. I wonder how they dare ſtir, knowing the enemy
Maſter of all the country.
Pet. Reſolute hungers
Know neither fears nor faiths; they tread on ladders,
Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers [28].
Dem. They may be hang'd tho'.
Pet. There's their joyful ſupper;
And no doubt they are at it.
Dem. But, for Heaven's ſake,
How does young Junius?
Pet. Drawing on, poor gentleman.
Dem. What, to his end?
Pet. To the end of all fleſh, woman.
Dem. This love has made him a ſtout ſoldier.
Pet. Oh, a great one,

[28] *Ropes, gallows, and overdo all dangers.*] The verſe and the ſenſe here both ſeem to labour: I hope I have ſupplied the one, and remedied the other. *To overdo a danger* is an expreſſion I don't remember, but *to overlook one* common. *Sympſon.*

Sympſon reads, *ropes*, gallows's, *and* overlook *all danger*. To OVERDO *all danger* is to *run more riſques than the occaſion requires.* We ſee no need of altering the old text.

Fit

Fit to command young goſlings. But what news?

Dem. I think the meſſenger's come back from Penius
By this time; let's go know.

Pet. What will you ſay now
If he deny to come, and take exceptions
At ſome half ſyllable, or ſound deliver'd
With an ill accent, or ſome ſtile left out?

Dem. I cannot think he dare.

Pet. He dare ſpeak treaſon,
Dare ſay what no man dares believe, dares do——
But that's all one: I'll lay you my black armour
To twenty crowns, he comes not.

Dem. Done.

Pet. You'll pay?

Dem. I will.

Pet. Then keep thine old uſe, Penius!
Be ſtubborn and vainglorious, and I thank thee.
Come, let's go pray for ſix hours; moſt of us
I fear will trouble Heav'n no more: Two good blows
Struck home at two commanders of the Britons,
And my part's done.

Dem. I do not think of dying.

Pet. 'Tis poſſible we may live; but, Demetrius,
With what ſtrange legs, and arms, and eyes, and noſes,
Let carpenters and copper-ſmiths conſider.
If I can keep my heart whole, and my windpipe,
That I may drink yet like a ſoldier——

Dem. Come, let's have better thoughts; mine's on your armour.

Pet. Mine's in your purſe, Sir; let's go try the wager! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Judas and his four companions (halters about their necks), Bonduca, her Daughters, and Nennius following.

Bond. Come, hang 'em preſently.

Nen. What made your rogueſhips

Harrying[29] for victuals here? are we your friends?
Or do you come for ſpies? Tell me directly,
Would you not willingly be hang'd now? Don't ye long for't?

Judas. What ſay ye? ſhall we hang in this vein? Hang we muſt,
And 'tis as good to diſpatch it merrily,
As pull an arſe like dogs to't.

1 *Sold.* Any way,
So it be handſome.

3 *Sold.* I had as lieve 'twere toothſome too:
But all agree, and I'll not ſtick out, boys[30].

4 *Sold.* Let us hang pleaſantly.

Judas. Then pleaſantly be't:
Captain, the truth is, we had as lieve hang
With meat in our mouths, as aſk your pardon empty.

Bond. Theſe are brave hungers.
What ſay you to a leg of beef now, ſirrah?

Judas. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.

Bond. Torment 'em, wenches, (I muſt back) then hang 'em. [*Exit.*

Judas. We humbly thank your Grace!

1 *Daugh.* The rogues laugh at us.

2 *Daugh.* Sirrah, what think you of a wench now?

Judas. A wench, lady?
I do beſeech your ladyſhip, retire;
I'll tell you preſently: You ſee the time's ſhort;
One craſh, even to the ſettling of my conſcience.

Nen. Why, is't no more but up, boys?

Judas. Yes, ride too, captain;
Will you but ſee my ſeat?

1 *Daugh.* Ye ſhall be ſet, Sir,
Upon a jade ſhall ſhake ye.

Judas. Sheets, good madam,
Will do it ten times better.

1 *Daugh.* Whips, good ſoldier,

[29] *Harrying.*] To *harry* is to *plunder* or *oppreſs*. *Johnſon.*

[30] *I'll not out, boys.*] Here ſeems to be a deficiency in the expreſſion, which by the inſertion of a monoſyllable, I hope I have made up. *Sympſon.*

Which

Which you ſhall taſte before you hang, to mortify you;
'Tis pity you ſhould die thus deſperate.
2 *Daugh.* Theſe are the merry Romans, the brave madcaps:
'Tis ten to one we'll cool your reſolutions.
Bring out the whips.
Judas. 'Would your good ladyſhips
Would exerciſe 'em too!
4 *Sold.* Surely, ladies[11],
We'll ſhew you a ſtrange patience.
Nen. Hang 'em, raſcals!
They'll talk thus on the wheel.

Enter Caratach.

Car. Now, what's the matter?
What are theſe fellows? what's the crime committed,
That they wear necklaces?
Nen. They're Roman rogues,
Taken a-foraging.
Car. Is that all, Nennius?
Judas. 'Would I were fairly hang'd! This is the devil,
The kill-cow Caratach.
Car. And you would hang 'em?
Nen. Are they not enemies?
1 *Sold.* My breech makes buttons.
1 *Daugh.* Are they not our tormentors?
Car. Tormentors? flea-traps!
Pluck off your halters, fellows.
Nen. Take heed, Caratach;
Taint not your wiſdom.
Car. Wiſdom, Nennius?
Why, who ſhall fight againſt us, make our honours,
And give a glorious day into our hands,
If we diſpatch our foes thus? What's their offence?
Stealing a loaf or two to keep out hunger?
A piece of greaſy bacon, or a pudding?
Do theſe deſerve the gallows? They are hungry,
Poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, ſtarv'd:

[11] Surely, *ladies.*] Seward reads, *Securely, ladies.*

Art thou not hungry?
Judas. Monſtrous hungry.
Car. He looks
Like Hunger's ſelf. Get 'em ſome victuals,
And wine to cheer their hearts; quick! Hang up poor pilchers?
2 *Sold.* This is the braveſt captain——
Nen. Caratach,
I'll leave you to your will.
Car. I'll anſwer all, Sir.
2 *Daugh.* Let's up and view his entertainment of 'em!
I am glad they're ſhifted any way; their tongues elſe
Would ſtill have murder'd us.
1 *Daugh.* Let's up and ſee it! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hengo.

Car. Sit down, poor knaves! Why, where's this wine and victuals?
Who waits there?
Serv. [*within.*] Sir, 'tis coming.
Hengo. Who are theſe, uncle?
Car. They are Romans, boy.
Hengo. Are theſe they
That vex mine aunt ſo? can theſe fight? they look
Like empty ſcabbards all, no mettle in 'em;
Like men of clouts, ſet to keep crows from orchards:
Why, I dare fight with theſe.
Car. That's my good chicken!—
And how d'ye? how d'ye feel your ſtomachs?
Judas. Wondrous apt, Sir;
As ſhall appear when time calls.
Car. That's well; down with't.
A little grace will ſerve your turns. Eat ſoftly!
You'll choke, ye knaves, elſe. Give 'em wine!
Judas. Not yet, Sir;
We're even a little buſy.
Hengo. Can that fellow
Do any thing but eat? Thou fellow!
Judas. Away, boy;

Away;

Away; this is no boy's play.
Hengo. By Heaven, uncle,
If his valour lie in's teeth, he's the moſt valiant.
Car. I am glad to hear you talk, Sir.
Hengo. Good uncle, tell me,
What's the price of a couple of cramm'd Romans?
Car. Some twenty Britons, boy; theſe are good ſoldiers.
Hengo. Do not the cowards eat hard too?
Car. No more, boy.
Come, I'll ſit with you too. Sit down by me, boy.
Judas. Pray bring your diſh then.
Car. Hearty knaves! more meat there.
1 *Sold.* That's a good hearing.
Car. Stay now, and pledge me.
Judas. This little piece, Sir.
Car. By Heaven, ſquare eaters!
More meat, I ſay! Upon my conſcience,
The poor rogues have not eat this month! how terribly
They charge upon their victuals! Dare ye fight thus?
Judas. Believe it, Sir, like devils.
Car. Well ſaid, Famine!
Here's to thy general.
Judas. Moſt excellent captain,
I will now pledge thee.
Car. And tomorrow-night, ſay to him,
His head is mine.
Judas. I can aſſure you, captain,
He will not give it for this waſhing.
Car. Well ſaid. [*Daughters above.*
1 *Daugh.* Here's a ſtrange entertainment: How the thieves drink!
2 *Daugh.* Danger is dry; they look'd for colder liquor.
Car. Fill 'em more wine; give 'em full bowls. Which of you all now,
In recompenſe of this good, dare but give me
A ſound knock in the battle?
Judas. Delicate captain,

To do thee a ſufficient recompenſe,
I'll knock thy brains out.
Car. Do it.
Hengo. Thou dar'ſt as well
Be damn'd! thou knock his brains out? thou ſkin of man?
Uncle, I will not hear this.
Judas. Tie up your whelp.
Hengo. Thou kill my uncle? 'Would I had but a ſword
For thy ſake, thou dried dog!
Car. What a mettle
This little vermin carries!
Hengo. Kill mine uncle?
Car. He ſhall not, child.
Hengo. He cannot; he's a rogue,
An only eating rogue! kill my ſweet uncle?
Oh, that I were a man!
Judas. By this wine, which I
Will drink to captain Junius, who loves
The queen's moſt excellent majeſty's little daughter
Moſt ſweetly, and moſt fearfully, I'll do it.
Hengo. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.
Car. No more, boy!
I'll pledge thy captain. To ye all, good fellows!
2 *Daugh.* In love with me? that love ſhall coſt your lives all.
Come, ſiſter, and adviſe me; I have here
A way to make an eaſy conqueſt of 'em,
If fortune favour me. [*Exeunt Daughters.*
Car. Let's ſee you ſweat
Tomorrow blood and ſpirit, boys, this wine
Turn'd to ſtern valour.
1 *Sold.* Hark you, Judas;
If he ſhould hang us after all this?
Judas. Let him:
I'll hang like a gentleman, and a Roman.
Car. Take away there;
They have enough.
Judas. Captain, we thank you heartily

For

For your good cheer; and if we meet tomorrow,
One of us pays for't.

Car. Get 'em guides; their wine
Has over-maſter'd 'em.

Enter Second Daughter and a Servant.

2 *Daugh.* That hungry fellow
With the red beard there, give it him, and this,
To ſee it well deliver'd.

Car. Farewell, knaves!
Speak nobly of us; keep your words tomorrow,

Enter a Guide.

And do ſomething worthy your meat. Go, guide 'em.
And ſee 'em fairly onward.

Judas. Meaning me, Sir?

Serv. The ſame.
The youngeſt daughter to the queen entreats you
To give this privately to captain Junius;
This for your pains!

Judas. I reſt her humble ſervant;
Commend me to thy lady. Keep your files, boys.

Serv. I muſt inſtruct you further.

Judas. Keep your files there!
Order, ſweet friends; faces about[32] now.

Guide. Here, Sir;
Here lies your way.

Judas. Bleſs the founders, I ſay!
Fairly, good ſoldiers, fairly march now; cloſe, boys!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, Decius, and Macer.

Suet. Bid me be wiſe, and keep me where I am,
And ſo be ſafe? not come, becauſe commanded?
Was it not thus?

[32] *Faces about.*] See note 63, on Scornful Lady.

Macer.

Macer. It was, Sir.
Pet. What now think you?
Suet. *Muſt come* ſo heinous to him, ſo diſtaſteful?
Pet. Give me my money.
Dem. I confeſs 'tis due, Sir,
And preſently I'll pay it.
Suet. His obedience
So blind at his years and experience,
It cannot find where to be tender'd?
Macer. Sir,
The regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,
The captains at all points ſteel'd up; their preparations
Full of reſolve and confidence; youth and fire,
Like the fair breaking of a glorious day,
Gilded their phalanx; when the angry Penius
Stept like a ſtormy cloud 'twixt them and hopes.
Suet. And ſtopt their reſolutions.
Macer. True; his reaſon
To them was odds, and odds ſo infinite,
Diſcretion durſt not look upon.
Suet. Well, Penius,
I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think; th' haſt lopt a limb off from me;
And let it be thy glory, thou was ſtubborn,
Thy wiſdom, that thou left'ſt thy general naked!
Yet, ere the ſun ſet, I ſhall make thee ſee
All valour dwells not in thee, all command
In one experience. Thou'lt too late repent this,
And wiſh 'I *muſt* come up' had been thy bleſſing.
Pet. Let's force him.
Suet. No, by no means; he's a torrent
We cannot eaſily ſtem.
Pet. I think, a traitor.
Suet. No ill words! let his own ſhame firſt revile him.
That wine I have, ſee it, Demetrius,
Diſtributed amongſt the ſoldiers,
To make 'em high and luſty; when that's done,
Petillius, give the word thro', that the eagles

May

May preſently advance; no man diſcover,
Upon his life, the enemies' full ſtrength,
But make it of no value. Decius,
Are your ſtarv'd people yet come home?

Dec. I hope ſo.

Suet. Keep 'em in more obedience: This is no time
To chide, I could be angry elſe, and ſay more to you;
But come, let's order all. Whoſe ſword is ſharpeſt,
And valour equal to his ſword this day,
Shall be my ſaint.

Pet. We ſhall be holy all then. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Decius. Enter Judas and his company.

Judas. Captain, captain, I've brought 'em off again;
The drunkenneſt ſlaves!

Dec. Pox confound your rogueſhips!
I'll call the general, and have ye hang'd all.

Judas. Pray who will you command then?

Dec. For you, ſirrah,
That are the ringleader to theſe devices,
Whoſe maw is never cramm'd, I'll have an engine—

Judas. A wench, ſweet captain.

Dec. Sweet Judas, even the forks,
Where you ſhall have two lictors with two whips
Hammer your hide.

Judas. Captain, good words, fair words,
Sweet words, good captain; if you like not us,
Farewell! we have employment.

Dec. Where haſt thou been?

Judas. There where you dare not be, with all your valour.

Dec. Where's that?

Judas. With the beſt good fellow living.

1 *Sold.* The king of all good fellows.

Dec. Who's that?

Judas. Caratach.
Shake now, and ſay, we have done ſomething worthy!
Mark me, with Caratach; by this Heaven, Caratach!
Do you as much now, an you dare. Sweet Caratach!

You

You talk of a good fellow, of true drinking;
Well, go thy ways, old Caratach! Beſides the drink, captain,
The braveſt running banquet of black puddings,
Pieces of glorious beef——
Dec. How ſcap'd ye hanging?
Judas. Hanging's a dog's death, we are gentlemen;
And I ſay ſtill, old Caratach!
Dec. Belike then,
You are turn'd rebels all.
Judas. We're Roman boys all,
And boys of mettle. I muſt do that, captain,
This day, this very day——
Dec. Away, ye raſcal!
Judas. Fair words, I ſay again!
Dec. What muſt you do, Sir?
Judas. I muſt do that my heart-ſtrings yern to do;
But my word's paſt.
Dec. What is it?
Judas. Why, kill Caratach.
That's all he aſk'd us for our entertainment.
Dec. More than you'll pay.
Judas. 'Would I had ſold myſelf
Unto the ſkin I had not promis'd it!
For ſuch another Caratach——
Dec. Come, fool,
Have you done your country ſervice?
Judas. I've brought that
To captain Junius——
Dec. How?
Judas. I think will do all;
I cannot tell; I think ſo.
Dec. How! to Junius?
I'll more enquire of this. You'll fight now?
Judas. Promiſe,
Take heed of promiſe, captain!
Dec. Away, and rank then.
Judas. But, hark ye, captain; there is wine diſtributing

I would

I would fain know what ſhare I have.

Dec. Be gone;
You have too much.

Judas. Captain, no wine, no fighting:
There's one call'd Caratach that has wine.

Dec. Well, Sir,
If you'll be rul'd now, and do well——

Judas. Do excellent.

Dec. You ſhall have wine, or any thing. Go file;
I'll ſee you have your ſhare. Drag out your dormiſe,
And ſtow 'em ſomewhere, where they may ſleep handſomely;
They'll hear a hunts-up ſhortly.

Judas. Now I love thee;
But no more forks nor whips!

Dec. Deſerve 'em not then.
Up with your men; I'll meet you preſently;
And get 'em ſober quickly.

Judas. Arm, arm, bullies!
All's right again and ſtraight; and, which is more,
More wine, more wine. Awake, ye men of Memphis.
Be ſober and diſcreet; we've much to do, boys.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. PREPARE there for the ſacrifice! the queen comes.

Muſick. Enter in ſolemnity the Druids ſinging, the Second Daughter ſtrewing flowers; then Bonduca, Caratach, Nennius, and others.

Bond. Ye powerful gods of Britain, hear our prayers;
Hear us, ye great revengers; and this day
Take pity from our ſwords, doubt from our valours;

Double

Double the ſad remembrance of our wrongs
In every breaſt; the vengeance due to thoſe
Make infinite and endleſs! On our pikes
This day pale Terror ſit, horrors and ruins
Upon our executions; claps of thunder
Hang on our armed carts; and 'fore our troops
Deſpair and Death; Shame beyond theſe attend 'em!
Riſe from the duſt, ye relicks of the dead,
Whoſe noble deeds our holy Druids ſing;
Oh, riſe, ye valiant bones! let not baſe earth
Oppreſs your honours, whilſt the pride of Rome
Treads on your ſtocks, and wipes out all your ſtories!

Nen. Thou great Tiranes[33], whom our ſacred prieſts,
Armed with dreadful thunder, place on high
Above the reſt of the immortal gods,
Send thy conſuming fires and deadly bolts,
And ſhoot 'em home; ſtick in each Roman heart
A fear fit for confuſion; blaſt their ſpirits,
Dwell in 'em to deſtruction; thro' their phalanx
Strike, as thou ſtrik'ſt a proud tree; ſhake their bodies,
Make their ſtrengths totter, and their topleſs[34] fortunes
Unroot, and reel to ruin!

1 *Daugh.* Oh, thou god,
Thou feared god, if even to thy juſtice
Inſulting wrongs, and raviſhments of women,
(Women deriv'd from thee) their ſhames[35], the ſufferings

[33] *Thou great* Tiranes.] Thus wrote our Authors, though the antiquarians of latter days have not follow'd their example.

Mr. Sammes in his Britannia Antiqua Illuſtrata, calls this god *Taramis*: Toland in his Remains, *Taramis* or *Taranis*, but Mr. Baxter allows neither the one or the other. *Jupiter Tonans verò ſive* Tanarus *Lucano* Taranis *Gallorum lingua dicitur. Nam vitioſum eſſe* Taramis, *Britannorum hodiernæ lingua clariſſimo eſt argumento, cui* Tonitrua *dicuntur* Taraneu, *ut ſit ſingulari numero* Taran. *Vid.* Gloſſar. Antiq. Britannic. in voc. Tanarus. From ſo great a choice of names as I have here ſerv'd up, the reader may take which pleaſes him beſt. *Sympſon.*

[34] *Their* topleſs *fortunes.*] This epithet is by no means agreeable to the context; probably we ſhould read *ſapleſs.*

[35] Their *ſhames.*] Sympſon and Seward, THE *ſhames.*

Of

Of thoſe that daily fill'd thy ſacrifice
With virgin incenſe, have acceſs, now hear me!
Now ſnatch thy thunder up, now on theſe Romans,
Deſpiſers of thy power, of us defacers,
Revenge thyſelf; take to thy killing anger,
To make thy great work full, thy juſtice ſpoken,
An utter rooting from this bleſſed iſle
Of what Rome is or has been!

Bond. Give more incenſe!
The gods are deaf and drowſy, no happy flame
Riſes to raiſe our thoughts. Pour on.

2 *Daugh.* See, Heav'n,
And all you pow'rs that guide us, ſee and ſhame,
We kneel ſo long for pity. O'er your altars,
Since 'tis no light oblation that you look for,
No incenſe-offering, will I hang mine eyes;
And as I wear theſe ſtones with hourly weeping,
So will I melt your powers into compaſſion.
This tear for Proſutagus my brave father;
(Ye gods, now think on Rome!) this for my mother,
And all her miſeries; yet ſee, and ſave us!
But now ye muſt be open-ey'd. See, Heaven,
Oh, ſee thy ſhow'rs ſtol'n from thee; our diſhonours,
[*A ſmoke from the altar.*
Oh, ſiſter, our diſhonours! Can ye be gods,
And theſe ſins ſmother'd?

Bond. The fire takes.

Car. It does ſo,
But no flame riſes. Ceaſe your fretful prayers,
Your whinings, and your tame petitions;
The gods love courage arm'd with confidence,
And prayers fit to pull them down: Weak tears
And troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold ſpirits,
They ſit and ſmile at. Hear how I ſalute em:
Divine Andate[16], thou who holdſt the reins

[16] *Divine Andate.*] The real name of this goddeſs, ſays Mr. Baxter from Xiphilin, is not *Andate* but *Andraſta*; and ſo I have ventured to alter the text. *Simpſon.*

Whether the real name of the goddeſs was *Andate* or *Andraſta*, there can be little doubt but that the Authors wrote *Andate*; and therefore it

Of furious battles, and diſorder'd war,
And proudly roll'ſt thy ſwarty chariot-wheels
Over the heaps of wounds and carcaſſes,
Sailing thro' ſeas of blood; thou ſure-ſteel'd ſtern-
neſs,
Give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
Good blows o' both ſides, wounds that fear or flight
Can claim no ſhare in; ſteel us both with angers
And warlike executions fit thy viewing;
Let Rome put on her beſt ſtrength, and thy Britain,
Thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
Meet her as ſtrong as ſhe, as proud, as daring!
And then look on, thou red-ey'd god [37]; who does beſt,
Reward with honour; who deſpair makes fly,
Unarm for ever, and brand with infamy!
Grant this, divine Andate! 'tis but juſtice;
And my firſt blow thus on thy holy altar
I ſacrifice unto thee. [*A flame ariſes.*

Bond. It flames out. [*Muſick.*

Car. Now ſing, ye Druids. [*Song.*

Bond. It is out again.

Car. H'has giv'n us leave to fight yet; we aſk no more;
The reſt hangs in our reſolutions:
Tempt him no more.

Bond. I would know further, couſin.

Car. His hidden meaning dwells in our endeavours,
Our valours are our beſt gods. Chear the ſoldier,
And let him eat.

Meſ. He's at it, Sir.

Car. Away then;

---

it is ſcarce warrantable to alter it. We cannot but obſerve, that Mr. Glover, who wrote a tragedy on this ſtory, follows the Authors in their name of the goddeſs, act i. ſcene i.

'May ſtern *Andate*, war's victorious goddeſs,
'Again reſign me to your impious rage,
'If e'er I blot my ſufferings from remembrance.' *R.*

37 *Thou red-ey'd* God.] As the Greeks uſe Θεὸς, and the Latins *Deus*, both for god and goddeſs; ſo our Poets here have taken the ſame liberty, and call Andraſta *red-ey'd God*, though ſhe was really a goddeſs. *Sympſon.*

When

When he has done, let's march. Come, fear not, lady;
This day the Roman gains no more ground here,
But what his body lies in.

Bond. Now I'm confident. [*Exeunt. Recorders.*

SCENE II.

Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.

Dec. We dare not hazard it; beſide our lives,
It forfeits all our underſtandings.

Jun. Gentlemen,
Can ye forſake me in ſo juſt a ſervice,
A ſervice for the commonwealth, for honour?
Read but the letter; you may love too.

Dec. Read it.
If there be any ſafety in the circumſtance,
Or likelihood 'tis love, we will not fail you:
Read it, good Curius.

Cur. Willingly.

Jun. Now mark it.

Cur. [*reading.*] Health to thy heart, my honour'd Junius,
And all thy love requited! I am thine,
Thine everlaſtingly; thy love has won me;
And let it breed no doubt, our new acquaintance
Compels this; 'tis the gods' decree to bleſs us.
The times are dangerous to meet, yet fail not;
By all the love thou bear'ſt me I conjure thee,
Without diſtruſt of danger, to come to me!
For I have purpos'd a delivery
Both of myſelf and fortune this bleſs'd day
Into thy hands, if thou think'ſt good. To ſhew thee
How infinite my love is, ev'n my mother
Shall be thy priſoner, the day yours without hazard;
For I beheld your danger like a lover,
A juſt affecter of thy faith: Thy goodneſs,
I know, will uſe us nobly; and our marriage,
If not redeem [38], yet leſſen Rome's ambition:

[38] *Redeem*] Probably we ſhould read, *reclaim*. In this place, *redeem* is hardly ſenſe.

I'm weary of theſe miſeries. Uſe my mother
(If you intend to take her) with all honour;
And let this diſobedience to my parent
Be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, Junius,
Spirits reſolv'd to fetch me off, the nobleſt,
Forty will ſerve the turn, juſt at the joining
Of both the battles; we will be weakly guarded,
And for a guide, within this hour, ſhall reach thee
A faithful friend of mine. The gods, my Junius,
Keep thee, and me to ſerve thee! Young Bonvica.

Cur. This letter carries much belief, and moſt objections
Anſwer'd[39], we muſt have doubted.

Dec. Is that fellow
Come to you for a guide yet?

Jun. Yes.

Dec. And examin'd?

Jun. Far more than that; he has felt tortures, yet
He vows he knows no more than this truth.

Dec. Strange!

Cur. If ſhe mean what ſhe writes, as't may be probable,
'Twill be the happieſt vantage we can lean to.

Jun. I'll pawn my ſoul ſhe means truth.

Dec. Think an hour more;

---

39 ——— *and moſt objections*
Anſwer'd, we muſt have doubted.] This is not grammar, without being made an imperfect ſentence: But I believe the original run thus,

———*and thoſe objections*
Anſwers, we muſt have doubted.

or, ———*and thoſe*
Objections anſwers, which we muſt have doubted.

The former makes the following verſes moſt complete. *Seward.*

Perhaps we ſhould read,

This letter carries much belief, and moſt
Objections anſwer'd, elſe *we muſt have doubted.*

The ſimpleſt mode of correction is by inſerting the word *that*, which was probably dropt at preſs,

This letter carries much belief, and moſt
Objections anſwer'd that *we muſt have doubted*;

are is underſtood, according to the elliptical ſtile of our Authors.

Then

Then if your confidence grow ſtronger on you,
We'll ſet in with you.

Jun. Nobly done! I thank ye.
Ye know the time.

Cur. We will be either ready
To give you preſent counſel, or join with you.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and Macer.

Jun. No more, as ye are gentlemen. The general!

Suet. Draw out apace; the enemy waits for us.
Are ye all ready?

Jun. All our troops attend, Sir.

Suet. I'm glad to hear you ſay ſo, Junius;
I hope you're diſpoſſeſs'd.

Jun. I hope ſo too, Sir.

Suet. Continue ſo. And, gentlemen, to you now!
To bid you fight is needleſs; ye are Romans,
The name will fight itſelf: To tell ye who
You go to fight againſt, his power, and nature,
But loſs of time; ye know it [40], know it poor,
And oft have made it ſo: To tell ye further,
His body ſhews more dreadful than it has done,
To him that fears leſs poſſible to deal with,
Is but to ſtick more honour on your actions,
Load ye with virtuous names, and to your memories
Tie never-dying Time and Fortune conſtant.
Go on in full aſſurance! draw your ſwords
As daring and as confident as juſtice;
The gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
Pitch'd on the topleſs Apennine [41], where the ſnow dwells,

[40] Yet *know it.*] Mr. Theobald, Mr. Seward and myſelf, all concurred in this ſlight alteration of the text: Not that I ſhould have taken notice of ſo ſmall a matter, but out of a deſire that the world ſhould know the very minuteſt thing that Mr. Theobald had done in his intended edition of our Authors. *Sympſon.*

Very kind to Mr. Theobald's memory indeed! and very honourable to themſelves! ſince the word YE is not an 'alteration of the 'text,' but the lection of the old books. For an account of other falſhoods in the annotations on this play, ſee p. 329.

[41] ——— *loud fame calls ye,*
Pitch'd on the topleſs Apennine, and blows

And blows to all the under-world, all nations,
The ſeas and unfrequented deſarts; wakens
The ruin'd monuments; and there where nothing
But eternal death and ſleep is, informs again
The dead bones with your virtues. Go on, I ſay
Valiant and wiſe rule Heav'n, and all the great
Aſpects! attend 'em, do but blow upon
This enemy, who but that we want foes,
Cannot deſerve that name; and like a miſt,
A lazy fog, before your burning valours
You'll find him fly to nothing. This is all,
We've ſwords, and are the ſons of antient Romans,
Heirs to their endleſs valours; fight and conquer!

Dec. Dem. It is done.

Pet. That man that loves not this day,
And hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
May he die fameleſs and forgot!

Suet. Sufficient!
Up to your troops, and let your drums beat thunder;
March cloſe and ſudden, like a tempeſt: All executions
[*March.*
Done without ſparkling [42] of the body; keep your phalanx
Sure lin'd, and piec'd together, your pikes forward,
And ſo march like a moving fort. Ere this day run,
We ſhall have ground to add to Rome, well won. [*Exe.*

To all the under world, all nations,
The ſeas, and unfrequented deſarts, where the ſnow dwells;
Wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there
Where nothing but eternal death and ſleep is,
Informs again the dead bones With your virtues,
Go on, I ſay: Valiant and wiſe, rule Heav'n,
And all the great aſpects attend 'em. Do but blow
Upon this enemy, who, but that we want foes, &c.] So run the former editions.—The words, *where the ſnow dwells*, ſeem by ſome accident to have got out of their place. Their tranſpoſition, the new arrangement of the verſes, and punctuation, we hope will be allowed to throw new beauties on the paſſage. The abolition of the period after the words *dead bones* is alſo recommended by Mr. Seward in his Preface.

[42] *Sparkling.*] i. e. *Scattering.* See note 12 on the Loyal Subject; and note 6 on the Humorous Lieutenant.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Caratach and Nennius.

Nen. The Roman is advanc'd; from yond' hill's brow
We may behold him, Caratach. [*A march.*
Car. Let's thither; [*Drums within at one place afar off.*
I ſee the duſt fly. Now I ſee the body.
Obſerve 'em, Nennius; by Heaven, a handſome body,
And, of a few, ſtrongly and wiſely jointed!
Suetonius is a ſoldier.
Nen. As I take it,
That's he that gallops by the regiments,
Viewing their preparations.
Car. Very likely;
He ſhews no leſs than general. See how bravely
The body moves, and in the head how proudly
The captains ſtick like plumes; he comes apace on.
Good Nennius, go, and bid my ſtout lieutenant
Bring on the firſt ſquare body to oppoſe 'em,
And, as he charges, open to encloſe 'em;
The queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
To gain their backs, in which I'll lead the vanguard!
We ſhall have bloody crowns this day, I ſee by't.
Haſte thee, good Nennius; I'll follow inſtantly.
[*Exit Nennius.*
How cloſe they march, as if they grew together,
[*March.*
No place but lin'd alike, ſure from oppreſſion!
They will not change this figure; we muſt charge 'em,
And charge 'em home at both ends, van and rear;
[*Drums in another place afar off.*
They never totter elſe. I hear our muſick,
And muſt attend it: Hold, good ſword, but this day,
And bite hard where I hound thee! and hereafter
I'll make a relick of thee, for young ſoldiers
To come like pilgrims to, and kiſs for conqueſts.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.

Jun. Now is the time; the fellow ſtays.
Dec. What think ye?
Cur. I think 'tis true.
Jun. Alas, if 'twere a queſtion,
If any doubt or hazard fell into't,
D'ye think mine own diſcretion ſo ſelf-blind,
My care of ye ſo naked, to run headlong?
Dec. Let's take Petillius with us!
Jun. By no means;
He's never wiſe but to himſelf, nor courteous,
But where the end's his own: We're ſtrong enough,
If not too many. Behind yonder hill,
The fellow tells me, ſhe attends, weak guarded,
Her mother and her ſiſter.
Cur. I would venture.
Jun. We ſhall not ſtrike five blows for't. Weigh the good,
The general good may come.
Dec. Away! I'll with ye;
But with what doubt——
Jun. Fear not; my ſoul for all!
[*Exeunt. Alarms, drums and trumpets in ſeveral places afar off, as at a main battle.*

SCENE V.

Enter Druſius and Penius above.

Druſ. Here you may ſee 'em all, Sir; from this hill
The country ſhews off level.
Pen. Gods defend me,
What multitudes they are, what infinites!
The Roman power ſhews like a little ſtar

Hedg'd

Hedg'd with a double halo [43].—Now the knell rings:
[*Loud ſhouts.*
Hark, how they ſhout to th' battle! how the air
Totters and reels, and rends apieces, Druſius,
With the huge-vollied clamours!
Druſ. Now they charge
(Oh, gods!) of all ſides, fearfully.
Pen. Little Rome,
Stand but this growing Hydra one ſhort hour,
And thou haſt out-done Hercules!
Druſ. The duſt
Hides 'em; we cannot ſee what follows.
Pen. They're gone,
Gone, ſwallow'd, Druſius; this eternal ſun
Shall never ſee 'em march more.
Druſ. Oh, turn this way,
And ſee a model of the field! ſome forty,
Againſt four hundred!
Pen. Well fought, bravely follow'd!
Oh, nobly charg'd again, charg'd home too! Druſius,
They ſeem to carry it. Now they charge all; [*Loud ſhouts.*
Cloſe, cloſe, I ſay! they follow it. Ye gods,
Can there be more in men? more daring ſpirits?
Still they make good their fortunes. Now they're gone too,
For ever gone! ſee, Druſius, at their backs
A fearful ambuſh riſes. Farewell, valours,
Excellent valours! oh, Rome, where's thy wiſdom?
Druſ. They're gone indeed, Sir.
Pen. Look out toward the army;
I'm heavy with theſe ſlaughters.
Druſ. 'Tis the ſame ſtill,
Cover'd with duſt and fury.

---

[43] ——*little ſtar*
Hedg'd with a double hollow.] Thus the octavo of 1711: The folio of 1679 has *hollo*, that of 1647 *halloa*; which laſt led me to conjecture the real word was *halo*, a well-known term in aſtronomy, and to my great pleaſure I found afterward, Mr. Theobald had placed this very correction in his margin. *Sympſon.*

Enter the two Daughters, with Junius, Curius, Decius, Soldiers, and Servants.

2 *Daugh.* Bring 'em in;
Tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.
1 *Daugh.* Valiant Romans,
Ye're welcome to your loves!
2 *Daugh.* Your death, fools!
Dec. We deſerve 'em;
And, women, do your worſt.
1 *Daugh.* Ye need not beg it.
2 *Daugh.* Which is kind Junius?
Serv. This.
2 *Daugh.* Are you my ſweetheart?
It looks ill on't! How long is't, pretty ſoul,
Since you and I firſt lov'd? Had we not reaſon
To dote extremely upon one another?
How does my love? This is not he; my chicken
Could prate finely, ſing a love-ſong.
Jun. Monſter——
2 *Daugh.* Oh, now it courts!
Jun. Arm'd with more malice
Than he that got thee has, the devil.
2 *Daugh.* Good!
Proceed, ſweet chick.
Jun. I hate thee; that's my laſt.
2 *Daugh.* Nay, an you love me, forward!—No?
Come, ſiſter,
Let's prick our anſwers on our arrows' points,
And make 'em laugh a little. Ye damn'd lechers,
Ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught ye?
Are ye i'th' nooſe? Since ye're ſuch loving creatures,
We'll be your Cupids: Do ye ſee theſe arrows?
We'll ſend them to your wanton livers, goats.
1 *Daugh.* Oh, how I'll trample on your hearts, ye villains,
Ambitious ſalt-itch ſlaves, Rome's maſter-ſins!
The mountain-rams tupt your hot mothers.
2 *Daugh.* Dogs,

To

To whoſe brave founders a ſalt whore gave ſuck!
Thieves, honour's hangmen, do ye grin? Perdition
Take me for ever, if in my fell anger [44],
I do not out-do all example.

Enter Caratach.

Car. Where,
Where are theſe ladies? Ye keep noble quarter!
Your mother thinks you dead or taken, upon which
She will not move her battle.—Sure theſe faces
I have beheld and known; they're Roman leaders!
How came they here?

2 *Daugh.* A trick, Sir, that we us'd;
A certain policy conducted 'em
Unto our ſnare: We've done you no ſmall ſervice.
Theſe us'd as we intend, we are for th' battle.

Car. As you intend? Taken by treachery?

1 *Daugh.* Is't not allow'd?

Car. Thoſe that ſhould gild our conqueſt,
Make up a battle worthy of our winning,
Catch'd up by craft?

2 *Daugh.* By any means that's lawful.

Car. A woman's wiſdom in our triumphs? Out!
Out, out, ye fluts [45], ye follies! From our ſwords
Filch our revenges baſely?—Arm again, gentlemen!
Soldiers, I charge ye help 'em.

2 *Daugh.* By Heaven, Uncle,
We will have vengeance for our rapes!

---

[44] *My* ſelf-*anger.*] *Fell*, as I have corrected the text, and as Mr. Seward likewiſe reads, is undoubtedly the genuine lection. *Sympſon.*

Sympſon may be credited in the aſſertion that FELL is 'undoubtedly 'the genuine lection,' though not in the other, that he has 'cor-'rected the text;' ſince the firſt folio reads FELL, not SELF!—In the ſame ſtile, he tells us, that he and Seward join'd in making Suetonius (p. 331) ſpeak of *Honour's golden* FACE, inſtead of FATE, when the firſt folio exhibits FACE!—And alſo, that 'the other copies' make Caratach ſay to Hengo, (p. 333) THE *fortune's mine*, and he and Seward 'agreed in correcting the place,' by altering THE to THY; though the firſt folio reads THY!

[45] *Out, ye fluts.*] We have added the word *out* here, which we have no doubt was dropt by the compoſitor or tranſcriber.

Car.

Car. By Heaven,
Ye ſhould have kept your legs cloſe then. Diſpatch there!

1 *Daugh.* I will not off thus!

Car. He that ſtirs to execute,
Or ſhe, tho' it be yourſelves, by him that got me,
Shall quickly feel mine anger! One great day given us,
Not to be ſnatch'd out of our hands but baſely,
And muſt we ſhame the gods from whence we have it,
With ſetting ſnares for ſoldiers? I'll run away firſt,
Be hooted at, and children call me coward,
Before I ſet up ſtales for victories[46].
Give 'em their ſwords.

2 *Daugh.* Oh, Gods!

Car. Bear off the women
Unto their mother!

2 *Daugh.* One ſhot, gentle uncle!

Car. One cut her fiddle-ſtring! Bear 'em off, I ſay.

1 *Daugh.* The devil take this fortune!

Car. Learn to ſpin, [*Exeunt Daughters.*
And curſe your knotted hemp!—Go, gentlemen,
Safely go off, up to your troops; be wiſer;
There thank me like tall ſoldiers: I ſhall ſeek ye. [*Ex.*

Cur. A noble worth!

Dec. Well, Junius?

Jun. Pray ye, no more!

Cur. He bluſhes; do not load him.

Dec. Where's your love now? [*Drums loud again.*

Jun. Puff! there it flies. Come, let's redeem our follies. [*Exeunt Junius, Curius, and Decius.*

Druſ. Awake, Sir; yet the Roman body's whole;
I ſee 'em clear again.

Pen. Whole? 'tis not poſſible;
Druſius, they muſt be loſt.

Druſ. By Heav'n, they're whole, Sir,
And in brave doing; ſee, they wheel about
To gain more ground.

Pen. But ſee there, Druſius, ſee,

[46] *Set up* ſcales *for victories.*] Amended in 1750.

See

See that huge battle moving from the mountains!
Their gilt coats ſhine like dragons' ſcales, their march
Like a rough tumbling ſtorm; ſee 'em, and view 'em,
And then ſee Rome no more. Say they fail, look,
Look where the armed carts ſtand; a new army!
Look how they hang like falling rocks! as murdering
Death rides in triumph, Druſius, fell Deſtruction
Laſhes his fiery horſe, and round about him
His many thouſand ways to let out ſouls.
Move me again when they charge, when the mountain
Melts under their hot wheels, and from their ax'trees
Huge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em!
'Till then, I'll dream what Rome was.

Enter Suetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, and Macer.

Suet. Oh, bravely fought!
Honour 'till now ne'er ſhew'd her golden face
I'th' field: Like lions, gentlemen, you've held
Your heads up this day. Where's young Junius,
Curius and Decius?

Pet. Gone to Heav'n, I think, Sir.

Suet. Their worths go with 'em! Breathe a while. How do ye?

Pet. Well; ſome few ſcurvy wounds; my heart's whole yet.

Dem. 'Would they would give us more ground!

Suet Give? we'll have it.

Pet. Have it, and hold it too, deſpite the devil.

Enter Junius, Decius, and Curius.

Jun. Lead up to th' head, and line ſure! The queen's battle
Begins to charge like wildfire. Where's the general?

Suet. Oh, they are living yet. Come, my brave ſoldiers,
Come, let me pour Rome's bleſſing on ye: Live,
Live, and lead armies all! Ye bleed hard.

Jun. Beſt;
We ſhall appear the ſterner to the foe.

Dec.

Dec. More wounds, more honour.
Pet. Loſe no time.
Suet. Away then;
And ſtand this ſhock, ye've ſtood the world.
Pet. We'll grow to't.
Is not this better now than lowſy loving?
Jun. I am myſelf, Petillius.
Pet. 'Tis I love thee [47]. [*Exeunt Romans.*

Enter Bonduca, Caratach, Daughters, and Nennius.

Car. Charge 'em i' th' flanks! Oh, you have play'd the fool,
The fool extremely, the mad fool!
Bond. Why, couſin?
Car. The woman fool! Why did you give the word
Unto the carts to charge down, and our people,
In groſs before the enemy? We pay for't;
Our own ſwords cut our throats! Why, pox on't!
Why do you offer to command? The devil,
The devil, and his dam too! who bid you
Meddle in mens' affairs?
Bond. I'll help all.
Car. Home, [*Exeunt Queen, &c.*
Home and ſpin, woman, ſpin, go ſpin! you trifle.
Open before there, or all's ruin'd!—How?
[*Shouts within.*
Now comes the tempeſt on ourſelves, by Heaven!
Within. Victoria!
Car. Oh, woman, ſcurvy woman, beaſtly woman!
[*Exeunt omnes præter Druſius and Penius.*
Druſ. Victoria, victoria!
Pen. How's that, Druſius?
Druſ. They win, they win, they win! Oh, look, look, look, Sir,
For Heav'n's ſake, look! The Britons fly, the Britons fly! Victoria!

[47] *'Tis I love thee.*] So the former copies. Mr. Seward and myſelf agreed in filling up the deficiency of the ſenſe by the inſertion of *now* into the preſent text. *Sympſon.*

They read, *'Tis now I love thee*; but the former copies are right, as Petillius means to oppoſe *his* love to that of Bonvica.

Enter

Enter Suetonius, Soldiers, and Captains.

Suet. Soft, ſoft, purſue it ſoft, excellent ſoldiers!
Cloſe, my brave fellows, honourable Romans!
Oh, cool thy mettle, Junius; they are ours,
The world cannot redeem 'em: Stern Petillius,
Govern the conqueſt nobly. Soft, good ſoldiers!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, and Britons.

Bond. Shame! whither fly ye, ye unlucky Britons?
Will ye creep into your mothers' wombs again? Back, cowards!
Hares, fearful hares, doves in your angers! leave me?
Leave your queen deſolate? her hapleſs children,

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

To Roman rape again, and fury?
Car. Fly, ye buzzards!
Ye've wings enough, ye fear! Get thee gone, woman,
[*Loud ſhout within.*
Shame tread upon thy heels! All's loſt, all's loſt! Hark,
Hark how the Romans ring our knells! [*Ex. Bond. &c.*
Hengo. Good uncle,
Let me go too.
Car. No, boy; thy fortune's mine;
I muſt not leave thee. Get behind me; ſhake not;

Enter Petillius, Junius, and Decius.

I'll breech you, if you do, boy.—Come, brave Romans!
All is not loſt yet.
Jun. Now I'll thank thee, Caratach. [*Fight. Drums.*
Car. Thou art a ſoldier; ſtrike home, home! have at you!
Pen. His blows fall like huge ſledges on an anvil.
Dec. I'm weary.
Pet. So am I.

Car.

Car. Send more ſwords to me.
Jun. Let's ſit and reſt. [*Sit down.*
Druſ. What think you now?
Pen. Oh, Druſius,
I've loſt mine honour, loſt my name, loſt all
That was my light: Theſe are true Romans, and I
A Briton coward, a baſe coward! Guide me
Where nothing is but deſolation,
That I may never more behold the face
Of man, or mankind know me! Oh, blind Fortune,
Haſt thou abus'd me thus!
Druſ. Good Sir, be comforted;
It was your wiſdom rul'd you. Pray you go home;
Your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
Shall be but foil unto it. [*Retreat.*
Pen. Fool, fool, coward! [*Exe. Penius and Druſius.*

Enter Suetonius, Demetrius, ſoldiers, drum and colours.

Suet. Draw in, draw in!—Well have you fought, and worthy
Rome's noble recompenſe. Look to your wounds;
The ground is cold and hurtful. The proud queen
Has got a fort, and there ſhe and her daughters
Defy us once again: Tomorrow morning
We'll ſeek her out, and make her know our fortunes
Stop at no ſtubborn walls. Come, ſons of Honour,
True Virtue's heirs, thus hatch'd with Britain blood,
Let's march to reſt, and ſet in gules like ſuns.
Beat a ſoft march, and each one eaſe his neighbours!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius, and Demetrius, ſinging.

Pet. SMOOTH was his cheek,
Dec. And his chin it was ſleek,
Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing!
Dem. Junius was this captain's name,
A lad for a laſs's viewing.
Pet. Full black his eye, and plump his thigh,
Dec. Made up for love's purſuing.
Dem. Smooth was his cheek,
Pet. And his chin it was ſleek,
Jun. With, whoop, he has done wooing!
Pet. Oh, my vex'd thief, art thou come home again?
Are thy brains perfect?
Jun. Sound as bells.
Pet. Thy back-worm
Quiet, and caſt his ſting, boy?
Jun. Dead, Petillius,
Dead to all folly, and now my anger only——
Pet. Why, that's well ſaid; hang Cupid and his quiver,
A drunken brawling boy! Thy honour'd ſaint
Be thy ten ſhillings, Junius; there's the money,
And there's the ware; ſquare dealing: This but ſweats thee
Like a neſh nag[48], and makes thee look pin-buttock'd;

[48] *Like a* neſh *nag.*] *Neſh*, i. e. *tender, delicate*, from the *A. S.* neſc, *mollis, delicatus.* *Sympſon.*

So in Chaucer's Court of Love,

'Than flatiry beſpake and ſaid iwis,
'Se ſo ſhe goth on patins faire and fete,
'It doth right well, what pretty man is this,
'That romith here? now truly drink ne mete
'Nede I not have, mine herte for joy doth bete
'Him to beholde, ſo is he godely freſhe,
'It ſemeth for love his herte is tendre and *neſhe*. *R.*

The

The other runs thee whining up and down
Like a pig in a ſtorm, fills thy brains full of ballads,
And ſhews thee like a long Lent, thy brave body
Turn'd to a tail of green fiſh without butter.
Dec. When thou lov'ſt next, love a good cup of wine,
A miſtreſs for a king! ſhe leaps to kiſs thee,
Her red and white's her own, ſhe makes good blood,
Takes none away; what ſhe heats ſleep can help,
Without a groping ſurgeon.
Jun. I am counſel'd;
And henceforth, when I dote again——
Dem. Take heed;
Y'had almoſt paid for't.
Pet. Love no more great ladies;
Thou can'ſt not ſtep amiſs then; there's no delight in 'em:
All's in the whiſtling of their ſnatcht-up ſilks;
They're only made for handſome view, not handling;
Their bodies of ſo weak and waſh a temper,
A rough-pac'd bed will ſhake them all to pieces;
A tough hen pulls their teeth out, tires their ſouls;
Plenæ rimarum ſunt, they're full of rennet,
And take the ſkin off where they're taſted: Shun 'em;
They live in culiſſes, like rotten cocks,
Stew'd to a tenderneſs that holds no tack;
Give me a thing I may cruſh.
Jun. Thou ſpeak'ſt truly:
The wars ſhall be my miſtreſs now.
Pet. Well choſen!
For ſhe's a bouncing laſs; ſhe'll kiſs thee at night, boy,
And break thy pate i' th' morning.
Jun. Yeſterday
I found thoſe favours infinite.
Dem. Wench good enough,
But that ſhe talks too loud.
Pet. She talks to th' purpoſe,
Which never woman did yet. She'll hold grappling,
And he that lays on beſt is her beſt ſervant;
All other loves are mere catching of dottrels,
Stretching

Stretching of legs out only, and trim lazineſs.
Here comes the general.

Enter Suetonius, Curius, and Macer.

Suet. I'm glad I've found ye:
Are thoſe come in yet that purſued bold Caratach?
Pet. Not yet, Sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;
Take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.
Suet. Then haſte, Petillius, haſte to Penius:
I fear the ſtrong conceit of what diſgrace
H' has pull'd upon himſelf, will be his ruin;
I fear his ſoldiers' fury too: Haſte preſently;
I would not loſe him for all Britain. Give him, Petillius——
Pet. That that ſhall choke him. [*Aſide.*
Suet. All the noble counſel,
His fault forgiven too, his place, his honour——
Pet. For me, I think, as handſome—— [*Aſide.*
Suet. All the comfort;
And tell the ſoldier, 'twas on our command
He drew not to the battle.
Pet. I conceive, Sir,
And will do that ſhall cure all.
Suet. Bring him with you
Before the queen's fort, and his forces with him;
There you ſhall find us following of our conqueſt.
Make haſte!
Pet. The beſt I may. [*Exit.*
Suet. And, noble gentlemen,
Up to your companies! we'll preſently
Upon the queen's purſuit. There's nothing done
'Till ſhe be ſeiz'd; without her, nothing won.
[*Exeunt. Short flouriſh.*

SCENE II.

Enter Caratach and Hengo.

Car. How does my boy?

Hengo. I would do well; my heart's well;
I do not fear.
Car. My good boy!
Hengo. I know, uncle,
We muſt all die; my little brother died,
I ſaw him die, and he died ſmiling; ſure
There's no great pain in't, uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither muſt we go when we're dead?
Car. Strange queſtions!—
Why, to the bleſſed'ſt place, boy—Ever-ſweetneſs
And happineſs dwells there.
Hengo. Will you come to me?
Car. Yes, my ſweet boy.
Hengo. Mine aunt too, and my couſins?
Car. All, my good child.
Hengo. No Romans, uncle?
Car. No, boy.
Hengo. I ſhould be loath to meet them there.
Car. No ill men,
That live by violence, and ſtrong oppreſſion,
Come thither; 'tis for thoſe the gods love, good men.
Hengo. Why, then, I care not when I go, for ſurely
I am perſuaded they love me: I never
Blaſphem'd 'em uncle, nor tranſgreſs'd my parents[49];
I always ſaid my prayers.
Car. Thou ſhalt go then,
Indeed thou ſhalt.
Hengo. When they pleaſe.
Car. That's my good boy!
Art thou not weary, Hengo?
Hengo. Weary, uncle?
I've heard you ſay you've march'd all day in armour.
Car. I have, boy.
Hengo. Am not I your kinſman?

[49] Tranſgreſs'd *my parents.*] The ſenſe here is clear, though the phraſe be unuſual: However we find it occur again in Women Pleas'd, act iii. ſc. i. Belvidere ſays to her mother the Ducheſs,

——— *You are too royal to me,*
To me that have ſo fooliſhly tranſgreſs'd *you,* *Sympſon.*

Car.

Car. Yes.

Hengo. And am not I as fully allied unto you
In thoſe brave things, as blood?

Car. Thou art too tender.

Hengo. To go upon my legs? they were made to bear me.
I can play twenty mile a-day; I ſee no reaſon,
But, to preſerve my country and myſelf,
I ſhould march forty.

Car. What wouldſt thou be living
To wear a man's ſtrength?

Hengo. Why, a Caratach,
A Roman-hater, a ſcourge ſent from Heaven
To whip theſe proud thieves from our kingdom.
Hark, [*Drum.*
Hark, uncle, hark! I hear a drum.

Enter Judas and his people to the door.

Judas. Beat ſoftly,
Softly, I ſay; they're here. Who dare charge?

1 *Sold.* He
That dares be knock'd o' th' head: I'll not come near him.

Judas. Retire again, and watch then. How he ſtares!
H' has eyes would kill a dragon. Mark the boy well;
If we could take or kill him—A pox on ye,
How fierce ye look! See, how he broods the boy?
The devil dwells in's ſcabbard. Back, I ſay!
Apace, apace! h' has found us. [*They retire.*

Car. Do ye hunt us?

Hengo. Uncle, good uncle, ſee! the thin ſtarv'd raſcal,
The eating Roman, ſee where he thrids the thickets;
Kill him, dear uncle, kill him! one good blow
To knock his brains into his breech; ſtrike's head off,
That I may piſs in's face.

Car. Do ye make us foxes?
Here, hold my charging-ſtaff, and keep the place, boy!

I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.
Stand, ſtand, ye rogues, ye ſquirrels! [*Exit.*
Hengo. Now he pays 'em;
Oh, that I had a man's ſtrength!

Enter Judas, &c.

Judas. Here's the boy;
Mine own, I thank my fortune,
Hengo. Uncle, uncle!
Famine[50] is fall'n upon me, uncle.
Judas. Come, Sir,
Yield willingly, (your uncle's out of hearing)
I'll tickle your young tail elſe.
Hengo. I defy thee,
Thou mock-made man of mat! Charge home, ſirrah!
Hang thee, baſe ſlave, thou ſhak'ſt.
Judas. Upon my conſcience,
The boy will beat me! how it looks, how bravely,
How confident the worm is! a ſcab'd boy
To handle me thus! Yield, or I cut thy head off.
Hengo. Thou dar'ſt not cut my finger; here 'tis, touch it.
Judas. The boy ſpeaks ſword and buckler! Prithee yield, boy;
Come, here's an apple, yield.
Hengo. By Heav'n, he fears me!
I'll give you ſharper language: When, ye coward,
When come ye up?
Judas. If he ſhould beat me——
Hengo. When, Sir?
I long to kill thee! Come, thou canſt not ſcape me;
I've twenty ways to charge thee, twenty deaths
Attend my bloody ſtaff.
Judas. Sure 'tis the devil,
A dwarf devil in a doublet!
Hengo. I have kill'd

[50] *Famine.*] Meaning Judas, whom he before calls, *the thin ſtarv'd raſcal*, and afterwards, *Hunger*.

A captain,

A captain, ſirrah, a brave captain, and when I've done,
I've kick'd him thus. Look here; ſee how I charge
This ſtaff!

Judas. Moſt certain this boy will cut my throat yet.

Enter two Soldiers running.

1 *Sold.* Flee, flee! he kills us.

2 *Sold.* He comes, he comes!

Judas. The devil take the hindmoſt! [*Exeunt Judas, &c.*

Hengo. Run, run, ye rogues, ye precious rogues, ye rank rogues!
A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes! that's he, boys!
What a brave cry they make!

Enter Caratach, with a head.

Car. How does my chicken?

Hengo. 'Faith, uncle, grown a ſoldier, a great ſoldier;
For, by the virtue of your charging-ſtaff,
And a ſtrange fighting face I put upon't,
I've out-brav'd Hunger.

Car. That's my boy, my ſweet boy!
Here, here's a Roman's head for thee.

Hengo. Good proviſion!
Before I ſtarve, my ſweet-fac'd gentleman,
I'll try your favour.

Car. A right complete ſoldier!
Come, chicken, let's go ſeek ſome place of ſtrength
(The country's full of ſcouts) to reſt a while in;
Thou wilt not elſe be able to endure
The journey to my country. Fruits and water
Muſt be your food a while, boy.

Hengo. Any thing;
I can eat moſs, nay, I can live on anger,
To vex theſe Romans. Let's be wary, uncle.

Car. I warrant thee; come cheerfully.

Hengo. And boldly! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Penius, Druſius, and Regulus.

Reg. The ſoldier ſhall not grieve you.
Pen. Pray ye forſake me;
Look not upon me, as ye love your honours!
I am ſo cold a coward, my infection
Will choke your virtues like a damp elſe.
Druſ. Dear captain!
Reg. Moſt honour'd Sir!
Pen. Moſt hated, moſt abhorr'd!
Say ſo, and then ye know me, nay, ye pleaſe me.
Oh, my dear credit, my dear credit!
Reg. Sure
His mind is dangerous.
Druſ. The good gods cure it!
Pen. My honour got thro' fire, thro' ſtubborn breaches,
Thro' battles that have been as hard to win as Heaven,
Thro' Death himſelf, in all his horrid trims,
Is gone for ever, ever, ever, gentlemen!
And now I'm left to ſcornful tales and laughters,
To hootings at, pointing with fingers, 'That's he,
'That's the brave gentleman forſook the battle,
'The moſt wiſe Penius, the diſputing coward.'
Oh, my good ſword, break from my ſide, and kill me;
Cut out the coward from my heart!
Reg. You are none.
Pen. He lies that ſays ſo; by Heaven, he lies, lies baſely,
Baſer than I have done! Come, ſoldiers, ſeek me;
I've robb'd ye of your virtues! Juſtice ſeek me;
I've broke my fair obedience! laſt[52], Shame take me,
Take me, and ſwallow me, make ballads of me,
Shame, endleſs Shame! and pray do you forſake me!
Druſ. What ſhall we do?
Pen. Good gentlemen, forſake me;

[52] *Obedience, loſt: ſhame take me.*] This ſeems an evident corruption, which the alteration of one letter rectifies.

You

You were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray
do it,
And do not fear; for as I am a coward
I will not hurt myſelf, (when that mind takes me,
I'll call to you, and aſk your help) I dare not.
[*Throws himſelf upon the ground.*

Enter Petillius.

Pet. Good-morrow, gentlemen! Where's the tribune?

Reg. There.

Druſ. Whence come you, good Petillius?

Pet. From the general.

Druſ. With what, for Heaven's ſake?

Pet. With good counſel, Druſius,
And love, to comfort him.

Druſ. Good Regulus,
Step to the ſoldier and allay his anger;
For he is wild as winter. [*Exeunt Druſ. and Reg.*

Pet. Oh, are you there? have at you!—Sure he's
dead,
It cannot be he dare out-live this fortune;
He muſt die, 'tis moſt neceſſary; men expect it,
And thought of life in him goes beyond coward.
Forſake the field ſo baſely? Fy upon't!
So poorly to betray his worth, ſo coldly
To cut all credit from the ſoldier? Sure
If this man mean to live, (as I ſhould think it
Beyond belief) he muſt retire where never
The name of Rome, the voice of arms, or honour,
Was known or heard of yet. He's certain dead,
Or ſtrongly means it; he's no ſoldier elſe,
No Roman in him; all h' has done but outſide,
Fought either drunk or deſp'rate. Now he riſes.—
How does lord Penius?

Pen. As you ſee.

Pet. I'm glad on't;
Continue ſo ſtill. The lord general,
The valiant general, great Suetonius——

Pen. No more of me is ſpoken; my name's periſh'd.
Pet. He that commanded fortune and the day,
By his own valour and diſcretion,
(When, as ſome ſay, Penius refus'd to come,
But I believe 'em not) ſent me to ſee you.
Pen. Ye're welcome; and pray ſee me, ſee me well;
You ſhall not ſee me long.
Pet. I hope ſo, Penius.—
The gods defend, Sir!
Pen. See me and underſtand me: This is he
Left to fill up your triumph; he that baſely
Whiſtled his honour off to th' wind, that coldly
Shrunk in his politick head, when Rome, like reapers,
Sweat blood and ſpirit for a glorious harveſt,
And bound it up, and brought it off; that fool,
That having gold and copper offer'd him,
Refus'd the wealth, and took the waſte; that ſoldier,
That being courted by loud Fame and Fortune,
Labour in one hand that propounds us gods,
And in the other Glory that creates us,
Yet durſt doubt and be damn'd!
Pet. It was an error.
Pen. A foul one, and a black one.
Pet. Yet the blackeſt
May be waſh'd white again.
Pen. Never.
Pet. Your leave, Sir;
And I beſeech you note me, for I love you,
And bring along all comfort: Are we gods,
Allied to no infirmities? are our natures
More than mens' natures? When we ſlip a little
Out of the way of virtue, are we loſt?
Is there no medicine call'd ſweet mercy?
Pen. None, Petillius;
There is no mercy in mankind can reach me,
Nor is it fit it ſhould; I've ſinn'd beyond it,
Pet. Forgiveneſs meets with all faults.
Pen. 'Tis all faults,
All ſins I can commit, to be forgiven;

'Tis

'Tis loſs of whole man in me, my diſcretion,
To be ſo ſtupid, to arrive at pardon!
Pet. Oh, but the general——
Pen. He's a brave gentleman,
A valiant, and a loving; and I dare ſay
He would, as far as Honour durſt direct him,
Make even with my fault; but 'tis not honeſt,
Nor in his power: Examples that may nouriſh
Neglect and diſobedience in whole bodies,
And totter the eſtates and faiths of armies,
Muſt not be play'd withal; nor out of pity
Make a general forget his duty;
Nor dare I hope more from him than is worthy.
Pet. What would you do?
Pen. Die.
Pet. So would ſullen children,
Women that want their wills, ſlaves diſobedient,
That fear the law. Die? Fy, great captain! you
A man to rule men, to have thouſand lives
Under your regiment, and let your paſſion
Betray your reaſon? I bring you all forgiveneſs,
The nobleſt kind commends, your place, your honour—
Pen. Prithee no more; 'tis fooliſh. Didſt not thou
(By Heaven, thou didſt; I over-heard thee, there,
There where thou ſtand'ſt now) deliver me for rafcal,
Poor, dead, cold coward, miſerable, wretched,
If I out-liv'd this ruin?
Pet. I?
Pen. And thou didſt it nobly,
Like a true man, a ſoldier; and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good Petillius, thus I thank thee!
Pet. Since you're ſo juſtly made up, let me tell you,
'Tis fit you die indeed.
Pen. Oh, how thou lov'ſt me!
Pet. For ſay he had forgiven you, ſay the peoples' whiſpers
Were tame again, the time run out for wonder,
What muſt your own command think, from whoſe ſwords

You've

You've taken off the edges, from whoſe valours
The due and recompenſe of arms; nay, made it doubtful
Whether they knew obedience? muſt not theſe kill you?
Say they are won to pardon you, by mere miracle
Brought to forgive you, what old valiant ſoldier,
What man that loves to fight, and fight for Rome,
Will ever follow you more? Dare you know theſe
ventures?
If ſo, I bring you comfort; dare you take it?

Pen. No, no, Petillius, no.

Pet. If your mind ſerve you,
You may live ſtill; but how? yet pardon me:
You may out-wear all too; but when? and certain
There is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
A man will take't upon conditions.

Pen. No, by no means: I'm only thinking now, Sir,
(For I'm reſolv'd to go) of a moſt baſe death,
Fitting the baſeneſs of my fault. I'll hang.

Pet. You ſhall not; you're a gentleman I honour,
I would elſe flatter you, and force you live,
Which is far baſer. Hanging? 'tis a dog's death,
An end for ſlaves.

Pen. The fitter for my baſeneſs.

Pet. Beſides, the man that's hang'd preaches his end,
And fits a ſign for all the world to gape at[51].

Pen. That's true; I'll take a fitter; poiſon.

Pet. No,
'Tis equal ill; the death of rats and women,
Lovers, and lazy boys, that fear correction;
Die like a man.

Pen. Why, my ſword then.

Pet. Ay, if your ſword be ſharp, Sir.
There's nothing under Heaven that's like your ſword;
Your ſword's a death indeed!

Pen. It ſhall be ſharp, Sir.

---

[51] *And fits a ſign.*] This reading is certainly againſt all the notions any one can have of a man's being hanged. *To ſet a ſign* bids faireſt for the true lection, though I have not dared to diſturb the text. *Sympſon.*

Pet.

Pet. Why, Mithridates was an arrant aſs
To die by poiſon[52], if all Boſphorus
Could lend him ſwords: Your ſword muſt do the deed:
'Tis ſhame to die choak'd, fame to die and bleed.
Pen. Thou haſt confirm'd me; and, my good Petillius,
Tell me no more I may live.
Pet. 'Twas my commiſſion;
But now I ſee you in a nobler way,
A way to make all even.
Pen. Farewell, captain!
Be a good man, and fight well; be obedient;
Command thyſelf, and then thy men. Why ſhakeſt thou?
Pet. I do not, Sir.
Pen. I would thou hadſt, Petillius!
I would find ſomething to forſake the world with
Worthy the man that dies: A kind of earthquake
Thro' all ſtern valours but mine own.
Pet. I feel now
A kind of trembling in me.
Pen. Keep it ſtill;
As thou lov'ſt virtue, keep it.
Pet. And, brave captain,
The great and honour'd Penius!——
Pen. That again!
Oh, how it heightens me! again, Petillius!
Pet. Moſt excellent commander!——
Pen. Thoſe were mine,
Mine, only mine!
Pet. They are ſtill.
Pen. Then, to keep 'em
For ever falling more, have at ye! Heavens,

[52] *Mithridates was an arrant aſs*
To die by poiſon, *if all Boſphorus*
Could lend him ſwords.] The aſſertion in this paſſage is a manifeſt contradiction to the truth of hiſtory. For Mithridates did not end his days by poiſon, but by the ſword. Another inſtance this of inattention in our Authors, or truſting too much to an *uninfallible* memory. *Sympſon.*

Ye everlaſting powers, I'm yours: The work is done,
[*Kills himſelf.*
That neither fire, nor age, nor melting envy [53],
Shall ever conquer. Carry my laſt words
To the great gen'ral: Kiſs his hands, and ſay,
My ſoul I give to Heav'n, my fault to juſtice,
Which I have done upon myſelf; my virtue,
If ever there was any in poor Penius,
Made more, and happier, light on him! (I faint)
And where there is a foe, I wiſh him fortune.
I die: Lie lightly on my aſhes [54], gentle earth! [*Dies.*
Pet. And on my ſin! Farewell, great Penius!
The ſoldier is in fury; now I'm glad [*Noiſe within.*
'Tis done before he comes. This way for me,
The way of toil; for thee, the way of honour! [*Exit.*

Enter Druſius and Regulus, with Soldiers.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him!
Druſ. What will ye do?
Reg. Good ſoldiers, honeſt ſoldiers——

[53] Melting *envy.*] This epithet ſeems a little ſtiff and obſcure. It was a cuſtom of the Romans to deface the marble, and melt down the brazen ſtatues of thoſe who were become deteſtable to them; and to the melting of theſe brazen ones this epithet muſt refer. *Seward.*

We do not enter into Seward's explanation of this epithet. The Poets ſeem to mean to refer to Ovid's,

——*quod nec Jovis ira*, nec IGNIS,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

[54] *Lie lightly on my aſhes, gentle earth*] In the beautiful Ode to the Memory of Col. George Villiers, drowned in the river Piava, in the county of Friuli, 1703, the Author, Mr. Prior, ſeems to have been indebted to this line for the thought in the following:

'Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave;
'(The only honour he can now receive)
'And fragrant mould upon his body throw;
'And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow:
'*Light lie the earth*; and flouriſh green the bough.

So alſo Mr. Pope, in the Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady:

'What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
'Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb,
'Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
'And the green *turf lie lightly on thy breaſt.*' *R.*

Sold.

Sold. Kill him, kill him, kill him!
Druſ. Kill us firſt; we command too.
Reg. Valiant ſoldiers,
Conſider but whoſe life ye ſeek.—Oh, Druſius,
Bid him be gone; he dies elſe.—Shall Rome ſay,
Ye moſt approved ſoldiers, her dear children
Devoured the fathers of the fights? ſhall rage
And ſtubborn fury guide thoſe ſwords to ſlaughter,
To ſlaughter of their own, to civil ruin?
Druſ. Oh, let 'em in; all's done, all's ended, Regulus;
Penius has found his laſt eclipſe. Come, ſoldiers,
Come, and behold your miſeries; come bravely,
Full of your mutinous and bloody angers,
And here beſtow your darts. Oh, only Roman,
Oh, father of the wars!
Reg. Why ſtand ye ſtupid?
Where be your killing furies? whoſe ſword now
Shall firſt be ſheath'd in Penius? Do ye weep?
Howl out, ye wretches, ye have cauſe; howl ever!
Who ſhall now lead ye fortunate? whoſe valour
Preſerve ye to the glory of your country?
Who ſhall march out before ye, coy'd and courted
By all the miſtreſſes of war, care, counſel,
Quick-ey'd experience, and victory twin'd to him?
Who ſhall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
To ſpeak your names, and keep your honours living,
When children fail, and Time, that takes all with him,
Build houſes for ye to oblivion?
Druſ. Oh, ye poor deſp'rate fools, no more now ſoldiers,
Go home, and hang your arms up; let ruſt rot 'em;
And humble your ſtern valours to ſoft prayers!
For ye have ſunk the frame of all your virtues;
The ſun that warm'd your bloods is ſet for ever.—
I'll kiſs thy honour'd cheek. Farewell, great Penius,
Thou thunder-bolt, farewell!—Take up the body:
Tomorrow mourning [55] to the camp convey it,

[55] *Tomorrow* morning.] The variation in the text is recommended in the edition of 1750.

There

There to receive due ceremonies. That eye
That blinds himſelf with weeping, gets moſt glory.
[*Exeunt with a dead march.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Suetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius, and Soldiers: Bonduca, two Daughters, and Nennius above. Drum and colours.

Suet. Bring up the catapults, and ſhake the wall;
We will not be out-brav'd thus.
Nen. Shake the earth,
Ye cannot ſhake our ſouls. Bring up your rams,
And with their armed heads make the fort totter,
Ye do but rock us into death. [*Exit Nen.*
Jun. See, Sir,
See the Icenian queen in all her glory,
From the ſtrong battlements proudly appearing,
As if ſhe meant to give us laſhes!
Dec. Yield, queen.
Bond. I'm unacquainted with that language, Roman.
Suet. Yield, honour'd lady, and expect our mercy;
We love thy nobleneſs. [*Exit Decius.*
Bond. I thank ye! ye ſay well;
But mercy and love are ſins in Rome and hell.
Suet. You cannot 'ſcape our ſtrength; you muſt yield, lady;
You muſt adore and fear the power of Rome.
Bond. If Rome be earthly, why ſhould any knee
With bending adoration worſhip her?
She's vicious; and, your partial ſelves confeſs,
Aſpires the height of all impiety;
Therefore 'tis fitter I ſhould reverence
The thatched houſes where the Britons dwell
In careleſs mirth; where the bleſs'd houſhold gods
See nought but chaſte and ſimple purity.
'Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
Nor that the men from gods derive their line;
But ſacred thoughts, in holy boſoms ſtor'd,
Make people noble, and the place ador'd.

Suet.

Suet. Beat the wall deeper!
Bond. Beat it to the centre,
We will not ſink one thought.
Suet. I'll make ye.
Bond. No.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, mother, theſe are fearful hours; ſpeak gently

Enter Petillius, who whiſpers Suetonius.

To theſe fierce men, they will afford ye pity.
Bond. Pity? Thou fearful girl, 'tis for thoſe wretches
That miſery makes tame. Wouldſt thou live leſs?
Waſt not thou born a princeſs? Can my blood,
And thy brave father's ſpirit, ſuffer in thee
So baſe a ſeparation from thyſelf,
As mercy from theſe tyrants? Thou lov'ſt luſt ſure,
And long'ſt to proſtitute thy youth and beauty
To common ſlaves for bread. Say they had mercy,
The devil a relenting conſcience,
The lives of kings reſt in their diadems,
Which to their bodies lively ſouls do give,
And, ceaſing to be kings, they ceaſe to live.
Shew ſuch another fear, and, by the Gods,
I'll fling thee to their fury.
Suet. He is dead then?
Pet. I think ſo certainly; yet all my means, Sir,
Even to the hazard of my life——
Suet. No more:
We muſt not ſeem to mourn here.

Enter Decius.

Dec. There's a breach made;
Is it your will we charge, Sir?
Suet. Once more, mercy,
Mercy to all that yield!
Bond. I ſcorn to anſwer;
Speak to him, girl, and hear thy ſiſter.
1 *Daugh.* General,

Hear

Hare me, and mark me well, and look upon me,
Directly in my face, my woman's face,
Whoſe only beauty is the hate it bears ye;
See with thy narroweſt eyes, thy ſharpeſt wiſhes,
Into my ſoul, and ſee what there inhabits;
See if one fear, one ſhadow of a terror,
One paleneſs dare appear but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,
Poor fortune's fools, we were not born for triumphs,
To follow your gay ſports, and fill your ſlaves
With hoots and acclamations.

Pet. Brave behaviour!

1 *Daugh.* The children of as great as Rome, as noble,
Our names before her, and our deeds her envy,
Muſt we gild o'er your conqueſt, make your ſtate,
That is not fairly ſtrong, but fortunate?
No, no, ye Romans, we have ways to ſcape ye,
To make ye poor again, indeed our priſoners,
And ſtick our triumphs full.

Pet. 'Sdeath, I ſhall love her.

1 *Daugh.* To torture ye with ſuffering, like our ſlaves;
To make ye curſe our patience, wiſh the world
Were loſt again, to win us only, and eſteem
The end of all ambitions.

Bond. Do ye wonder?
We'll make our monuments in ſpite of fortune;
In ſpite of all your eagles' wings, we'll work
A pitch above ye; and from our height we'll ſtoop
As fearleſs of your bloody ſoars, and fortunate,
As if we prey'd on heartleſs doves.

Suet. Strange ſtiffneſs!
Decius, go charge the breach. [*Exit Decius.*

Bond. Charge it home, Roman;
We ſhall deceive thee elſe. Where's Nennius?

Enter Nennius.

Nen. They've made a mighty breach.

Bond. Stick in thy body,
And make it good but half an hour.

Nen.

Nen. I'll do it.
1 *Daugh.* And then be ſure to die.
Nen. It ſhall go hard elſe.
Bond. Farewell, with all my heart! We ſhall meet yonder,
Where few of theſe muſt come.
Nen. Gods take thee, lady! [*Exit Nennius.*
Bond. Bring up the ſwords, and poiſon.

Enter one with ſwords and a great cup.

2 *Daugh.* Oh, my fortune!
Bond. How, how, ye whore?
2 *Daugh.* Good mother, nothing to offend you.
Bond. Here, wench.
Behold us, Romans!
Suet. Mercy yet.
Bond. No talking!
Puff! there goes all your pity. Come, ſhort prayers,
And let's diſpatch the buſineſs! You begin;
Shrink not, I'll ſee you do't.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, gentle mother!
Oh, Romans! oh, my heart! I dare not.
Suet. Woman, woman,
Unnatural woman!
2 *Daugh.* Oh, perſuade her, Romans!
Alas, I'm young, and would live. Noble mother,
Can ye kill that ye gave life? Are my years
Fit for deſtruction?
Suet. Yield, and be a queen ſtill,
A mother, and a friend.
Bond. Ye talk!—Come, hold it,
And put it home.
1 *Daugh.* Fy, ſiſter, fy!
What would you live to be?
Bond. A whore ſtill?
2 *Daugh.* Mercy!
Suet. Hear her, thou wretched woman!
2 *Daugh.* Mercy, mother!
Oh, whither will you ſend me? I was once

Your darling, your delight.
Bond. Oh, gods! fear in my family?
Do it, and nobly.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, do not frown then.
1 *Daugh.* Do it, worthy ſiſter;
'Tis nothing; 'tis a pleaſure: We'll go with you.
2 *Daugh.* Oh, if I knew but whither!
1 *Daugh.* To the bleſſed;
Where we ſhall meet our father——
Suet. Woman!
Bond. Talk not.
1 *Daugh.* Where nothing but true joy is——
Bond. That's a good wench!
Mine own ſweet girl! put it cloſe to thee.
2 *Daugh.* Oh,
Comfort me ſtill, for Heav'n's ſake.
1 *Daugh.* Where eternal
Our youths are, and our beauties; where no wars come,
Nor luſtful ſlaves to raviſh us.
2 *Daugh.* That ſteels me;
A long farewell to this world! [*Dies.*
Bond. Good; I'll help thee.
1 *Daugh.* The next is mine. Shew me a Roman lady
In all your ſtories, dare do this for her honour;
They are cowards, eat coals like compell'd cats:
Your great ſaint, Lucrece,
Died not for honour; Tarquin tupt her well,
And, mad ſhe could not hold him, bled.
Pet. By Heaven,
I am in love! I'd give an hundred pound now
But to lie with this woman's behaviour. Oh, the devil!
1 *Daugh.* Ye ſhall ſee me example: All your Rome,
If I were proud and lov'd ambition,
If I were luſtful, all your ways of pleaſure,
If I were greedy, all the wealth ye conquer——
Bond. Make haſte.
1 *Daugh.* I will.—Could not entice to live,

But

But two ſhort hours, this frailty. Would ye learn,
How to die bravely, Romans, to fling off
This caſe of fleſh, loſe all your cares for ever?
Live as we have done, well, and fear the gods;
Hunt honour, and not nations, with your ſwords;
Keep your minds humble, your devotions high;
So ſhall ye learn the nobleſt part, to die. [*Dies.*

Bond. I come, wench.—To ye all, Fate's hangmen, you
That eaſe the aged deſtinies, and cut
The threads of kingdoms as they draw 'em! here,
Here is a draught would aſk no leſs than Cæſar
To pledge it for the glory's ſake!

Cur. Great lady!

Suet. Make up your own conditions.

Bond. So we will.

Suet. Stay!

Dem. Stay!

Suet. Be any thing.

Bond. A ſaint, Suetonius,
When thou ſhalt fear, and die like a ſlave. Ye fools,
Ye ſhould have tied up death firſt, when ye conquer'd;
Ye ſweat for us in vain elſe: See him here,
He's ours ſtill, and our friend; laughs at your pities;
And we command him with as eaſy reins
As do our enemies.—I feel the poiſon.—
Poor vanquiſh'd Romans, with what matchleſs tortures
Could I now rack ye! But I pity ye,
Deſiring to die quiet: Nay, ſo much
I hate to proſecute my victory,
That I will give ye counſel ere I die:
If you will keep your laws and empire whole,
Place in your Roman fleſh a Briton ſoul. [*Dies.*

Enter Decius.

Suet. Deſperate and ſtrange!

Dec. 'Tis won, Sir, and the Britons
All put to th' ſword.

Suet. Give her fair funeral;
She was truly noble, and a queen.

Pet. Pox take it,
A love-mange grown upon me? What a ſpirit!
Jun. I'm glad of this! I've found you.
Pet. In my belly,
Oh, how it tumbles!
Jun. Ye good gods, I thank ye! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Caratach upon a rock, and Hengo by him ſleeping.

Car. THUS we afflicted Britons climb for ſafeties,
And to avoid our dangers, ſeek deſtructions;
Thus we awake to ſorrows. Oh, thou woman,
Thou agent for adverſities, what curſes
This day belong to thy improvidence!
To Britaine, by thy means, what ſad millions
Of widows' weeping eyes! The ſtrong man's valour
Thou haſt betray'd to fury, the child's fortune
To fear, and want of friends; whoſe pieties
Might wipe his mournings off, and build his ſorrows
A houſe of reſt by his bleſs'd anceſtors:
The virgins thou haſt robb'd of all their wiſhes,
Blaſted their blowing hopes, turned their ſongs,
Their mirthful marriage-ſongs, to funerals;
The land th' haſt left a wilderneſs of wretches.—
The boy begins to ſtir; thy ſafety made,
'Would my ſoul were in Heav'n!
Hengo. Oh, noble uncle,
Look out; I dream'd we were betray'd.
Car. No harm, boy; [*A ſoft dead march within.*
'Tis but thy emptineſs that breeds theſe fancies:
Thou ſhalt have meat anon.
Hengo. A little, uncle,
And I ſhall hold out bravely.—What are thoſe,
(Look, uncle, look!) thoſe multitudes that march there?
They come upon us ſtealing by.

Car.

Car. I ſee 'em;
And prithee be not fearful.
Hengo. Now you hate me;
'Would I were dead!
Car. Thou know'ſt I love thee dearly.
Hengo. Did I e'er ſhrink yet, uncle? Were I a man now,
I ſhould be angry with you.

Enter Druſus, Regulus, and Soldiers, with Penius's hearſe, drums and colours.

Car. My ſweet chicken!—
See, they have reach'd us; and, as it ſeems, they bear
Some ſoldier's body, by their ſolemn geſtures,
And ſad ſolemnities; it well appears too
To be of eminence.—Moſt worthy ſoldiers,
Let me entreat your knowledge to inform me
What noble body that is which you bear
With ſuch a ſad and ceremonious grief,
As if ye meant to wooe the world and Nature
To be in love with death? Moſt honourable
Excellent Romans, by your ancient valours,
As ye love fame, reſolve me!
Sold. 'Tis the body
Of the great captain Penius, by himſelf
Made cold and ſpiritleſs.
Car. Oh, ſtay, ye Romans,
By the religion which ye owe thoſe gods
That lead ye on to victories! by thoſe glories
Which made even pride a virtue in ye!
Druſ. Stay.
What's thy will, Caratach?
Car. Set down the body,
The body of the nobleſt of all Romans;
As ye expect an offering at your graves
From your friends' ſorrows, ſet it down awhile,
That with your griefs an enemy may mingle,
(A noble enemy, that loves a ſoldier)
And lend a tear to Virtue! Ev'n your foes,

Your wild foes, as you call'd us, are yet ſtor'd
With fair affections, our hearts freſh, our ſpirits,
Tho' ſometime ſtubborn, yet, when Virtue dies,
Soft and relenting as a virgin's prayers:
Oh, ſet it down!

Druſ. Set down the body, ſoldiers.

Car. Thou hallow'd relick, thou rich diamond
Cut with thine own duſt; thou for whoſe wide fame
The world appears too narrow, man's all thoughts,
Had they all tongues, too ſilent; thus I bow
To thy moſt honour'd aſhes! Tho' an enemy,
Yet friend to all thy worths, ſleep peaceably;
Happineſs crown thy ſoul, and in thy earth
Some laurel fix his ſeat, there grow and flouriſh,
And make thy grave an everlaſting triumph!
Farewell all glorious wars, now thou art gone,
And honeſt arms adieu! All noble battles,
Maintain'd in thirſt of honour, not of blood,
Farewell for ever!

Hengo. Was this Roman, uncle,
So good a man?

Car. Thou never knew'ſt thy father.

Hengo. He died 'fore I was born.

Car. This worthy Roman
Was ſuch another piece of endleſs honour,
Such a brave ſoul dwelt in him; their proportions
And faces were not much unlike, boy. Excellent nature!
See how it works into his eyes! mine own boy!

Hengo. The multitudes of theſe men, and their fortunes,
Could never make me fear yet; one man's goodneſs—

Car. Oh, now thou pleaſeſt me; weep ſtill, my child,
As if thou ſaw'ſt me dead! with ſuch a flux
Or flood of ſorrow, ſtill thou pleaſeſt me.
And, worthy ſoldiers, pray receive theſe pledges,
Theſe hatchments of our griefs, and grace us ſo much
To place 'em on his hearſe. Now, if ye pleaſe,
Bear off the noble burden; raiſe his pile
High as Olympus, making Heav'n to wonder

To

To ſee a ſtar upon earth out-ſhining theirs:
And ever-loved, ever-living be
Thy honour'd and moſt ſacred memory!

Druſ. Thou haſt done honeſtly, good Caratach;
And when thou dieſt, a thouſand virtuous Romans
Shall ſing thy ſoul to Heaven. Now march on, ſoldiers.
[*Exeunt. A dead march.*

Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.

Hengo. Are they all gone?
I could have wept this hour yet.

Car. Come, take cheer,
And raiſe thy ſpirit, child; if but this day
Thou canſt bear out thy faintneſs, the night coming
I'll faſhion our eſcape.

Hengo. Pray fear not me;
Indeed I'm very hearty.

Car. Be ſo ſtill;
His miſchiefs leſſen, that controls his ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Petillius.

Pet. What do I ail, i' th' name of Heav'n? I did but ſee her,
And ſee her die; ſhe ſtinks by this time ſtrongly,
Abominably ſtinks. She was a woman,
A thing I never car'd for; but to die ſo,
So confidently, bravely, ſtrongly—Oh, the devil,
I have the bots! by Heaven, ſhe ſcorn'd us ſtrangely,
All we could do, or durſt do; threaten'd us
With ſuch a noble anger, and ſo govern'd
With ſuch a fiery ſpirit—The plain bots[56]!
A pox upon the bots, the love-bots! Hang me,
Hang me ev'n out o' th' way, directly hang me!
Oh, penny pipers, and moſt painful penners
Of bountiful new ballads, what a ſubject,
What a ſweet ſubject for your ſilver ſounds,

[56] *Bots.*] See note 50 on the Humourous Lieutenant.

Is crept upon ye[57]!

Enter Junius.

Jun. Here is he; have at him! [*Sings.*

She ſet the ſword unto her breaſt,
Great pity it was to ſee,
That three drops of her life-warm blood,
Run trickling down her knee.

Art thou there, bonny boy? And i'faith how doſt thou?

Pet. Well, gramercy; how doſt thou? H'as found me,
Scented me out; the ſhame the devil ow'd me,
H'as kept his day with. And what news, Junius?

Jun. It was an old tale ten thouſand times told,
Of a young lady was turn'd into mould,
Her life it was lovely, her death it was bold.

Pet. A cruel rogue! now he has drawn purſuit on me[58],
He hunts me like a devil. No more ſinging!
Th'haſt got a cold: Come, let's go drink ſome ſack, boy.

Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Pet. Why doſt thou laugh?
What mare's neſt haſt thou found?

Jun. Ha, ha, ha!
I cannot laugh alone: Decius! Demetrius!
Curius! oh, my ſides! ha, ha, ha, ha!
The ſtrangeſt jeſt!

Pet. Prithee no more.

Jun. The admirableſt fooling!

Pet. Thou art the prettieſt fellow!

Jun. Sirs!

Pet. Why, Junius,
Prithee away, ſweet Junius!

Jun. Let me ſing then.

---

[57] *Crept upon* ye.] Sympſon calls this nonſenſe, and reads, *crept upon* ME; for, ſays he, 'Love was not crept upon *them*, but *himſelf*.' Petillius means, 'What a ſweet ſubject is fallen in *your* way.'

[58] *H'as drawn* purſue IT *on me*.] What ſtrange ſtuff is this? By a ſmall change of letters and a comma, I hope I have reſtor'd this place to its ancient purity. *Seward.*

First folio ſays, *now h'has drawn* purſue *on me*.

Pet.

Pet. Whoa, here's a ſtir now! Sing a ſong o' ſixpence!
By Heaven, if—prithee—pox on't, Junius!
Jun. I muſt either ſing or laugh.
Pet. And what's your reaſon?
Jun. What's that to you?
Pet. And I muſt whiſtle.
Jun. Do ſo.
Oh, I hear 'em coming.
Pet. I've a little buſineſs.
Jun. Thou ſhalt not go, believe it: What! a gentleman
Of thy ſweet converſation?
Pet. Captain Junius,
Sweet captain, let me go with all celerity!
Things are not always one; and do not queſtion,
Nor jeer, nor gibe: None of your doleful ditties,
Nor your ſweet converſation; you will find then
I may be anger'd.
Jun. By no means, Petillius;
Anger a man that never knew paſſion?
'Tis moſt impoſſible: A noble captain,
A wiſe and generous gentleman?
Pet. Tom Puppy,
Leave this way to abuſe me: I have found you,
But, for your mother's ſake, I will forgive you.
Your ſubtile underſtanding may diſcover,
As you think, ſome trim toy to make you merry,
Some ſtraw to tickle you; but do not truſt to't;
You're a young man, and may do well; be ſober,
Carry yourſelf diſcreetly.

Enter Decius, Demetrius, and Curius.

Jun. Yes, forſooth.
Dem. How does the brave Petillius?
Jun. Monſtrous merry.
We two were talking what a kind of thing
I was when I was in love; what a ſtrange monſter
For little boys and girls to wonder at;
How like a fool I look'd!

Dec.

Dec. So they do all,
Like great dull ſlavering fools.
Jun. Petillius ſaw too.
Pet. No more of this; 'tis ſcurvy; peace!
Jun. How naſtily,
Indeed how beaſtly, all I did became me!
How I forgot to blow my noſe! There he ſtands,
An honeſt and a wiſe man; if himſelf
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
Should find himſelf in love——
Pet. I'm angry.
Jun. Surely
His wiſe ſelf would hang his beaſtly ſelf;
His underſtanding ſelf ſo mawl his aſs ſelf——
Dec. He's bound to do it; for he knows the follies,
The poverties, and baſeneſs, that belongs to't;
H'has read upon the reformations long.
Pet. He has ſo.
Jun. 'Tis true, and he muſt do't: Nor is it fit indeed
Any ſuch coward——
Pet. You'll leave prating?
Jun. Should dare
Come near the regiments, eſpecially
Thoſe curious puppies (for believe there are ſuch)
That only love behaviours; Thoſe are dog-whelps,
Dwindle away becauſe a woman dies well;
Commit with paſſions only; fornicate
With the free ſpirit merely. You, Petillius,
For you have long obſerv'd the world——
Pet. Doſt thou hear?
I'll beat thee damnably within theſe three hours!
Go pray; may be I'll kill thee. Farewell, Jack-daws!
Dec. What a ſtrange thing he's grown! [*Exit Pet.*
Jun. I'm glad he is ſo;
And ſtranger he ſhall be before I leave him.
Cur. Is't poſſible her mere death——
Jun. I obſerv'd him,
And found him taken, infinitely taken,
With her bravery; I have follow'd him,

And-

And ſeen him kiſs his ſword ſince, court his ſcabbard,
Call *dying* dainty dear, her *brave mind* miſtreſs;
Caſting a thouſand ways to give thoſe forms,
That he might lie with 'em, and get old armours.
He had got me o'th' hip once; it ſhall go hard, friends,
But he ſhall find his own coin.

Enter Macer.

Dec. How now, Macer?
Is Judas yet come in?

Enter Judas.

Macer. Yes, and has loſt
Moſt of his men too. Here he is.
Cur. What news?
Jun. I've lodg'd him; rouſe him, he that dares!
Dem. Where, Judas?
Judas. On a ſteep rock i'th' woods, the boy too with him;
And there he ſwears he'll keep his Chriſtmas, gentlemen,
But he will come away with full conditions,
Bravely, and like a Briton. He paid part of us;
Yet I think we fought bravely: For mine own part,
I was four ſeveral times at half-ſword with him,
Twice ſtood his partizan; but the plain truth is,
He's a mere devil, and no man. I'th' end, he ſwing'd us,
And ſwing'd us ſoundly too: He fights by witchcraft;
Yet for all that I ſaw him lodg'd.
Jun. Take more men,
And ſcout him round. Macer, march you along.
What victuals has he?
Judas. Not a piece of biſcuit,
Not ſo much as will ſtop a tooth, nor water
More than they make themſelves: They lie
Juſt like a brace of bear-whelps, cloſe, and crafty,
Sucking their fingers for their food.
Dec. Cut off then
All hope of that way; take ſufficient forces.
Jun. But uſe no foul play, on your lives! that man
That does him miſchief by deceit, I'll kill him.
Macer. He ſhall have fair play; he deſerves it.

Judas.

Judas. Hark ye!
What ſhould I do there then? You are brave captains,
Moſt valiant men: Go up yourſelves; uſe virtue;
See what will come on't; pray the gentleman
To come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye've felt him too: There ye ſhall find him,
His ſword by's ſide, plums of a pound weight by him,
Will make your chops ache: You'll find it a more labour
To win him living, than climbing of a crow's neſt.

Dec. Away, and compaſs him; we ſhall come up
I'm ſure within theſe two hours. Watch him cloſe.

Macer. He ſhall flee thro' the air, if he eſcape us.

Jun. What's this loud lamentation? [*Sad noiſe within.*

Macer. The dead body
Of the great Penius is new come to th' camp, Sir.

Dem. Dead?

Macer. By himſelf, they ſay.

Jun. I fear'd that fortune.

Cur. Peace guide him up to Heaven!

Jun. Away, good Macer. [*Exe. Macer and Judas.*

Enter Suetonius, Druſius, Regulus, and Petillius.

Suet. If thou be'ſt guilty,
Some ſullen plague, thou hat'ſt moſt, light upon thee!
The regiment return on Junius;
He well deſerves it.

Pet. So!

Suet. Draw out three companies,
(Yours, Decius, Junius, and thou, Petillius)
And make up inſtantly to Caratach;
He's in the wood before ye: We ſhall follow,
After due ceremony done to th' dead,
The noble dead. Come, let's go burn the body.
[*Exeunt all but Petillius.*

Pet. The regiment giv'n from me? diſgrac'd openly?
In love too with a trifle to abuſe me?
A merry world, a fine world! ſerv'd ſeven years
To be an aſs o' both ſides? ſweet Petillius,
You've brought your hogs to a fine market! You are wiſe, Sir,

Your

Your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,
An underſtanding gentleman; your projects
Caſt with aſſurance ever! Wouldſt not thou now
Be bang'd about the pate, Petillius?
Anſwer to that, ſweet ſoldier! ſurely, ſurely,
I think you would; pull'd by the noſe, kick'd?
Hang thee,
Thou art the arrant'ſt raſcal! Truſt thy wiſdom
With any thing of weight? the wind with feathers!
Out, you blind puppy! you command? you govern?
Dig for a groat a-day, or ſerve a ſwine-herd,
Too noble for thy nature too!—I muſt up;
But what I ſhall do there, let time diſcover. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Macer and Judas, with meat and a bottle.

Macer. Hang it o'th' ſide o'th' rock, as tho' the Britons
Stole hither to relieve him: Who firſt ventures
To fetch it off, is ours. I cannot ſee him.
Judas. He lies cloſe in a hole above, I know it,
Gnawing upon his anger. Ha! no; 'tis not he.
Macer. 'Tis but the ſhaking of the boughs.
Judas. Pox ſhake 'em!
I'm ſure they ſhake me ſoundly.—There!
Macer. 'Tis nothing.
Judas. Make no noiſe; if he ſtir, a deadly tempeſt
Of huge ſtones falls upon's. 'Tis done! away, cloſe!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Caratach.

Car. Sleep ſtill, ſleep ſweetly, child; 'tis all thou feed'ſt on!
No gentle Briton near, no valiant charity,
To bring thee food? Poor knave, thou'rt ſick, extreme ſick,
Almoſt grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodneſs
Will not confeſs, nor ſhew it. All the woods
Are double lin'd with ſoldiers; no way left us
To make a noble 'ſcape. I'll ſit down by thee,
And,

And, when thou wak'ſt, either get meat to ſave thee,
Or loſe my life i' th' purchaſe; good Gods comfort thee!

Enter Junius, Decius, Petillius, and Guide.

Guide. You are not far off now, Sir.
Jun. Draw the companies
The cloſeſt way thro' the woods; we'll keep on this way.
Guide. I will, Sir: Half a furlong more you'll come
Within the ſight o'th' rock. Keep on the left ſide;
You'll be diſcover'd elſe: I'll lodge your companies
In the wild vines beyond ye.
Dec. Do you mark him?
Jun. Yes, and am ſorry for him.
Pet. Junius,
Pray let me ſpeak two words with you.
Jun. Walk afore;
I'll overtake you ſtraight.
Dec. I will. [*Exit.*
Jun. Now, captain?
Pet. You have oft told me, you have lov'd me, Junius.
Jun. Moſt ſure I told you truth then.
Pet. And that love
Should not deny me any honeſt thing.
Jun. It ſhall not.
Pet. Dare you ſwear it?
I have forgot all paſſages between us
That have been ill, forgiven too; forget you[59].
Jun. What would this man have?—By the Gods, I do, Sir,
So it be fit to grant you.
Pet. 'Tis moſt honeſt.
Jun. Why, then I'll do it.
Pet. Kill me.
Jun. How!
Pet. Pray kill me.
Jun. Kill you?
Pet. Ay, kill me quickly, ſuddenly;
Now kill me.

[59] Forgot *you.*] Amended in 1750.

Jun.

Jun. On what reaſon? You amaze me!
Pet. If you do love me, kill me; aſk me not why:
I would be kill'd, and by you.
Jun. Mercy on me!
What ails this man? Petillius!
Pet. Pray you diſpatch me;
You are not ſafe whilſt I live: I am dangerous,
Troubled extremely, ev'n to miſchief, Junius,
An enemy to all good men. Fear not; 'tis juſtice;
I ſhall kill you elſe.
Jun. Tell me but the cauſe,
And I will do it.
Pet. I'm diſgrac'd, my ſervice
Slighted and unrewarded by the general,
My hopes left wild and naked; beſides theſe,
I'm grown ridiculous, an aſs, a folly,
I dare not truſt myſelf with: Prithee, kill me!
Jun. All theſe may be redeem'd as eaſily
As you would heal your finger.
Pet. Nay——
Jun. Stay, I'll do it;
You ſhall not need your anger. But firſt, Petillius,
You ſhall unarm yourſelf; I dare not truſt
A man ſo bent to miſchief.
Pet. There's my ſword,
And do it handſomely.
Jun. Yes, I will kill you,
Believe that certain; but firſt I'll lay before you
The moſt extreme fool you have play'd in this,
The honour purpos'd for you, the great honour
The general intended you.
Pet. How?
Jun. And then I'll kill you,
Becauſe you ſhall die miſerable. Know, Sir,
The regiment was giv'n me, but 'till time
Call'd you to do ſome worthy deed, might ſtop
The peoples' ill thoughts of you for lord Penius,
I mean his death. How ſoon this time's come to you,
And haſted by Suetonius! Go, ſays he,
Junius and Decius, and go thou, Petillius,
(Diſtinctly,

(Diſtinctly, *thou*, *Petillius)* and draw up,
To take ſtout Caratach; there's the deed purpos'd,
A deed to take off all faults, of all natures:
And *thou*, *Petillius*, mark it! there's the honour;
And that done, all made even.
Pet. Stay!
Jun. No, I'll kill you.
He knew thee abſolute, and full in ſoldier,
Daring beyond all dangers, found thee out
According to the boldneſs of thy ſpirit,
A ſubject, ſuch a ſubject——
Pet. Hark you, Junius!
I will live now.
Jun. By no means.—Woo'd thy worth,
Held thee by the chin up, as thou ſunk'ſt, and ſhew'd thee
How Honour held her arms out. Come, make ready,
Since you will die an aſs.
Pet. Thou wilt not kill me?
Jun. By Heaven, but I will, Sir. I'll have no man dangerous
Live to deſtroy me afterward. Beſides, you have gotten
Honour enough; let young men riſe now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the general, (which is
One main cauſe you ſhall die, howe'er he carry it)
Such a ſtrong doting on you, that I fear
You ſhall command in chief; how are we paid then?
Come, if you'll pray, diſpatch it.
Pet. Is there no way?
Jun. Not any way to live.
Pet. I will do any thing,
Redeem myſelf at any price: Good Junius,
Let me but die upon the rock, but offer
My life up like a ſoldier!
Jun. You will ſeek then
To out-do every man.
Pet. Believe it, Junius,
You ſhall go ſtroke by ſtroke with me.
Jun. You'll leave off too,
As you are noble, and a ſoldier,

For

For ever theſe mad fancies.

Pet. Dare you truſt me?
By all that's good and honeſt——

Jun. There's your ſword then;
And now, come on a new man: Virtue guide thee! [*Exe.*

Enter Caratach and Hengo, on the rock.

Car. Courage, my boy! I have found meat: Look, Hengo,
Look where ſome bleſſed Briton, to preſerve thee,
Has hung a little food and drink: Cheer up, boy;
Do not forſake me now!

Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
I feel I cannot ſtay long; yet I'll fetch it,
To keep your noble life. Uncle, I'm heart-whole,
And would live.

Car. Thou ſhalt, long I hope.

Hengo. But my head, uncle!
Methinks the rock goes round.

Enter Macer and Judas.

Macer. Mark 'em well, Judas.

Judas. Peace, as you love your life!

Hengo. Do not you hear
The noiſe of bells?

Car. Of bells, boy? 'Tis thy fancy;
Alas, thy body's full of wind.

Hengo. Methinks, Sir,
They ring a ſtrange ſad knell, a preparation
To ſome near funeral of ſtate: Nay, weep not,
Mine own ſweet uncle! you will kill me ſooner.

Car. Oh, my poor chicken!

Hengo. Fy, faint-hearted uncle!
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

Car. I'll go myſelf, boy.

Hengo. No, as you love me, uncle!
I will not eat it, if I do not fetch it;
The danger only I deſire; pray tie me.

Car. I will, and all my care hang o'er thee! Come, child,
My valiant child!

Hengo. Let me down apace, uncle,

And you ſhall ſee how like a daw I'll whip it
From all their policies; for 'tis moſt certain
A Roman train: And you muſt hold me ſure too,
You'll ſpoil all elſe. When I have brought it, uncle,
We'll be as merry——
Car. Go, i' th' name of Heav'n, boy!
Hengo. Quick, quick, uncle! I have it.—Oh!
Car. What ail'ſt thou? [*Judas ſhoots Hengo.*
Hengo. Oh, my beſt uncle, I am ſlain!
Car. I ſee you, [*Car. kills Judas with a ſtone.*
And Heav'n direct my hand!—Deſtruction
Go with thy coward ſoul!—How doſt thou, boy?—
Oh, villain, pocky villain!
Hengo. Oh, uncle, uncle,
Oh, how it pricks me (am I preſerv'd for this?)
Extremely pricks me!
Car. Coward, raſcal coward!
Dogs eat thy fleſh!
Hengo. Oh, I bleed hard; I faint too; out upon't,
How ſick I am!—The lean rogue, uncle!
Car. Look, boy;
I've laid him ſure enough.
Hengo. Have you knock'd his brains out?
Car. I warrant thee for ſtirring more: Cheer up, child.
Hengo. Hold my ſides hard; ſtop, ſtop; oh, wretched fortune,
Muſt we part thus? Still I grow ſicker, uncle.
Car. Heaven look upon this noble child!
Hengo. I once hop'd
I ſhould have liv'd to have met theſe bloody Romans
At my ſword's point, to have reveng'd my father,
To have beaten 'em. Oh, hold me hard! But, uncle—
Car. Thou ſhalt live ſtill I hope, boy. Shall I draw it?
Hengo. You draw away my ſoul then; I would live
A little longer, (ſpare me, Heavens!) but only
To thank you for your tender love! Good uncle,
Good noble uncle, weep not!
Car. Oh, my chicken,
My dear boy, what ſhall I loſe?
Hengo. Why, a child,

That

That muſt have died however; had this 'ſcap'd me,
Fever or famine——I was born to die, Sir.
Car. But thus unblown, my boy?
Hengo. I go the ſtraighter
My journey to the gods. Sure I ſhall know you
When you come, uncle?
Car. Yes, boy.
Hengo. And I hope
We ſhall enjoy together that great bleſſedneſs
You told me of.
Car. Moſt certain, child.
Hengo. I grow cold;
Mine eyes are going.
Car. Lift 'em up!
Hengo. Pray for me;
And, noble uncle, when my bones are aſhes,
Think of your little nephew! Mercy!
Car. Mercy!
You bleſſed angels, take him!
Hengo. Kiſs me! ſo.
Farewell, farewell! [*Dies.*
Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain!
Thou royal graft, farewell for ever!—Time and Death,
Ye've done your worſt. Fortune, now ſee, now proudly
Pluck off thy veil, and view thy triumph: Look,
Look what th'haſt brought this land to. Oh, fair flower,
How lovely yet thy ruins ſhew, how ſweetly
Ev'n death embraces thee! The peace of Heaven,
The fellowſhip of all great ſouls, be with thee!

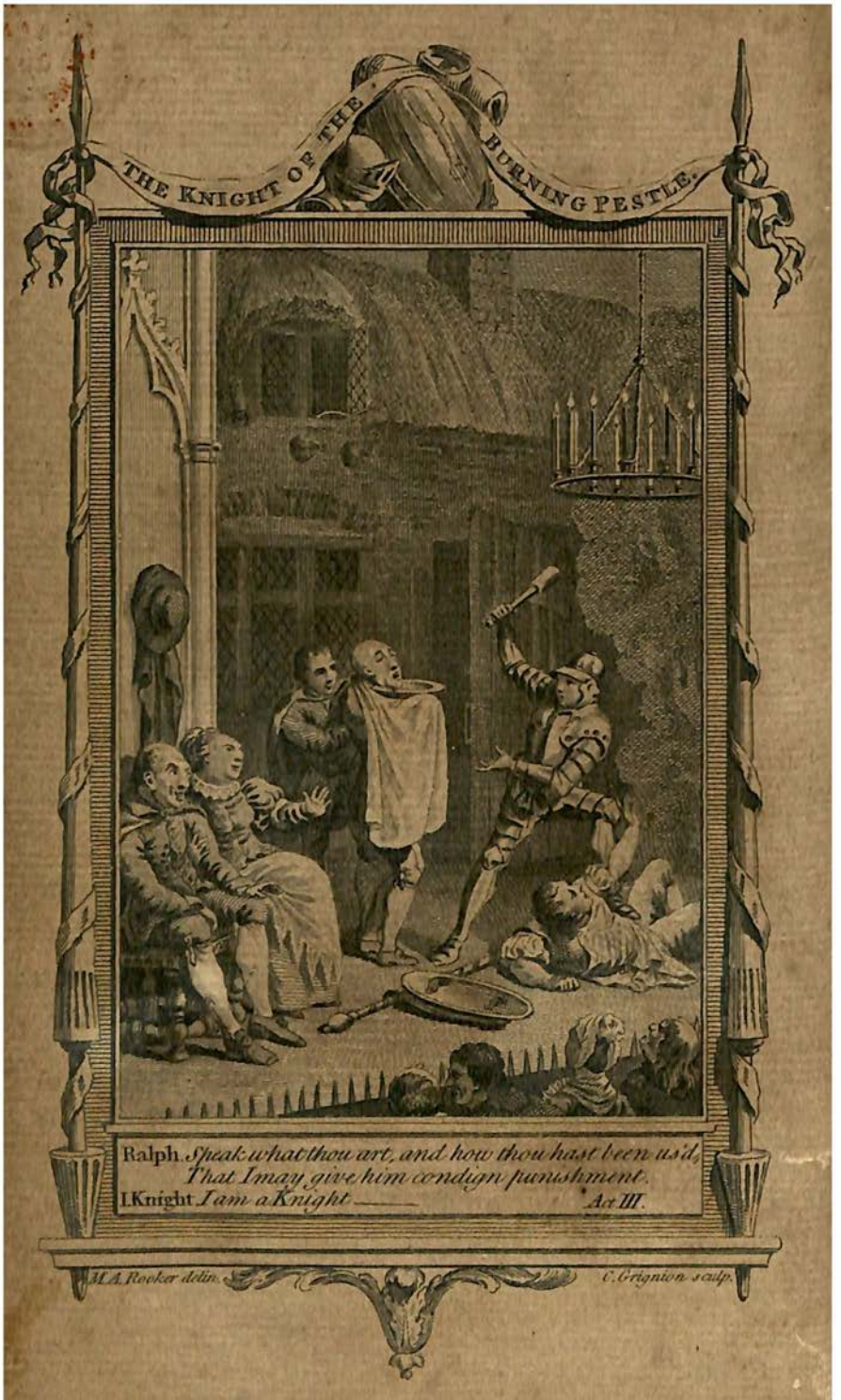
Enter Petillius and Junius on the rock.

Ha! Dare ye, Romans? Ye ſhall win me bravely.
Thou'rt mine! [*Fight.*
Jun. Not yet, Sir.
Car. Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,
And come up all, with all your antient valours;
Like a rough wind I'll ſhake your ſouls, and ſend 'em—

Enter Suetonius, and all the Roman captains.

Suet. Yield thee, bold Caratach! By all the gods,
As I am ſoldier, as I envy thee,

I'll uſe thee like thyſelf, the valiant Briton.
Pet. Brave ſoldier, yield, thou ſtock of arms and honour,
Thou filler of the world with fame and glory!
Jun. Moſt worthy man, we'll wooe thee, be thy priſoners.
Suet. Excellent Briton, do me but that honour,
That more to me than conqueſts, that true happineſs,
To be my friend!
Car. Oh, Romans, ſee what here is!
Had this boy liv'd——
Suet. For Fame's ſake, for thy ſword's ſake,
As thou deſir'ſt to build thy virtues greater!
By all that's excellent in man, and honeſt——
Car. I do believe. Ye've had me a brave foe;
Make me a noble friend, and from your goodneſs,
Give this boy honourable earth to lie in!
Suet. He ſhall have fitting funeral.
Car. I yield then;
Not to your blows, but your brave courteſies.
Pet. Thus we conduct then to the arms of peace
The wonder of the world!
Suet. Thus I embrace thee; [*Flouriſh.*
And let it be no flatt'ry that I tell thee,
Thou art the only ſoldier!
Car. How to thank ye,
I muſt hereafter find upon your uſage.
I am for Rome?
Suet. You muſt.
Car. Then Rome ſhall know
The man that makes her ſpring of glory grow.
Suet. Petillius, you have ſhewn much worth this day,
Redeem'd much error; you have my love again;
Preſerve it. Junius, with you I make him
Equal in the regiment.
Jun. The elder and the nobler;
I will give place, Sir.
Suet. You ſhew a friend's ſoul.
March on, and thro' the camp, in every tongue,
The virtues of great Caratach be ſung! [*Exeunt.*


THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.
Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how thou hast been us'd,
That I may give him condign punishment.
1. Knight. I am a Knight ——
Act III.
M. A. Rooker delin.
C. Grignion sculp.

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

——————*Quod ſi*
Judicium ſubtile, videndis artibus illud
Ad libros & ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares:
Bœotum in craſſo jurares aëre natum.

Horat. in Epiſt. ad Oct. Aug.

This Play was firſt printed in quarto, in the year 1613. *The title-page, edit.* 1635, *aſcribes it to both Authors: The preface and the prologue, however, attribute it to one only. Langbaine ſays, it was in vogue ſome years ſince, being revived at the King's Houſe, and a new prologue, inſtead of the old one in proſe, ſpoken by Mrs. Ellen Guin. He likewiſe conjectures, that the idea of bringing the Citizen and his Wife upon the ſtage was in imitation of Ben Jonſon's Staple of News. We do not know of any revival of it ſince the time Langbaine mentions above.*

TO THE READERS OF THIS COMEDY.

GENTLEMEN, the world is ſo nice in theſe our times, that for apparel there is no faſhion; for muſick (which is a rare art, though now ſlighted) no inſtrument; for diet, none but the French *quelque choſe* that are delicate; and for plays, no invention but that which now runneth an invective way, touching ſome particular perſons, or elſe it is contemned before it is thoroughly underſtood. This is all that I have to ſay, That the Author had no intent to wrong any one in this Comedy; but, as a merry paſſage, here and there interlaced it with delight, which he hopes will pleaſe all, and be hurtful to none.

PROLOGUE.

WHERE the bee can ſuck no honey, ſhe leaves her ſting behind; and where the bear cannot find *origanum* to heal his grief, he blaſteth all other leaves with his breath. We fear, it is like to fare ſo with us; that ſeeing you cannot draw from our labours ſweet content, you leave behind you a ſour miſlike, and with open reproach blame our good meaning, becauſe you cannot reap the wonted mirth. Our intent was at this time to move inward delight, not outward lightneſs; and to breed (if it might be) ſoft ſmiling, not loud laughing; knowing it, to the wiſe, to be a great pleaſure to hear counſel mixed with wit, as, to the fooliſh, to have ſport mingled with rudeneſs. They were baniſhed the theatre of Athens, and from Rome hiſſed, that brought paraſites on the ſtage with apiſh actions, or fools with uncivil habits, or courtezans with immodeſt words. We have endeavoured to be as far from unſeemly ſpeeches, to make your ears glow, as we hope you will be free from unkind reports, or miſtaking the author's intention, who never aimed at any one particular in this play, to make our cheeks bluſh. And thus I leave it, and thee to thine own cenſure, to like or diſlike. *Vale*[1].

[1] *And thus I leave it*, &c.] Theſe words ſeem more addreſſed to the *reader* than *ſpectator*, to whom this Addreſs rather would apply as an *epilogue*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Speaker of the Prologue.
Citizen.
Ralph, *his apprentice*, the Knight of the Burning Peſtle.
Merchant, *father of Luce.*
Jaſper, *his apprentice.*
Maſter Humphrey, *a fooliſh ſuitor to Luce.*
Old Merrythought, *father of Jaſper and Michael.*
Michael, *favourite ſon of Mrs. Merrythought.*
Tim, *acting as ſquire* } *to Ralph.*
George, *acting as dwarf* }
Hoſt.
Barber.
Tapſter.
Three ſuppoſed Knights.
Sergeant.
Soldiers.
Boy.

WOMEN.

Wife *to the Citizen.*
Luce, *beloved of and loving Jaſper.*
Mrs. Merrythought.
Woman *captive.*

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE.

Enter Speaker of the Prologue.

Prologue. FROM all that's near the court, from all that's great
Within the compaſs of the city-walls,
We now have brought our ſcene——

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Hold your peace, goodman boy!

Prol. What do you mean, Sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning: This ſeven years there hath been plays at this houſe, I have obſerv'd it, you have ſtill girds at citizens; and now you call your play, 'The London Merchant.' Down with your title, boy, down with your title!

Prol. Are you a member of the noble city?

Cit. I am.

Prol. And a freeman?

Cit. Yea, and a grocer.

Prol. So, grocer; then, by your ſweet favour, we intend no abuſe to the city.

Cit. No, Sir? yes, Sir; if you were not reſolv'd to play the Jacks, what need you ſtudy for new ſubjects, purpoſely to abuſe your betters? Why could not you be contented, as well as others, with the legend of

of Whittington, or the Life and Death of Sir Thomas Greſham? with the building of the Royal Exchange? or the ſtory of Queen Eleanor, with the rearing of London-Bridge upon wool-ſacks?

Prol. You ſeem to be an underſtanding man; what would you have us do, Sir?

Cit. Why, preſent ſomething notably in honour of the commons of the city.

Prol. Why, what do you ſay to the Life and Death of fat Drake, or the Repairing of Fleet Privies?

Cit. I do not like that; but I will have a citizen, and he ſhall be of my own trade.

Prol. Oh, you ſhould have told us your mind a month ſince; our play is ready to begin now.

Cit. 'Tis all one for that; I will have a grocer, and he ſhall do admirable things.

Prol. What will you have him do?

Cit. Marry, I will have him——

Wife [*below*]. Huſband, huſband!

Ralph [*below*]. Peace, miſtreſs!

Wife. Hold thy peace, Ralph; I know what I do, I warrant you. Huſband, huſband!

Cit. What ſay'ſt thou, cony?

Wife. Let him kill a lion with a Peſtle, huſband; let him kill a lion with a Peſtle!

Cit. So he ſhall; I'll have him kill a lion with a Peſtle.

Wife. Huſband! ſhall I come up, huſband?

Cit. Ay, cony. Ralph, help your miſtreſs this way. Pray, gentlemen, make her a little room; I pray you, Sir, lend me your hand to help up my wife: I thank you, Sir; ſo!

Wife. By your leave, gentlemen all! I'm ſomething troubleſome; I'm a ſtranger here; I was ne'er at one of theſe plays, as they ſay, before; but I ſhould have ſeen Jane Shore[2] once; and my huſband hath promiſed

[2] *Jane Shore.*] Probably, 'The Firſt and Second Parts of King 'Edward the Fourth, containing his merry paſtime with the Tanner 'of Tamworth, as alſo his love to fair miſtriſſe *Shore*, her great 'promotion, fall and miſerie, and laſtly the lamentable death of 'both

me any time this twelvemonth, to carry me to the Bold Beauchams, but in truth he did not. I pray you bear with me.

Cit. Boy, let my wife and I have a couple of ſtools, and then begin; and let the grocer do rare things.

Prol. But, Sir, we have never a boy to play him: Every one hath a part already.

Wife. Huſband, huſband, for God's ſake, let Ralph play him: Beſhrew me, if I do not think he will go beyond them all.

Cit. Well remember'd, wife. Come up, Ralph! I'll tell you, gentlemen; let them but lend him a ſuit of reparrel, and neceſſaries, and, by gad, if any of them all blow wind in the tail on him, I'll be hang'd.

Wife. I pray you, youth, let him have a ſuit of reparrel! I'll be ſworn, gentlemen, my huſband tells you true: He will act you ſometimes at our houſe, that all the neighbours cry out on him; he will fetch you up a couraging part ſo in the garret, that we are all as fear'd I warrant you, that we quake again. We'll fear our children with him; if they be never ſo unruly, do but cry, 'Ralph comes, Ralph comes,' to them, and they'll be as quiet as lambs. Hold up thy head, Ralph; ſhew the gentlemen what thou canſt do; ſpeak a huffing part; I warrant you the gentlemen will accept of it.

Cit. Do, Ralph, do.

Ralph. By Heaven, methinks[3], it were an eaſy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the ſea,
Where never fathom-line touch'd any ground,
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell.

Cit. How ſay you, gentlemen, is it not as I told you?

Wife. Nay, gentlemen, he hath play'd before, my

---

[2] both her and her huſband, &c. as it hath divers times been publickly 'played by the right honourable the earle of Derbie his ſervants.' B. L. quarto. *R.*

[3] *By Heaven, methinks,* &c.] This ſpeech (with very little variation) is taken from Shakeſpeare's Firſt Part of Henry IV.

huſband

huſband ſays, Muſidorus[4], before the wardens of our company.

Cit. Ay, and he ſhould have plaid Jeronimo[5] with a ſhoemaker for a wager.

Prol. He ſhall have a ſuit of apparel, if he will go in.

Cit. In, Ralph, in, Ralph! and ſet out the grocery in their kind, if thou lov'ſt me.

Wife. I warrant our Ralph will look finely when he's dreſs'd.

Prol. But what will you have it call'd?

Cit. 'The Grocers' Honour.'

Prol. Methinks 'The Knight of the Burning Peſtle' were better.

Wife. I'll be ſworn, huſband, that's as good a name as can be.

Cit. Let it be ſo; begin, begin; my wife and I will ſit down.

Prol. I pray you do.

Cit. What ſtately muſick have you? you have ſhaums[6]?

Prol. Shaums? No.

Cit. No? I'm a thief if my mind did not give me ſo. Ralph plays a ſtately part, and he muſt needs have ſhaums: I'll be at the charge of them myſelf, rather than we'll be without them.

Prol. So you are like to be.

Cit. Why, and ſo I will be: There's two ſhillings;

[4] *Muſidorus.*] This Play was printed in the year 1598, and afterwards in 1610, 1615, 1629, and 1668. The title to the edition of 1629 is the following: 'A moſt pleaſant Comedy of *Mucedorus*, 'the King's Sonne of Valentia, and Amadine the King's Daughter 'of Aragon; with the merry conceits of Mouſe Amplified, with 'new additions, as it was acted before the King's Majeſty at White-'hall, on Shrove-Sunday night, by his Highneſſe Servants uſually 'playing at the Globe.' In a volume now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Garrick, and which formerly belonged to King Charles, this Play is aſcribed to Shakeſpeare.

[5] *Jeronimo.*] See note 36 on the Chances.

[6] *Shaums.*] Muſical inſtruments mentioned in ſcripture, probably from *pſeaume*, French for *pſalms*, to which they were accompaniments. Some editions read, *ſhawnes*.

let's

let's have the waits of Southwark! they are as rare fellows as any are in England, and that will fetch them all o'er the water, with a vengeance, as if they were mad.

Prol. You ſhall have them. Will you ſit down then?

Cit. Ay. Come, wife.

Wife. Sit you merry all, gentlemen; I'm bold to ſit amongſt you for my eaſe.

Prol. From all that's near the court, from all that's great
Within the compaſs of the city-walls,
We now have brought our ſcene; Fly far from hence
All private taxes, all immodeſt phraſes [7],
Whatever may but ſhew like vicious!
For wicked mirth never true pleaſure brings,
But honeſt minds are pleas'd with honeſt things.—
Thus much for that we do; but, for Ralph's part, you muſt anſwer for yourſelf [8].

Cit. Take you no care for Ralph; he'll diſcharge himſelf, I warrant you.

Wife. I'faith, gentlemen, I'll give my word for Ralph.

---

[7] *All private taxes, immodeſt phraſes,*
Whate'er *may but ſhew*—] The variations were preſcribed by an anonymous correſpondent of Mr. Symſon.

[8] For *Ralph's part you muſt anſwer* for *yourſelf.*] I once thought that this latter *for* was to be ſtruck out as redundant; but upon examination we ſhall find it not a redundancy, but a deficiency, and ſhould read thus, *anſwer* for't *yourſelf.* *Symſon.*

The old reading is eaſy, and correct enough for common converſation.

ACT I.

Enter Merchant and Jaſper.

Merch. SIRRAH, I'll make you know you are my 'prentice,
And whom my charitable love redeem'd
Even from the fall of fortune; gave thee heat
And growth, to be what now thou art, new caſt thee;
Adding the truſt of all I have, at home,
In foreign ſtaples, or upon the ſea,
To thy direction; tied the good opinions
Both of myſelf and friends to thy endeavours;
So fair were thy beginnings: But with theſe,
As I remember, you had never charge
To love your maſter's daughter; and even then
When I had found a wealthy huſband for her;
I take it, Sir, you had not: But, however,
I'll break the neck of that commiſſion,
And make you know you're but a merchant's factor.

Jaſp. Sir, I do liberally confeſs I'm yours,
Bound both by love and duty to your ſervice,
In which my labour hath been all my profit;
I have not loſt in bargain, nor delighted
To wear your honeſt gains upon my back;
Nor have I given a penſion to my blood,
Or laviſhly in play conſum'd your ſtock:
Theſe, and the miſeries that do attend them,
I dare with innocence proclaim are ſtrangers
To all my temperate actions. For your daughter,
If there be any love to my deſervings
Borne by her virtuous ſelf, I cannot ſtop it;
Nor am I able to refrain her wiſhes:
She's private to herſelf, and beſt of knowledge
Whom ſhe will make ſo happy as to ſigh for.

Beſides,

Beſides, I cannot think you mean to match her
Unto a fellow of ſo lame a preſence,
One that hath little left of nature in him.

Merch. 'Tis very well, Sir; I can tell your wiſdom
How all this ſhall be cur'd.

Jaſp. Your care becomes you.

Merch. And thus it ſhall be, Sir: I here diſcharge you
My houſe and ſervice; take your liberty;
And when I want a ſon I'll ſend for you. [*Exit.*

Jaſp. Theſe be the fair rewards of them that love.
Oh, you that live in freedom never prove
The travel of a mind led by deſire!

Enter Luce.

Luce. Why, how now, friend? ſtruck with my father's thunder?

Jaſp. Struck, and ſtruck dead, unleſs the remedy
Be full of ſpeed and virtue; I am now,
What I expected long, no more your father's.

Luce. But mine?

Jaſp. But yours, and only yours I am;
That's all I have to keep me from the ſtatute.
You dare be conſtant ſtill?

Luce. Oh, fear me not!
In this I dare be better than a woman.
Nor ſhall his anger nor his offers move me,
Were they both equal to a prince's power.

Jaſp. You know my rival?

Luce. Yes, and love him dearly;
E'en as I love an ague, or foul weather:
I prithee, Jaſper, fear him not!

Jaſp. Oh, no;
I do not mean to do him ſo much kindneſs.
But to our own deſires[10]: You know the plot
We both agreed on?

Luce. Yes, and will perform
My part exactly.

[10] *But to our own* deſires] Probably *deſigns.*

Jaſp.

Jaſp. I deſire no more.
Farewell, and keep my heart; 'tis yours.
Luce. I take it;
He muſt do miracles, make me forſake it. [*Exeunt.*

Cit. Fy upon 'em, little infidels! what a matter's here now? Well, I'll be hang'd for a halfpenny, if there be not ſome abomination knavery in this play. Well; let 'em look to't; Ralph muſt come, and if there be any tricks a-brewing——

Wife. Let 'em brew and bake too, huſband, a God's name; Ralph will find all out, I warrant you, an they were older than they are. I pray, my pretty youth, is Ralph ready?

Boy. He will be preſently.

Wife. Now I pray you make my commendations unto him, and withal, carry him this ſtick of licorice; tell him his miſtreſs ſent it him; and bid him bite a piece; 'twill open his pipes the better, ſay.

Enter Merchant and Maſter Humphrey.

Merch. Come, Sir, ſhe's yours; upon my faith, ſhe's yours;
You have my hand: For other idle letts,
Between your hopes and her, thus with a wind
They're ſcatter'd, and no more. My wanton 'prentice,
That like a bladder blew himſelf with love,
I have let out, and ſent him to diſcover
New maſters yet unknown.

Hum. I thank you, Sir,
Indeed I thank you, Sir; and ere I ſtir,
It ſhall be known, however you do deem,
I am of gentle blood, and gentle ſeem.

Merch. Oh, Sir, I know it certain.

Hum. Sir, my friend,
Altho', as writers ſay, all things have end,
And that we call a pudding hath his two,
Oh, let it not ſeem ſtrange, I pray to you,
If in this bloody ſimile I put
My love, more endleſs than frail things or gut.

Wife.

Wife. Huſband, I prithee, ſweet lamb, tell me one thing; but tell me truly.—Stay, youths, I beſeech you, till I queſtion my huſband.

Cit. What is it, mouſe?

Wife. Sirrah, didſt thou ever ſee a prettier child? how it behaves itſelf, I warrant ye! and ſpeaks and looks, and perts up the head! I pray you, brother, with your favour, were you never none of Mr. Moncaſter's ſcholars?

Cit. Chicken, I prithee heartily contain thyſelf; the childer are pretty childer; but when Ralph comes, lamb——

Wife. Ay, when Ralph comes, cony! Well, my youth, you may proceed.

Merch. Well, Sir; you know my love, and reſt, I hope,
Aſſur'd of my conſent; get but my daughter's,
And wed her when you pleaſe. You muſt be bold,
And clap in cloſe unto her; come, I know
You've language good enough to win a wench.

Wife. A whoreſon tyrant! hath been an old ſtringer in his days, I warrant him!

Hum. I take your gentle offer, and withal
Yield love again for love reciprocal.

Merch. What, Luce! within there!

Enter Luce.

Luce. Call'd you, Sir?

Merch. I did;
Give entertainment to this gentleman;
And ſee you be not froward. To her, Sir!
My preſence will but be an eye-ſore to you. [*Exit.*

Hum. Fair miſtreſs Luce, how do you? are you well?
Give me your hand, and then I pray you tell
How doth your little ſiſter, and your brother?
And whether you love me or any other?

Luce. Sir, theſe are quickly anſwer'd.

Hum. So they are,
Where women are not cruel. But how far

Is it now diſtant from the place we are-in,
Unto that bleſſed place, your father's warren.
Luce. What makes you think of that, Sir?
Hum. E'en that face;
For ſtealing rabbits whilome in that place,
God Cupid, or the keeper, I know not whether,
Unto my coſt and charges brought you thither,
And there began——
Luce. Your game, Sir?
Hum. Let no game,
Or any thing that tendeth to the ſame,
Be ever more remember'd, thou fair killer,
For whom I ſate me down and brake my tiller[11].
Wife. There's a kind gentleman, I warrant you; when will you do as much for me, George?
Luce. Beſhrew me, Sir, I'm ſorry for you loſſes;
But, as the proverb ſays, 'I cannot cry;'
I would you had not ſeen me!
Hum. So would I,
Unleſs you had more maw to do me good.
Luce. Why, cannot this ſtrange paſſion[12] be withſtood?
Send for a conſtable, and raiſe the town.
Hum. Oh, no, my valiant love will batter down
Millions of conſtables, and put to flight
E'en that great watch of Midſummer, day at night[13].

[11] *Tiller.*] See note 14 on Philaſter.

[12] *This* ſtrange *paſſion.*] Sympſon ſays, 'To ſend for a *conſtable* 'and *raiſe a town*, to withſtand a STRANGE *paſſion*, borders ſeem-'ingly near upon nonſenſe;' he would therefore read, STRONG *paſſion:* But we ſee no reaſon why ſhe may not go from one metaphor to another.

[13] *That great watch of Midſummer day at night.*] What is alluded to here is probably the following cuſtom: On the vigil of St. John the Baptiſt, it was formerly uſual, after ſun-ſetting, for the principal citizens to make bonfires before their doors, and alſo to ſet out tables furniſhed with meat and drink, of which they invited their neighbours and paſſengers to partake. At the ſame time a marching watch, conſiſting of about 2000 men, furniſhed with lights, perambulated from St. Paul's Gate to Aldgate, and back again, when they broke up. Part of this watch was provided at the expence of the city of London, and other part of the ſeveral pariſhes. The cuſtom continued.

Luce. Beſhrew me, Sir, 'twere good I yielded then;
Weak women cannot hope, where valiant men
Have no reſiſtance.

Hum. Yield then; I am full
Of pity, tho' I ſay it, and can pull
Out of my pocket thus a pair of gloves.
Look, Lucy, look; the dog's tooth, nor the doves,
Are not ſo white as theſe; and ſweet they be,
And whipt about with ſilk, as you may ſee.
If you deſire the price, ſhoot from your eye
A beam to this place, and you ſhall eſpy
F S, which is to ſay, my ſweeteſt honey,
They coſt me three and two-pence, or no money.

Luce. Well, Sir, I take them kindly, and I thank you:
What would you more?

Hum. Nothing.

Luce. Why then, farewell!

Hum. Nor ſo, nor ſo; for, lady, I muſt tell,
Before we part, for what we met together;
God grant me time, and patience, and fair weather!

Luce. Speak and declare your mind in terms ſo brief.

Hum. I ſhall; then firſt and foremoſt, for relief
I call to you, if that you can afford it;
I care not at what price, for on my word, it
Shall be repaid again, altho' it coſt me
More than I'll ſpeak of now; for love haſt toſs'd me
In furious blanket like a tennis-ball,
And now I riſe aloft, and now I fall.

Luce. Alas, good gentleman, alas the day!

Hum. I thank you heartily; and, as I ſay,
Thus do I ſtill continue without reſt,
I' th' morning like a man, at night a beaſt,
Roaring and bellowing mine own diſquiet,
That much I fear, forſaking of my diet,
Will bring me preſently to that quandary,

---

nued until the time of Henry VIII. when it was prohibited by him. In 1548 it was again revived; but being found to be the means of collecting diſorderly people together, and occaſioning great riots, it was in the year 1569 laid aſide, and has ever ſince been diſcontinued. See Stow's Survey. *R.*

I ſhall bid all adieu.

Luce. Now, by St. Mary,
That were great pity!

Hum. So it were, beſhrew me;
Then eaſe me, luſty Luce, and pity ſhew me.

Luce. Why, Sir, you know my will is nothing worth
Without my father's grant; get his conſent,
And then you may with full aſſurance try me.[14].

Hum. The worſhipful your ſire will not deny me;
For I have aſk'd him, and he hath replied,
'Sweet maſter Humphrey, Luce ſhall be thy bride.'

Luce. Sweet maſter Humphrey, then I am content.

Hum. And ſo am I, in truth.

Luce. Yet take me with you;
There is another clauſe muſt be annex'd,
And this it is: I ſwore, and will perform it,
No man ſhall ever 'joy me as his wife,
But he that ſtole me hence: If you dare venture,
I'm yours (you need not fear; my father loves you)
If not, farewell for ever!

Hum. Stay, nymph, ſtay;
I have a double gelding, colour'd bay,
Sprung by his father from Barbarian kind,
Another for myſelf, tho' ſomewhat blind,
Yet true as truſty tree.

Luce. I'm ſatisfied;
And ſo I give my hand. Our courſe muſt lie
Thro' Waltham-Foreſt, where I have a friend
Will entertain us. So farewell, Sir Humphrey,
And think upon your buſineſs! [*Exit Luce.*

Hum. Tho' I die,
I am reſolv'd to venture life and limb,
For one ſo young, ſo fair, ſo kind, ſo trim. [*Exit Hum.*

Wife. By my faith and troth, George, and as I am virtuous, it is e'en the kindeſt young man that ever trod on ſhoe-leather. Well, go thy ways; if thou haſt her not, 'tis not thy fault, i'faith.

[14] *You may with aſſurance try me.*] The meaſure aſſiſted by Sympſon.

Cit.

Cit. I prithee, mouſe, be patient! a ſhall have her, or I'll make ſome of 'em ſmoke for't.

Wife. That's my good lamb George. Fy! this ſtinking tobacco[15] kills men[16]! 'would there were none in England! Now I pray, gentlemen, what good does this ſtinking tobacco do you? nothing, I warrant you; make chimnies a your faces!—Oh, huſband, huſband, now, now! there's Ralph, there's Ralph!

Enter Ralph, like a grocer in his ſhop, with two apprentices, reading Palmerin of England.

Cit. Peace, fool! let Ralph alone. Hark you, Ralph; do not ſtrain yourſelf too much at the firſt. Peace! Begin Ralph.

Ralph. 'Then Palmerin and Trineus[17], ſnatching 'their lances from their dwarfs, and claſping their 'helmets, gallop'd amain after the giant; and Pal-'merin having gotten a ſight of him, came poſting 'amain, ſaying, 'Stay, traiterous thief! for thou "mayſt not ſo carry away her, that is worth the "greateſt lord in the world;' and with theſe words, 'gave him a blow on the ſhoulder, that he ſtruck him 'beſides his elephant. And Trineus coming to the 'knight that had Agricola behind him, ſet him ſoon 'beſides his horſe, with his neck broken in the fall; 'ſo that the princeſs getting out of the throng, 'between joy and grief ſaid, 'All happy knight, "the mirror of all ſuch as follow arms, now may I "be well aſſured of the love thou beareſt me." I

[15] *Tobacco.*] At the time our Authors wrote (we learn from Prynne, in his Hiſtriomaſtrix, p. 322) *tobacco*, wine, and beer, were the uſual accommodations in the theatre, as the two latter are ſtill at Sadler's Wells. See alſo Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. i. *R.*

[16] *Kills* men.] Sympſon reads, *kills* ME.

[17] *Then Palmerin and Trineus*, &c.] This paſſage is taken, with ſome ſlight variations, from 'Palmerin D'Oliva, the Mirrour of 'Nobilitie, Mappe of Honor, Anotamie of Rare Fortunes, Heroycall 'Preſident of Love, Wonder of Chivalrie, and moſt accompliſhed 'Knight in all Perfections.' 4to. 1588. B. L. p. 131. *R.*

wonder why the kings do not raiſe an army of fourteen or fifteen hundred thouſand men, as big as the army that the prince of Portigo brought againſt Roſicler, and deſtroy theſe giants; they do much hurt to wandering damſels, that go in queſt of their knights.

Wife. Faith, huſband, and Ralph ſays true; for they ſay the king of Portugal cannot ſit at his meat, but the giants and the ettins[18] will come and ſnatch it from him.

Cit. Hold thy tongue. On, Ralph!

Ralph. And certainly thoſe knights are much to be commended, who, neglecting their poſſeſſions, wander with a ſquire and a dwarf through the deſarts, to relieve poor ladies.

Wife. Ay, by my faith are they, Ralph; let 'em ſay what they will, they are indeed. Our knights neglect their poſſeſſions well enough, but they do not the reſt.

Ralph. There are no ſuch courteous and fair well-ſpoken knights in this age: They will call one the *ſon of a whore*, that Palmerin of England would have called *fair Sir*; and one that Roſicler would have called *right beauteous damſel*, they will call *damn'd bitch*.

Wife. I'll be ſworn will they, Ralph; they have called me ſo an hundred times, about a ſcurvy pipe of tobacco.

Ralph. But what brave ſpirit could be content to ſit in his ſhop, with a flapet of wood, and a blue apron before him, ſelling Methridatam and dragons' water to viſited houſes, that might purſue feats of arms, and, through his noble atchievements, procure ſuch a famous hiſtory to be written of his heroick proweſs?

Cit. Well ſaid, Ralph; ſome more of thoſe words, Ralph!

[18] *Ettins.*] The good woman is here a little tautological, as at other times ſhe is nonſenſical, (unleſs I miſtake her meaning in this place) for giants and *ettins*, or *etins*, are giants and giants, *eten* in Saxon ſignifying ſo. *Sympſon.*

Ettins, quaſi *heathens*; it is not probable ſhe thought of *Saxon.*

Wife.

Wife. They go finely, by my troth.

Ralph. Why ſhould I not then purſue this courſe, both for the credit of myſelf and our company? for amongſt all the worthy books of atchievements, I do not call to mind that I yet read of a Grocer-Errant: I will be the ſaid Knight.—Have you heard of any that hath wandered unfurniſhed of his ſquire and dwarf? My elder 'prentice Tim ſhall be my truſty ſquire, and little George my dwarf. Hence, my blue apron! Yet, in remembrance of my former trade, upon my ſhield ſhall be pourtrayed a Burning Peſtle, and I will be called the Knight of the Burning Peſtle.

Wife. Nay, I dare ſwear thou wilt not forget thy old trade; thou wert ever meek.

Ralph. Tim!

Tim. Anon.

Ralph. My beloved ſquire, and George my dwarf, I charge you that from henceforth you never call me by any other name, but the *Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Peſtle*; and that you never call any female by the name of a woman or wench, but *fair lady*, if ſhe have her deſires; if not, *diſtreſſed damſel*; that you call all foreſts and heaths *deſarts*, and all horſes, *palfries!*

Wife. This is very fine!—Faith, do the gentlemen like Ralph, think you, huſband?

Cit. Ay, I warrant thee; the players would give all the ſhoes in their ſhop for him.

Ralph. My beloved ſquire Tim, ſtand out: Admit this were a deſart, and over it a knight-errant pricking[19], and I ſhould bid you enquire of his intents, what would you ſay?

Tim. 'Sir, my maſter ſent me to know whither 'you are riding?'

Ralph. No! thus; 'Fair Sir! the *Right courteous* 'and *valiant Knight of the Burning Peſtle* commanded 'me to enquire upon what adventure you are bound;

[19] *Pricking.*] i. e *Riding. A gentle knight was* pricking *on the plain,* is the firſt line of Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

'whether to relieve ſome diſtreſſed damſels, or other-'wiſe.'

Cit. Whoreſon blockhead cannot remember!

Wife. I'faith, and Ralph told him on't before; all the gentlemen heard him; did he not, gentlemen? did not Ralph tell him on't?

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Peſtle, here is a diſtreſſed damſel, to have a halfpenny-worth of pepper.

Wife. That's a good boy! ſee, the little boy can hit it; by my troth, it's a fine child.

Ralph. Relieve her, with all courteous language. Now ſhut up ſhop; no more my 'prentice, but my truſty Squire and Dwarf. I muſt beſpeak my ſhield, and arming Peſtle.

Cit. Go thy ways, Ralph! As I am a true man, thou art the beſt on 'em all.

Wife. Ralph, Ralph!

Ralph. What ſay you, miſtreſs?

Wife. I prithee come again quickly, ſweet Ralph.

Ralph. Bye-and-bye. [*Exit.*

Enter Jaſper and Mrs. Merrythought.

Mrs. Mer. Give thee my bleſſing? No, I'll never give thee my bleſſing; I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt; it ſhall ne'er be ſaid I gave thee my bleſſing: Thou art thy father's own ſon, of the blood of the Merry-thoughts; I may curſe the time that e'er I knew thy father; he hath ſpent all his own, and mine too, and when I tell him of it, he laughs and dances, and ſings, and cries 'A merry heart lives long-a.' And thou art a waſte-thrift, and art run away from thy maſter, that loved thee well, and art come to me; and I have laid up a little for my younger ſon Michael, and thou thinkeſt to bezzle that, but thou ſhalt never be able to do it. Come hither, Michael; come, Michael; down on thy knees: Thou ſhalt have my bleſſing.

Enter

Enter Michael.

Mich. I pray you, mother, pray to God to bleſs me!

Mrs. Mer. God bleſs thee! but Jaſper ſhall never have my bleſſing; he ſhall be hang'd firſt, ſhall he not, Michael? how ſayſt thou?

Mich. Yes, forſooth, mother, and grace of God.

Mrs. Mer. That's a good boy!

Wife. I'faith, it's a fine-ſpoken child!

Jaſp. Mother, tho' you forget a parent's love,
I muſt preſerve the duty of a child.
I ran not from my maſter, nor return
To have your ſtock maintain my idleneſs.

Wife. Ungracious child, I warrant him! hark, how he chops logick with his mother: Thou hadſt beſt tell her ſhe lies; do, tell her ſhe lies.

Cit. If he were my ſon, I would hang him up by the heels, and flea him, and ſalt him, whoreſon halter-ſack!

Jaſp. My coming only is to beg your love,
Which I muſt ever, tho' I never gain it;
And, howſoever you eſteem of me,
There is no drop of blood hid in theſe veins,
But I remember well belongs to you,
That brought me forth, and would be glad for you
To rip them all again, and let it out.

Mrs. Mer. I'faith, I had ſorrow enough for thee (God knows); but I'll hamper thee well enough. Get thee in, thou vagabond, get thee in, and learn of thy brother Michael.

Mer. [*within.*] Noſe, noſe, jolly red noſe,
And who gave thee this jolly red noſe?

Mrs. Mer. Hark, my huſband! he's ſinging and hoiting; and I'm fain to cark and care, and all little enough. Huſband! Charles! Charles Merrythought!

Enter Old Merrythought.

Mer. Nutmegs and ginger, cinnamon, and cloves;
And they gave me this jolly red noſe.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mer. If you would conſider your eſtate, you would have little liſt to ſing, I wis.

Mer. It ſhould never be conſider'd, while it were an eſtate, if I thought it would ſpoil my ſinging.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou do, Charles? thou art an old man, and thou canſt not work, and thou haſt not forty ſhillings left, and thou eateſt good meat, and drinkeſt good drink, and laugheſt.

Mer. And will do.

Mrs. Mer. But how wilt thou come by it, Charles?

Mer. How? Why, how have I done hitherto theſe forty years? I never came into my dining-room, but, at eleven and ſix o'clock, I found excellent meat and drink o' th' table; my cloaths were never worn out, but next morning a taylor brought me a new ſuit; and without queſtion it will be ſo ever! Uſe makes perfectneſs; if all ſhould fail, it is but a little ſtraining myſelf extraordinary, and laugh myſelf to death.

Wife. It's a fooliſh old man this; is not he, George?

Cit. Yes, cony.

Wife. Give me a penny i'th' purſe while I live, George.

Cit. Ay, by'r lady, cony, hold thee there!

Mrs. Mer. Well, Charles; you promis'd to provide for Jaſper, and I have laid up for Michael: I pray you pay Jaſper his portion; he's come home, and he ſhall not conſume Michael's ſtock; he ſays his maſter turned him away, but I promiſe you truly I think he ran away.

Wife. No, indeed, miſtreſs Merrythought, tho' he be a notable gallows, yet I'll aſſure you his maſter did turn him away, even in this place; 'twas, i'faith, within this half-hour, about his daughter; my huſband was by.

Cit. Hang him, rogue! he ſerv'd him well enough: Love his maſter's daughter? By my troth, cony, if there were a thouſand boys, thou wouldſt ſpoil them all, with taking their parts; let his mother alone with him.

Wife.

Wife. Ay, George, but yet truth is truth.

Mer. Where is Jaſper? he's welcome, however. Call him in; he ſhall have his portion. Is he merry?

Mrs. Mer. Ay, foul chive him, he is too merry. Jaſper! Michael!

Enter Jaſper and Michael.

Mer. Welcome, Jaſper! tho' thou run'ſt away, welcome! God bleſs thee! 'Tis thy mother's mind thou ſhouldſt receive thy portion; thou haſt been abroad, and I hope haſt learn'd experience enough to govern it; thou art of ſufficient years; hold thy hand: One, two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nine, there is ten ſhillings for thee; thruſt thyſelf into the world with that, and take ſome ſettled courſe: If Fortune croſs thee, thou haſt a retiring place; come home to me; I have twenty ſhillings left. Be a good huſband; that is, wear ordinary cloaths, eat the beſt meat, and drink the beſt drink; be merry, and give to the poor, and, believe me, thou haſt no end of thy goods.

Jaſp. Long may you live free from all thought of ill,
And long have cauſe to be thus merry ſtill!
But, father——

Mer. No more words, Jaſper; get thee gone!
Thou haſt my bleſſing; thy father's ſpirit upon thee!
Farewell, Jaſper!

But yet, or ere you part (oh, cruel!)
Kiſs me, kiſs me, ſweeting,
Mine own dear jewel!

So; now begone; no words! [*Exit Jaſper.*

Mrs. Mer. So, Michael; now get thee gone too.

Mich. Yes forſooth, mother; but I'll have my father's bleſſing firſt.

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael; 'tis no matter for his bleſſing; thou haſt my bleſſing; be gone. I'll fetch my money and jewels, and follow thee: I'll ſtay no longer with him, I warrant thee. Truly, Charles, I'll be gone too.

Mer.

Mer. What! you will not?

Mrs. Mer. Yes indeed will I.

Mer. Hey-ho, farewell, Nan!
I'll never truſt wench more again, if I can.

Mrs. Mer. You ſhall not think (when all your own is gone) to ſpend that I have been ſcraping up for Michael.

Mer. Farewell, good wife! I expect it not; all I have to do in this world, is to be merry; which I ſhall, if the ground be not taken from me; and if it be,

When earth and ſeas from me are reft,
The ſkies aloft for me are left. [*Exeunt.*

[*Boy danceth. Muſick.*

FINIS ACTUS PRIMI.

Wife. I'll be ſworn he's a merry old gentleman, for all that. Hark, hark, huſband, hark! fiddles, fiddles! now ſurely they go finely. They ſay 'tis preſent death for theſe fiddlers to tune their rebecks[20] before the great Turk's grace; is't not, George? But look, look! here's a youth dances! now, good youth, do a turn o' th' toe. Sweetheart, i'faith I'll have Ralph come and do ſome of his gambols; he'll ride the wild-mare, gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to ſee him. I thank you, kind youth; pray bid Ralph come.

Cit. Peace, cony! Sirrah, you ſcurvy boy, bid the players ſend Ralph; or, by God's wounds, an they do not, I'll tear ſome of their perriwigs beſide their heads; this is all riff-raff.

[20] *Rebecks.*] A *rebeck* was an inſtrument with three ſtrings, reſembling a modern fiddle. *R.*
It is mentioned in Milton's *Allegro.*

ACT II.

Enter Merchant and Maſter Humphrey.

Merch. AND how, faith, how goes it now, ſon Humphrey?

Hum. Right worſhipful, and my beloved friend
And father dear, this matter's at an end.

Merch. 'Tis well; it ſhould be ſo: I'm glad the girl
Is found ſo tractable.

Hum. Nay, ſhe muſt whirl
From hence, (and you muſt wink; for ſo, I ſay,
The ſtory tells) tomorrow before day.

Wife. George, doſt thou think in thy conſcience now 'twill be a match? tell me but what thou think'ſt, ſweet rogue: Thou ſeeſt the poor gentleman (dear heart!) how it labours and throbs, I warrant you, to be at reſt: I'll go move the father for't.

Cit. No, no; I prithee ſit ſtill, honeyſuckle; thou'lt ſpoil all: If he deny him, I'll bring half-a-dozen good fellows myſelf, and in the ſhutting of an evening knock it up, and there's an end.

Wife. I'll buſs thee for that, i'faith, boy! Well, George, well, you have been a wag in your days, I warrant you; but God forgive you, and I do with all my heart.

Merch. How was it, ſon? you told me that tomorrow
Before day-break, you muſt convey her hence.

Hum. I muſt, I muſt; and thus it is agreed:
Your daughter rides upon a brown-bay ſteed,
I on a ſorrel, which I bought of Brian,
The honeſt hoſt of the red roaring Lion,
In Waltham ſituate: Then if you may,
Conſent in ſeemly ſort; leſt by delay,
The fatal ſiſters come, and do the office,
And then you'll ſing another ſong.

Merch. Alas,
Why ſhould you be thus full of grief to me,

That

That do as willing as yourſelf agree
To any thing, ſo it be good and fair?
Then ſteal her when you will, if ſuch a pleaſure
Content you both; I'll ſleep and never ſee it,
To make your joys more full. But tell me why
You may not here perform your marriage?

Wife. God's bleſſing o' thy ſoul, old man! i'faith thou art loath to part true hearts. I ſee a has her, George; and I'm as glad on't! Well, go thy ways, Humphrey, for a fair-ſpoken man; I believe thou haſt not thy fellow within the walls of London; an I ſhould ſay the ſuburbs too, I ſhould not lie. Why doſt not thou rejoice with me, George?

Cit. If I could but ſee Ralph again, I were as merry as mine hoſt, i'faith.

Hum. The cauſe you ſeem to aſk, I thus declare:
(Help me, oh, muſes nine!) Your daughter ſware
A fooliſh oath, the more it was the pity;
Yet no one but myſelf[21] within this city
Shall dare to ſay ſo, but a bold defiance
Shall meet him, were he of the noble ſcience.
And yet ſhe ſware, and yet why did ſhe ſwear?
Truly I cannot tell, unleſs it were
For her own eaſe; for ſure ſometimes an oath,
Being ſworn thereafter, is like cordial broth:
And this it was ſhe ſwore, never to marry,
But ſuch a one whoſe mighty arm could carry
(As meaning me, for I am ſuch a one)
Her bodily away, thro' ſtick and ſtone,
'Till both of us arrive, at her requeſt,
Some ten miles off, in the wild Waltham-Foreſt.

Merch. If this be all, you ſhall not need to fear
Any denial in your love; proceed;
I'll neither follow, nor repent the deed.

Hum. Good night, twenty good nights, and twenty more,
And twenty more good nights, that makes threeſcore!

[*Exeunt.*

[21] *Yet none but myſelf.*] The reading in the text is Theobald's. Symſon's anonymous correſpondent propoſes, *None but I myſelf.*

Enter

Enter Mrs. Merrythought and Michael.

Mrs. Mer. Come, Michael; art thou not weary, boy?

Mich. No forſooth, mother, not I.

Mrs. Mer. Where be we now, child?

Mich. Indeed forſooth, mother, I cannot tell, unleſs we be at Mile-End: Is not all the world Mile-End, mother?

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael, not all the world, boy; but I can aſſure thee, Michael, Mile-End is a goodly matter: There has been a pitchfield, my child, between the naughty Spaniels and the Engliſhmen; and the Spaniels ran away, Michael, and the Engliſhmen followed. My neighbour Coxſtone was there, boy, and kill'd them all with a birding-piece.

Mich. Mother, forſooth!

Mrs. Mer. What ſays my white boy?

Mich. Shall not my father go with us too?

Mrs. Mer. No, Michael, let thy father go ſnick-up; he ſhall never come between a pair of ſheets with me again, while he lives; let him ſtay at home and ſing for his ſupper, boy. Come, child, ſit down, and I'll ſhew my boy fine knacks, indeed: Look here, Michael; here's a ring, and here's a brooch, and here's a bracelet, and here's two rings more, and here's money and gold by th' eye, my boy!

Mich. Shall I have all this, mother?

Mrs. Mer. Ay, Michael, thou ſhalt have all, Michael.

Cit. How lik'ſt thou this, wench?

Wife. I cannot tell; I would have Ralph, George; I'll ſee no more elſe, indeed-la; and I pray you let the youths underſtand ſo much by word of mouth; for I will tell you truly, I'm afraid o' my boy. Come, come, George, let's be merry and wiſe; the child's a fatherleſs child, and ſay they ſhould put him into a ſtrait pair of gaſkins, 'twere worſe than knot-graſs [23], he would never grow after it.

[23] *Knot-graſs.*] —— 'Get you gone, you dwarf,
'You Minimus, of hindring *knot-graſs* made.'
Midſummer-Night's Dream, act iii. ſcene ii.
Upon which paſſage the laſt editor obſerves, 'It appears that 'knot-

Enter Ralph, Tim, and George.

Cit. Here's Ralph, here's Ralph!

Wife. How do you, Ralph? you are welcome, Ralph, as I may ſay; it's a good boy! hold up thy head, and be not afraid; we are thy friends, Ralph. The gentlemen will praiſe thee, Ralph, if thou play'ſt thy part with audacity. Begin, Ralph, a God's name!

Ralph. My truſty Squire, unlace my helm; give me my hat.
Where are we, or what deſart might this be?

George. Mirror of knighthood, this is, as I take it,
The perilous Waltham-Down; in whoſe bottom ſtands
The enchanted valley.

Mrs. Mer. Oh, Michael, we are betray'd, we are betray'd! here be giants! Fly, boy, fly, boy, fly!
[*Exit with Michael, leaving a caſket.*

Ralph. Lace on my helm again! What noiſe is this?
A gentle lady, flying the embrace
Of ſome uncourteous knight? I will relieve her.
Go, Squire, and ſay, the Knight that wears this Peſtle
In honour of all ladies, ſwears revenge
Upon that recreant coward that purſues her;
Go comfort her, and that ſame gentle ſquire
That bears her company.

Tim. I go, brave Knight.

Ralph. My truſty Dwarf and friend, reach me my ſhield;
And hold it while I ſwear, firſt, by my knighthood;
Then by the ſoul of Amadis de Gaul
(My famous anceſtor); then by my ſword
The beauteous Brionella girt about me;
By this bright burning Peſtle, of mine honour
The living trophy; and by all reſpect
Due to diſtreſſed damſels; here I vow

'*knot-graſs* was anciently ſuppoſed to prevent the growth of any 'animal or child;' and produces this paſſage, and the following from the Coxcomb, in proof of his obſervation; 'We want a boy ex-'tremely for this function, kept under for a year with milk and '*knot-graſs*.' *R.*

Never

Never to end the queſt of this fair lady,
And that forſaken ſquire, 'till by my valour
I gain their liberty! [*Exit.*

George. Heav'n bleſs the Knight
That thus relieves poor errant gentlewomen! [*Exit.*

Wife. Ay marry, Ralph, this has ſome favour in't; I would ſee the proudeſt of them all offer to carry his books after him. But, George, I will not have him go away ſo ſoon; I ſhall be ſick if he go away, that I ſhall; call Ralph again, George, call Ralph again; I prithee, ſweetheart, let him come fight before me, and let's ha' ſome drums, and trumpets, and let him kill all that comes near him, an thou lov'ſt me, George!

Cit. Peace a little, bird! he ſhall kill them all, an they were twenty more on 'em than there are.

Enter Jaſper.

Jaſp. Now, Fortune, (if thou be'ſt not only ill)
Shew me thy better face, and bring about
Thy deſperate wheel, that I may climb at length,
And ſtand; this is our place of meeting,
If love have any conſtancy. Oh, age,
Where only wealthy men are counted happy!
How ſhall I pleaſe thee, how deſerve thy ſmiles,
When I am only rich in miſery?
My father's bleſſing, and this little coin,
Is my inheritance; a ſtrong revenue!
From earth thou art, and unto earth I give thee:
There grow and multiply, whilſt freſher air
Breeds me a freſher fortune.—How! illuſion!
[*Spies the caſket.*
What, hath the devil coin'd himſelf before me?
'Tis metal good; it rings well; I am waking,
And taking too, I hope. Now God's dear bleſſing
Upon his heart that left it here! 'tis mine;
Theſe pearls, I take it, were not left for ſwine. [*Exit.*

Wife. I do not like that this unthrifty youth ſhould embezzle away the money; the poor gentlewoman his mother will have a heavy heart for it, God knows.

Cit. And reaſon good, ſweetheart.

Wife. But let him go; I'll tell Ralph a tale in's ear, ſhall fetch him again with a wanion, I warrant him, if he be above ground; and beſides, George, here be a number of ſufficient gentlemen can witneſs, and myſelf, and yourſelf, and the muſicians, if we be call'd in queſtion. But here comes Ralph; George, thou ſhalt hear him ſpeak, as he were an emperal.

Enter Ralph and George.

Ralph. Comes not Sir Squire again?

George. Right courteous Knight,
Your Squire doth come, and with him comes the lady.

Enter Mrs. Merrythought, Michael, and Tim.

Ralph. Fair! and the Squire of Damſels[24], as I take it!
Madam, if any ſervice or devoir
Of a poor errant Knight may right your wrongs,
Command it; I am preſt[25] to give you ſuccour;
For to that holy end I bear my armour.

Mrs. Mer. Alas, Sir, I am a poor gentlewoman, and I have loſt my money in this foreſt.

Ralph. Deſart, you would ſay, lady; and not loſt
Whilſt I have ſword and lance. Dry up your tears,
Which ill befit the beauty of that face,

---

[24] *Your ſquire doth come, and with him comes the lady.*
Enter Mrs. Merrythought, &c.
For *and the ſquire of damſels as I take it.*
Ralph. *Madam*, &c.] Sympſon omits the period at the end of the firſt line, and alters *for* to *fair*; we think him right in the alteration of the word; but we muſt go further before this paſſage is cleared of corruption, ſince, by giving the *firſt* and *third* lines to one ſpeaker, the *third* appears a bald and needleſs repetition of the ſenſe of the *firſt*, which is complete in itſelf. We have therefore made *Ralph's* ſpeech begin at the third line inſtead of the fourth; and apprehend that he firſt addreſſes himſelf both to Mrs. Merrythought and Michael: Her he calls *Fair!* and him *Squire of Damſels!* as he names him afterwards, *this gentle Squire.* This is quite in his character, and the only reading that gives ſpirit, or even tolerable ſenſe, to the third line; after which he proceeds to comfort them ſeparately.

[25] *Preſt.*] i. e. *Ready.* See note 46 on the Wild-Gooſe Chace.

And

And tell the ſtory, if I may requeſt it,
Of your diſaſtrous fortune.

Mrs. Mer. Out, alas! I left a thouſand pound, a thouſand pound, e'en all the money I had laid up for this youth, upon the ſight of your maſterſhip, you look'd ſo grim, and, as I may ſay it, ſaving your preſence, more like a giant than a mortal man.

Ralph. I am as you are, lady; ſo are they,
All mortal. But why weeps this gentle ſquire?

Mrs. Mer. Has he not cauſe to weep, do you think, when he has loſt his inheritance?

Ralph. Young hope of valour, weep not; I am here
That will confound thy foe, and pay it dear
Upon his coward head, that dare deny
Diſtreſſed ſquires and ladies equity.
I have but one horſe[26], upon which ſhall ride
This lady fair behind me, and before
This courteous ſquire: Fortune will give us more
Upon our next adventure. Fairly ſpeed
Beſide us, Squire and Dwarf, to do us need! [*Exeunt.*

Cit. Did not I tell you, Nell, what your man would do? by the faith of my body, wench, for clean action and good delivery, they may all caſt their caps at him.

Wife. And ſo they may, i'faith; for I dare ſpeak it boldly, the twelve companies of London cannot match him, timber for timber. Well, George, an he be not inveigled by ſome of theſe paltry players, I ha' much marvel; but, George, we ha' done our parts, if the boy have any grace to be thankful.

Cit. Yes, I warrant you, duckling.

Enter Maſter Humphrey and Luce.

Hum. Good miſtreſs Luce, however I in fault am
For your lame horſe, you're welcome unto Waltham;
But which way now to go, or what to ſay,
I know not truly, 'till it be broad day.

Luce. Oh, fear not, maſter Humphrey; I am guide
For this place good enough,

[26] *I have but one horſe,* on *which.*] The variation is Sympſon's.

Hum. Then up and ride;
Or, if it pleaſe you, walk for your repoſe;
Or ſit, or, if you will, go pluck a roſe:
Either of which ſhall be indifferent,
To your good friend and Humphrey, whoſe conſent
Is ſo entangled ever to your will,
As the poor harmleſs horſe is to the mill.
Luce. Faith, an you ſay the word, we'll e'en ſit down,
And take a nap.
Hum. 'Tis better in the town,
Where we may nap together; for, believe me,
To ſleep without a ſnatch would mickle grieve me.
Luce. You're merry, maſter Humphrey.
Hum. So I am,
And have been ever merry from my dam.
Luce. Your nurſe had the leſs labour.
Hum. Faith, it may be,
Unleſs it were by chance I did bewray me.

Enter Jaſper.

Jaſp. Luce! dear friend Luce!
Luce. Here, Jaſper.
Jaſp. You are mine.
Hum. If it be ſo, my friend, you uſe me fine:
What do you think I am?
Jaſp. An arrant noddy.
Hum. A word of obloquy! Now, by God's body,
I'll tell thy maſter; for I know thee well.
Jaſp. Nay, an you be ſo forward for to tell,
Take that, and that; and tell him, Sir, I gave it:
And ſay I paid you well. [*Beats him.*
Hum. Oh, Sir, I have it,
And do confeſs the payment. Pray, be quiet!
Jaſp. Go, get you to your night-cap and the diet,
To cure your beaten bones.
Luce. Alas, poor Humphrey!
Get thee ſome wholeſome broth, with ſage and cumfry;
A little oil of roſes, and a feather
To 'noint thy back withal.

Hum.

Hum. When I came hither,
'Would I had gone to Paris with John Dory [27]!

Luce. Farewell, my pretty Nump! I'm very ſorry I cannot bear thee company.

Hum. Farewell!
The devil's dam was ne'er ſo bang'd in hell. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Humphrey.

Wife. This young Jaſper will prove me another things, a my conſcience, an he may be ſuffered. George, doſt not ſee, George, how a ſwaggers, and flies at the very heads a folks, as he were a dragon? Well, if I do not do his leſſon for wronging the poor gentleman I am no true woman. His friends that brought him up might have been better occupied, I wis, than have taught him theſe fegaries: He's e'en in the high way to the gallows, God bleſs him!

Cit. You're too bitter, cony; the young man may do well enough for all this.

Wife. Come hither, maſter Humphrey; has he hurt you? now beſhrew his fingers for't! Here, ſweetheart, here's ſome green ginger for thee. Now beſhrew my heart, but a has pepper-nel in's head, as big as a pullet's egg! Alas, ſweet lamb, how thy temples beat! Take the peace on him, ſweetheart, take the peace on him.

Enter Boy.

Cit. No, no; you talk like a fooliſh woman! I'll

[27] *John Dory.*] Sir John Hawkins, in his Hiſtory of Muſic, ſays, 'The ſong of *John Dory*, with the tune to it, is printed in the 'Deuteromelia, or the ſecond part of Muſick's Melodie, 1609. 'The legend of this perſon is, that being a ſea-captain, or perhaps 'a pirate, he engaged to the king of France to bring the crew of an 'Engliſh ſhip bound as captives to Paris, and that accordingly he at-'tempted to make prize of an Engliſh veſſel, but was himſelf taken 'priſoner. The ſong of *John Dory*, and the tune to it, were a long 'time popular in England: In the comedy of the Chances, written 'by Beaumont and Fletcher, Antonio, a humorous old man, receives 'a wound, which he will not ſuffer to be dreſſed but upon condition 'that the ſong of *John Dory* be ſung the while.'——The Song is alſo printed in Sir John's Appendix, No. 27.

ha' Ralph fight with him, and ſwinge him up well-favour'dly. Sirrah, Boy; come hither: Let Ralph come in and fight with Jaſper.

Wife. Ay, and beat him well; he's an unhappy boy.

Boy. Sir, you muſt pardon us; the plot of our play lies contrary; and 'twill hazard the ſpoiling of our play.

Cit. Plot me no *plots!* I'll ha' Ralph come out; I'll make your houſe too hot for you-elſe.

Boy. Why, Sir, he ſhall; but if any thing fall out of order, the gentlemen muſt pardon us.

Cit. Go your ways, goodman Boy! I'll hold him a penny, he ſhall have his belly full of fighting now. Ho! here comes Ralph! no more!

Enter Ralph, Mrs. Merrythought, Michael, Tim and George.

Ralph. What knight is that, Squire? aſk him if he keep
The paſſage, bound by love of lady fair,
Or elſe but prickant.

Hum. Sir, I am no knight,
But a poor gentleman, that this ſame night
Had ſtolen from me, upon yonder green,
My lovely wife, and ſuffer'd (to be ſeen
Yet extant on my ſhoulders) ſuch a greeting,
That whilſt I live, I ſhall think of that meeting.

Wife. Ay, Ralph, he beat him unmercifully, Ralph; an thou ſpar'ſt him, Ralph, I would thou wert hang'd.

Cit. No more, Wife, no more!

Ralph. Where is the caitiff wretch hath done this deed?
Lady, your pardon! that I may proceed
Upon the queſt of this injurious knight.
And thou, fair Squire, repute me not the worſe,
In leaving the great venture of the purſe,

Enter Jaſper and Luce.

And the rich caſket, 'till ſome better leiſure.

Hum. Here comes the broker hath purloin'd my treaſure,

Ralph.

Ralph. Go, Squire, and tell him I am here,
An errant Knight at arms, to crave delivery
Of that fair lady to her own knight's arms.
If he deny, bid him take choice of ground,
And ſo defy him.

Tim. From the Knight that bears
The Golden Peſtle, I defy thee, Knight;
Unleſs thou make fair reſtitution
Of that bright lady.

Jaſp. Tell the Knight that ſent thee
He is an aſs; and I will keep the wench,
And knock his head-piece.

Ralph. Knight, thou art but dead,
If thou recall not thy uncourteous terms.

Wife. Break his pate, Ralph; break his pate, Ralph, ſoundly!

Jaſp. Come, Knight; I'm ready for you.—Now your Peſtle [*Snatches away his Peſtle.*
Shall try what temper, Sir, your mortar's of.

With that he ſtood upright in his ſtirrups, and gave the knight of the calves-ſkin ſuch a knock, that he forſook his horſe, and down he fell; and then he leaped upon him, and plucking off his helmet——

Hum. Nay, an my noble Knight be down ſo ſoon,
Tho' I can ſcarcely go, I needs muſt run.
[*Exeunt Humphrey and Ralph.*

Wife. Run, Ralph, run, Ralph; run for thy life, boy; Jaſper comes, Jaſper comes!

Jaſp. Come, Luce, we muſt have other arms for you; Humphrey, and Golden Peſtle, both adieu! [*Exeunt.*

Wife. Sure the devil, God bleſs us, is in this ſpringald! Why, George, didſt ever ſee ſuch a fire-drake? I am afraid my boy's miſcarried; if he be, though he were maſter Merrythought's ſon a thouſand times, if there be any law in England, I'll make ſome of them ſmart for't.

Cit. No, no; I have found out the matter, ſweet-heart; Jaſper is enchanted; as ſure as we are here, he is enchanted: He could no more have ſtood in Ralph's

hands, than I can ſtand in my lord-mayor's. I'll have a ring to diſcover all enchantments, and Ralph ſhall beat him yet: Be no more vex'd, for it ſhall be ſo.

Enter Ralph, Tim, George, Mrs. Merrythought, and Michael.

Wife. Oh, huſband, here's Ralph again! Stay, Ralph; let me ſpeak with thee: How doſt thou, Ralph? Art thou not ſhrewdly hurt? the foul great lungies laid unmercifully on thee; there's ſome ſugar-candy for thee. Proceed; thou ſhalt have another bout with him.

Cit. If Ralph had him at the fencing-ſchool, if he did not make a puppy of him, and drive him up and down the ſchool, he ſhould ne'er come in my ſhop more.

Mrs. Mer. Truly, maſter Knight of the Burning Peſtle, I am weary.

Mich. Indeed-la, mother, and I'm very hungry.

Ralph. Take comfort, gentle-dame, and your fair Squire!
For in this deſart there muſt needs be plac'd
Many ſtrong caſtles, held by courteous knights;
And 'till I bring you ſafe to one of thoſe
I ſwear by this my order ne'er to leave you.

Wife. Well ſaid, Ralph! George, Ralph was ever comfortable, was he not?

Cit. Yes, duck.

Wife. I ſhall ne'er forget him: When we had loſt our child, (you know it was ſtray'd almoſt, alone, to Puddle-Wharf, and the criers were abroad for it, and there it had drown'd itſelf but for a ſculler) Ralph was the moſt comfortableſt to me! Peace, miſtreſs, ſays he, let it go! I'll get you another as good. Did he not, George? did he not ſay ſo?

Cit. Yes, indeed did he, mouſe.

George. I would we had a meſs of pottage, and a pot of drink, Squire, and were going to-bed.

Tim. Why, we are at Waltham-town's end, and that's the Bell Inn.

George.

George. Take courage, valiant Knight, damſel, and Squire!
I have diſcover'd, not a ſtone's caſt off,
An antient caſtle held by the old knight
Of the moſt holy order of the Bell,
Who gives to all knights-errant entertain:
There plenty is of food, and all prepar'd
By the white hands of his own lady dear.
He hath three ſquires that welcome all his gueſts:
The firſt, hight Chamberlino[28]; who will ſee
Our beds prepar'd, and bring us ſnowy ſheets,
Where never footman ſtretch'd his butter'd hams.
The ſecond, hight Tapſtero; who will ſee
Our pots full filled, and no froth therein.
The third, a gentle ſquire, Oſtlero hight,
Who will our palfries ſlick with whiſps of ſtraw,
And in the manger put them oats enough,
And never greaſe their teeth with candle-ſnuff.

Wife. That ſame Dwarf's a pretty boy, but the Squire's a grout-nold.

Ralph. Knock at the gates, my Squire, with ſtately lance!

Enter Tapſter.

Tap. Who's there? You're welcome, gentlemen! will you ſee a room?

George. Right courteous and valiant Knight of the Burning Peſtle, this is the ſquire Tapſtero.

Ralph. Fair ſquire Tapſtero! I, a wandering Knight, Hight of the Burning Peſtle, in the queſt

[28] *The firſt* high *Chamberlain*
—— *height* Tapſtro
—— *ſquire Oſtlero* height.] The correction of *hight* for *high*, is from Mr. Theobald's conjecture, but he did not go to the bottom of the grievance, for Chamberlain is not quantity, and ſo can't ſtand in the verſe. *Chamberlino* is from the ſaid quarto of 1613. *Tapſtro*, octavo, *Taſtero*, quarto, I have alter'd to *Tapſtero*. *Oſtlero hight* is from the firſt quarto too. *Sympſon.*

Hight is no amendment, being in old book; as is alſo *Chamberlino*.

[29] The ſubſtituting *Tapſtero* for *Taſtero* (if to be called an amendment) is the only one.

Of

Of this fair lady's caſket and wrought purſe,
Loſing myſelf in this vaſt wilderneſs,
Am to this caſtle well by fortune brought;
Where hearing of the goodly entertain
Your knight of holy order of the Bell,
Gives to all damſels, and all errant knights,
I thought to knock, and now am bold to enter.

Tap. An't pleaſe you ſee a chamber, you are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. George, I would have ſomething done, and I cannot tell what it is.

Cit. What is it, Nell?

Wife. Why, George, ſhall Ralph beat nobody again? Prithee, ſweetheart, let him!

Cit. So he ſhall, Nell; and if I join with him, we'll knock them all.

Enter Maſter Humphrey and Merchant.

Wife. Oh, George, here's maſter Humphrey again now, that loſt miſtreſs Luce; and miſtreſs Luce's father. Maſter Humphrey will do ſomebody's errand, I warrant him.

Hum. Father, it's true in arms I ne'er ſhall claſp her;
For ſhe is ſtol'n away by your man Jaſper.

Wife. I thought he would tell him.

Merch. Unhappy that I am, to loſe my child!
Now I begin to think on Jaſper's words,
Who oft hath urg'd to me thy fooliſhneſs:
Why didſt thou let her go? thou lov'ſt her not,
That wouldſt bring home thy life, and not bring her.

Hum. Father, forgive me; I ſhall tell you true;
Look on my ſhoulders, they are black and blue:
Whilſt to and fro fair Luce and I were winding,
He came and baſted me with a hedge-binding.

Merch. Get men and horſes ſtraight! we will be there
Within this hour. You know the place again?

Hum. I know the place where he my loins did ſwaddle;
I'll get ſix horſes, and to each a ſaddle.

Merch.

Merch. Mean time, I will go talk with Jaſper's father. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. George, what wilt thou lay with me now, that maſter Humphrey has not miſtreſs Luce yet? ſpeak, George, what wilt thou lay with me?

Cit. No, Nell; I warrant thee, Jaſper is at Puckeridge with her by this.

Wife. Nay, George, you muſt conſider miſtreſs Luce's feet are tender; and beſides, 'tis dark; and I promiſe you truly, I do not ſee how he ſhould get out of Waltham-Foreſt with her yet.

Cit. Nay, cony, what wilt thou lay with me that Ralph has her not yet?

Wife. I will not lay againſt Ralph, honey, becauſe I have not ſpoken with him. But look, George; peace! here comes the merry old gentleman again.

Enter Old Merrythought.

Mer. When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet [29].

I have money, and meat, and drink, before-hand, till tomorrow at noon; why ſhould I be ſad? Methinks I have half-a-dozen jovial ſpirits within me; 'I am 'three merry men [30], and three merry men!'—To what end ſhould any man be ſad in this world? Give me a man that when he goes to hanging cries, 'Troul 'the black bowl to me!' and a woman that will ſing a catch in her travel! I have ſeen a man come by my door with a ſerious face, in a black cloak, without a hatband, carrying his head as if he look'd for pins in the ſtreet: I have look'd out of my window half-a-year after, and have ſpied that man's head upon London-Bridge: 'Tis vile; never truſt a taylor that does not ſing at his work! his mind is on nothing but filching.

[29] *When it was grown*, &c.] This ſtanza is printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 120.

[30] *Three merry men*, &c.] See vol. v. p. 137, 138, of this Work.

Wife.

Wife. Mark this, George! 'tis worth noting: Godfrey, my taylor, you know, never ſings, and he had fourteen yards to make this gown; and I'll be ſworn, miſtreſs Peniſtone the draper's wife had one made with twelve.

Mer. 'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or ſleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at eaſe,
No man dies of that diſeaſe.
He that would his body keep
From diſeaſes, muſt not weep;
But whoever laughs and ſings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or lingringly his lungs conſumes;
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping ſtone:
But contented lives for aye;
The more he laughs, the more may.

Wife. Look, George; how ſayſt thou by this, George? Is't not a fine old man? Now God's bleſſing a thy ſweet lips! when wilt thou be ſo merry, George? Faith, thou art the frowningſt little thing, when thou art angry, in a country.

Enter Merchant.

Cit. Peace, cony! thou ſhalt ſee him took down too, I warrant thee. Here's Luce's father come now.

Mer. As you came from Walſingham,
From the Holy Land,
There met you not with my true love
By the way as you came[31]?

Merch. Oh, maſter Merrythought, my daughter's gone!
This mirth becomes you not; my daughter's gone!

Mer. Why, an if ſhe be, what care I?
Or let her come, or go, or tarry.

[31] *As you came*, &c.] From a ballad printed in Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. ii. p. 94.

Merch.

Merch. Mock not my miſery; it is your ſon
(Whom I have made my own, when all forſook him)
Has ſtol'n my only joy, my child, away.

Mer. He ſet her on a milk-white ſteed,
And himſelf upon a grey;
He never turn'd his face again,
But he bore her quite away.

Merch. Unworthy of the kindneſs I have ſhewn
To thee, and thine; too late, I well perceive,
Thou art conſenting to my daughter's loſs.

Mer. Your daughter? what a ſtir's here wi' your daughter? Let her go, think no more on her, but ſing loud. If both my ſons were on the gallows, I would ſing,

Down, down, down; they fall
Down, and ariſe they never ſhall.

Merch. Oh, might I behold her once again,
And ſhe once more embrace her aged ſire!

Mer. Fy, how ſcurvily this goes!
'And ſhe once more embrace her aged ſire?'
You'll make a dog on her, will ye? ſhe cares much for her aged ſire, I warrant you.

She cares not for her daddy, nor
She cares not for her mammy, for
She is, ſhe is, ſhe is
My lord of Lowgave's laſſy.

Merch. For this thy ſcorn I will purſue that ſon
Of thine to death.

Mer. Do; and when you ha' kill'd him,
Give him flowers enow, Palmer, give him flowers enow!
Give him red and white, and blue, green, and yellow.

Merch. I'll fetch my daughter——

Mer. I'll hear no more o' your daughter; it ſpoils my mirth.

Merch. I ſay, I'll fetch my daughter.

Mer.

Mer. Was never man for lady's ſake[32],
Down, down,
Tormented as I Sir Guy,
De derry down,
For Lucy's ſake, that lady bright,
Down, down,
As ever men beheld with eye!
De derry down.

Merch. I'll be reveng'd, by Heaven! [*Exeunt.*

FINIS ACTUS SECUNDI. [*Muſic.*

Wife. How doſt thou like this, George?

Cit. Why, this is well, cony; but if Ralph were hot once, thou ſhouldſt ſee more.

Wife. The fidlers go again, huſband.

Cit. Ay, Nell; but this is ſcurvy muſick. I gave the whoreſon gallows money, and I think he has not got me the waits of Southwark: If I hear 'em not anon[33], I'll twinge him by the ears. You muſicians, play Baloo[34]!

Wife. No, good George, let's ha' Lachrymæ!

Cit. Why this is it, cony.

Wife. It's all the better, George. Now, ſweet lamb, what ſtory is that painted upon the cloth? the confutation of St. Paul?

Cit. No, lamb; that's Ralph and Lucrece.

Wife. Ralph and Lucrece? which Ralph? our Ralph?

Cit. No, mouſe; that was a Tartarian.

Wife. A Tartarian? Well, I would the fidlers had done, that we might ſee our Ralph again!

---

[32] *Was never man*, &c.] From the Legend of Sir Guy. Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 102.

[33] *If I hear* him *not*.] Amended by Sympſon.

[34] *Baloo.*] See Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. ii. p. 196. Lady Anne Bothwell's Lamentation; in which the concluding lines of each ſtanza are theſe:

'*Balow*, my babe, lie ſtil and ſleipe!
'It grieves me ſair to ſee thee weepe.'

ACT III.

Enter Jaſper and Luce.

Jaſp. COME, my dear dear! tho' we have loſt our way,
We have not loſt ourſelves. Are you not weary
With this night's wandring, broken from your reſt?
And frighted with the terror that attends
The darkneſs of this wild unpeopled place?

Luce. No, my beſt friend; I cannot either fear,
Or entertain a weary thought, whilſt you
(The end of all my full deſires) ſtand by me:
Let them that loſe their hopes, and live to languiſh
Amongſt the number of forſaken lovers,
Tell the long weary ſteps, and number time,
Start at a ſhadow, and ſhrink up their blood,
Whilſt I (poſſeſs'd with all content and quiet)
Thus take my pretty love, and thus embrace him.

Jaſp. You've caught me, Luce, ſo faſt, that whilſt I live
I ſhall become your faithful priſoner,
And wear theſe chains for ever. Come, ſit down,
And reſt your body, too, too delicate
For theſe diſturbances. So! will you ſleep?
Come, do not be more able than you are;
I know you are not ſkilful in theſe watches,
For women are no ſoldiers: Be not nice,
But take it; ſleep, I ſay.

Luce. I cannot ſleep;
Indeed I cannot, friend.

Jaſp. Why then we'll ſing,
And try how that will work upon our ſenſes.

Luce. I'll ſing, or ſay, or any thing but ſleep.

Jaſp. Come, little mermaid, rob me of my heart
With that enchanting voice.

Luce. You mock me, Jaſper.

SONG.

SONG.

Jaſp. Tell me, deareſt, what is love [35]?
Luce. 'Tis a lightning from above;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Deſire.
'Tis a ſmile
Doth beguile
Jaſp. The poor hearts of men that prove.
Tell me more, are women true?
Luce. Some love change, and ſo do you.
Jaſp. Are they fair, and never kind?
Luce. Yes, when men turn with the wind.
Jaſp. Are they froward?
Luce. Ever toward
Thoſe that love, to love anew.
Jaſp. Diſſemble it no more; I ſee the god
Of heavy ſleep lay on his heavy mace
Upon your eye-lids.
Luce. I am very heavy.
Jaſp. Sleep, ſleep; and quiet reſt crown thy ſweet thoughts!
Keep from her fair blood all diſtempers [36], ſtartings,
Horrors and fearful ſhapes! let all her dreams
Be joys, and chaſte delights, embraces, wiſhes,
And ſuch new pleaſures as the raviſh'd ſoul
Gives to the ſenſes! So; my charms have took.
Keep her, ye powers divine, whilſt I contemplate
Upon the wealth and beauty of her mind!
She's only fair, and conſtant, only kind,
And only to thee, Jaſper. Oh, my joys!
Whither will you tranſport me? let not fullneſs
Of my poor buried hopes come up together,
And over-charge my ſpirits; I am weak!
Some ſay (however ill) the ſea and women
Are govern'd by the moon; both ebb and flow,

[35] *Tell me, deareſt, what is love.*] This ſong, with a little variation, is alſo in the Captain.

[36] *Keep from her fair blood diſtempers, ſtartings.*] Sympſon, to aſſiſt the meaſure, added the word ALL.

Both

Both full of changes; yet to them that know,
And truly judge, theſe but opinions are,
And hereſies, to bring on pleaſing war
Between our tempers, that without theſe were
Both void of after-love, and preſent fear;
Which are the beſt of Cupid. Oh, thou child
Bred from deſpair, I dare not entertain thee,
Having a love without the faults of women,
And greater in her perfect goods than men;
Which to make good, and pleaſe myſelf the ſtronger,
Tho' certainly I'm certain of her love,
I'll try her, that the world and memory
May ſing to after-times her conſtancy.
Luce! Luce! awake!

Luce. Why do you fright me, friend,
With thoſe diſtemper'd looks? what makes your ſword
Drawn in your hand? who hath offended you?—
I prithee, Jaſper, ſleep; thou'rt wild with watching.

Jaſp. Come, make your way to Heaven, and bid the world,
With all the villainies that ſtick upon it,
Farewell; you're for another life.

Luce. Oh, Jaſper,
How have my tender years committed evil,
Eſpecially againſt the man I love,
Thus to be cropp'd untimely?

Jaſp. Fooliſh girl,
Canſt thou imagine I could love his daughter
That flung me from my fortune into nothing?
Diſcharged me his ſervice, ſhut the doors
Upon my poverty, and ſcorn'd my prayers,
Sending me, like a boat without a maſt,
To ſink or ſwim? Come; by this hand, you die!
I muſt have life and blood, to ſatisfy
Your father's wrongs.

Wife. Away, George, away! raiſe the watch at Ludgate; and bring a mittimus from the juſtice for this deſperate villain! Now I charge you, gentlemen, ſee the king's peace kept! Oh, my heart, what a

varlet's this, to offer manſlaughter upon the harmleſs gentlewoman!

Cit. I warrant thee, ſweetheart, we'll have him hampered.

Luce. Oh, Jaſper, be not cruel!
If thou wilt kill me, ſmile, and do it quickly,
And let not many deaths appear before me!
I am a woman made of fear and love,
A weak, weak woman; kill not with thy eyes!
They ſhoot me thro' and thro'. Strike! I am ready;
And dying ſtill I love thee.

Enter Merchant, Maſter Humphrey, and men.

Merch. Whereabouts?

Jaſp. No more of this; now to myſelf again.

Hum. There, there he ſtands, with ſword, like martial knight,
Drawn in his hand; therefore beware the fight,
You that are wife; for, were I good Sir Bevis,
I would not ſtay his coming. By your leaves [37].

Merch. Sirrah, reſtore my daughter!

Jaſp. Sirrah, no.

Merch. Upon him then!

Wife. So; down with him, down with him, down with him! cut him i'the leg, boys, cut him i'the leg!

Merch. Come your ways, minion! I'll provide a cage for you, you're grown ſo tame. Horſe her away!

Hum. Truly, I'm glad your forces have the day.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Jaſper.

Jaſp. They're gone, and I am hurt; my love is loſt,
Never to get again. Oh, me unhappy!
Bleed, bleed and die.—I cannot. Oh, my folly,
Thou haſt betray'd me! Hope, where art thou fled?
Tell me, if thou be'ſt any where remaining,

[37] *By your* leaves.] This muſt be pronounced as two ſyllables; 'tis in the taſte of Chaucer and our old Engliſh Poets: 'Tis a licenſe however our Poets ſeldom take, and I don't remember above three or four inſtances of it throughout the edition. *Sympſon.*

Shall

Shall I but ſee my love again? Oh, no!
She will not deign to look upon her butcher,
Nor is it fit ſhe ſhould; yet I muſt venture.
Oh, Chance, or Fortune, or whate'er thou art,
That men adore for powerful, hear my cry,
And let me loving live, or loſing die! [*Exit.*

Wife. Is a gone, George?

Cit. Ay, cony.

Wife. Marry, and let him go, ſweetheart! By the faith a my body, a has put me into ſuch a fright, that I tremble (as they ſay) as 'twere an aſpen-leaf: Look a my little finger, George, how it ſhakes! Now in truth every member of my body is the worſe for't.

Cit. Come, hug in mine arms, ſweet mouſe; he ſhall not fright thee any more. Alas, mine own dear heart, how it quivers!

Enter Mrs. Merrythought, Ralph, Michael, Tim, George, Hoſt, and a Tapſter.

Wife. Oh, Ralph! how doſt thou Ralph? How haſt thou ſlept to-night? has the knight us'd thee well?

Cit. Peace, Nell; let Ralph alone!

Tap. Maſter, the reckoning is not paid.

Ralph. Right courteous Knight, who, for the order's ſake
Which thou haſt ta'en, hang'ſt out the holy Bell,
As I this flaming Peſtle bear about,
We render thanks to your puiſſant ſelf,
Your beauteous lady, and your gentle ſquires,
For thus refreſhing of our wearied limbs,
Stiffen'd with hard atchievements in wild deſart.

Tap. Sir, there is twelve ſhillings to pay.

Ralph. Thou merry ſquire Tapſtero, thanks to thee
For comforting our ſouls with double jug!
And if adventurous Fortune prick thee forth,
Thou jovial ſquire, to follow feats of arms,
Take heed thou tender every lady's cauſe,
Ev'ry true knight, and ev'ry damſel fair!
But ſpill the blood of treacherous Saracens,

And falſe enchanters, that with magick ſpells
Have done to death full many a noble knight.

Hoſt. Thou valiant Knight of the Burning Peſtle, give ear to me; there is twelve ſhillings to pay, and, as I am a true Knight, I will not bate a penny.

Wife. George, I prithee tell me, muſt Ralph pay twelve ſhillings now?

Cit. No, Nell, no; nothing but the old Knight is merry with Ralph.

Wife. Oh, is't nothing elſe? Ralph will be as merry as he.

Ralph. Sir Knight, this mirth of yours becomes you well;
But, to requite this liberal courteſy,
If any of your ſquires will follow arms,
He ſhall receive from my heroick hand,
A knighthood, by the virtue of this Peſtle.

Hoſt. Fair Knight, I thank you for your noble offer; Therefore, gentle Knight,
Twelve ſhillings you muſt pay, or I muſt cap you.

Wife. Look, George! did not I tell thee as much? the Knight of the Bell is in earneſt. Ralph ſhall not be beholding to him: Give him his money, George, and let him go ſnick-up.

Cit. Cap Ralph? No; hold your hand, Sir Knight of the Bell! There's your money; have you any thing to ſay to Ralph now? Cap Ralph?

Wife. I would you ſhould know it, Ralph has friends that will not ſuffer him to be capt for ten times ſo much, and ten times to the end of that. Now take thy courſe, Ralph!

Mrs. Mer. Come, Michael; thou and I will go home to thy father; he hath enough left to keep us a day or two, and we'll ſet fellows abroad to cry our purſe and caſket: Shall we, Michael?

Mich. Ay, I pray, mother; in truth my feet are full of chilblains with travelling.

Wife. Faith, and thoſe chilblains are a foul trouble. Miſtreſs Merrythought, when your youth comes home, let

let him rub all the ſoles of his feet, and his heels, and his ancles, with a mouſe-ſkin; or, if none of you can catch a mouſe, when he goes to-bed, let him roll his feet in the warm embers, and I warrant you he ſhall be well; and you may make him put his fingers between his toes, and ſmell to them; it's very ſovereign for his head, if he be coſtive.

Mrs. Mer. Maſter Knight of the Burning Peſtle, my ſon Michael and I bid you farewell: I thank your worſhip heartily for your kindneſs.

Ralph. Farewell, fair lady, and your tender ſquire!
If pricking thro' theſe deſarts, I do hear
Of any trait'rous knight, who thro' his guile
Hath lit upon your caſket and your purſe,
I will deſpoil him of them and reſtore them.

Mrs. Mer. I thank your worſhip.

[*Exit with Michael.*

Ralph. Dwarf, bear my ſhield; Squire, elevate my lance;
And now, farewell, you Knight of holy Bell!

Cit. Ay, ay, Ralph, all is paid.

Ralph. But yet, before I go, ſpeak, worthy knight,
If aught you do of ſad adventures know,
Where errant-knight may thro' his proweſs win
Eternal fame, and free ſome gentle ſouls
From endleſs bonds of ſteel and ling'ring pain.

Hoſt. Sirrah, go to Nick the barber, and bid him prepare himſelf, as I told you before, quickly.

Tap. I am gone, Sir. [*Exit.*

Hoſt. Sir Knight, this wilderneſs affordeth none
But the great venture, where full many a knight
Hath tried his proweſs, and come off with ſhame;
And where I would not have you loſe your life,
Againſt no man, but furious fiend of hell.

Ralph. Speak on, Sir Knight; tell what he is, and where:
For here I vow upon my blazing badge,
Never to blaze a day in quietneſs;
But bread and water will I only eat,

And the green herb and rock ſhall be my couch,
Till I have quell'd that man, or beaſt, or fiend,
That works ſuch damage to all errant-knights.

Hoſt. Not far from hence, near to a craggy cliff,
At the north end of this diſtreſſed town,
There doth ſtand a lowly houſe,
Ruggedly builded, and in it a cave
In which an ugly giant now doth won [38],
Ycleped Barbaroſo; in his hand
He ſhakes a naked lance of pureſt ſteel,
With ſleeves turn'd up; and him before he wears
A motly garment, to preſerve his cloaths
From b!ood of thoſe knights which he maſſacres,
And ladies gent; without his door doth hang
A copper baſon, on a prickant ſpear;
At which no ſooner gentle knights can knock
But the ſhrill ſound fierce Barbaroſo hears,
And ruſhing forth, brings in the errant-knight,
And ſets him down in an enchanted chair:
Then with an engine, which he hath prepar'd,
With forty teeth, he claws his courtly crown,
Next makes him wink, and underneath his chin
He plants a brazen piece of mighty bore [40],
And knocks his bullets round about his cheeks;
Whilſt with his fingers, and an inſtrument
With which he ſnaps his hair off, he doth fill
The wretch's ears with a moſt hideous noiſe.
Thus every knight-adventurer he doth trim,
And now no creature dares encounter him.

Ralph. In God's name, I will fight with him:
Kind Sir,

---

[38] *Won.*] Old word for *dwell.* *Sympſon.*

[40] *A brazen piece of mighty* board.] So the octavo; the firſt quarto, *of mighty* bord. Both of which are foreign to the places they occupy. I conjecture the Poets intended to ſay *bore*; ſo the cavity of a gun, cannon, &c. is commonly called: And though the anachroniſm of making ordnance, contemporary with knight-errantry may be allowed, yet nonſenſe has, or can have no claim to the like privilege. *Sympſon.*

Go but before me to this diſmal cave
Where this huge giant Barbaroſo dwells,
And, by that virtue that brave Roſicler
That damned brood of ugly giants ſlew,
And Palmerin Frannarco overthrew,
I doubt not but to curb this traitor foul,
And to the devil ſend his guilty ſoul.

Hoſt. Brave-ſprighted Knight, thus far I will perform
This your requeſt; I'll bring you within ſight
Of this moſt loathſome place, inhabited
By a more loathſome man; but dare not ſtay,
For his main force ſwoops all he ſees away.

Ralph. Saint George! Set on; before march, Squire and Page! [*Exeunt.*

Wife. George, doſt think Ralph will confound the giant?

Cit. I hold my cap to a farthing he does: Why, Nell, I ſaw him wreſtle with the great Dutchman, and hurl him.

Wife. Faith, and that Dutchman was a goodly man, if all things were anſwerable to his bigneſs. And yet they ſay there was a Scottiſhman higher than he, and that they two on a night met[41], and ſaw one another for nothing. But of all the ſights that ever were in London, ſince I was married, methinks the little child that was ſo fair grown about the members was the prettieſt; that and the hermaphrodite.

Cit. Nay, by your leave, Nell, Ninivie was better.

Wife. Ninivie? Oh, that was the ſtory of Joan and the wall[42], was it not, George?

Cit. Yes, lamb.

---

[41] *That they two* and *a* Knight *met.*] The correction in the preſent edition I hope will be allowed by every candid and judicious reader: *Night* being the time when theſe *men-monſters* remove from place to place, thereby to prevent ſpoiling their market, by expoſing to common view, what they would have the world pay dearly for the ſight of. *Sympſon.*

[42] *Story of* Joan *and the* wall.] Affected blunder for *Jonah* and the *whale.* *Theobald.*

Enter Mrs. Merrythought.

Wife. Look, George; here comes miſtreſs Merrythought again! and I would have Ralph come and fight with the giant; I tell you true, I long to ſee't.

Cit. Good miſtreſs Merrythought, be gone, I pray you, for my ſake! I pray you forbear a little; you ſhall have audience preſently; I have a little buſineſs.

Wife. Miſtreſs Merrythought, if it pleaſe you to refrain your paſſion a little, till Ralph have diſpatch'd the giant out of the way, we ſhall think ourſelves much bound to thank you: I thank you, good miſtreſs Merrythought. [*Exit Mrs. Merrythought.*

Enter a Boy.

Cit. Boy, come hither; ſend away Ralph and this whoreſon giant quickly.

Boy. In good faith, Sir, we cannot; you'll utterly ſpoil our play, and make it to be hiſs'd; and it coſt money; you will not ſuffer us to go on with our plots. I pray, gentlemen, rule him!

Cit. Let him come now and diſpatch this, and I'll trouble you no more.

Boy. Will you give me your hand of that?

Wife. Give him thy hand, George, do; and I'll kiſs him. I warrant thee the youth means plainly.

Boy. I'll ſend him to you preſently. [*Exit Boy.*

Wife. I thank you, little youth. Feth, the child hath a ſweet breath, George; but I think it be troubled with the worms; Carduus Benedictus and mare's milk were the only thing in the world for't. Oh, Ralph's here, George! God ſend thee good luck, Ralph!

Enter Ralph, Hoſt, Tim, and George.

Hoſt. Puiſſant knight, yonder his manſion is.
Lo, where the ſpear and copper baſon are!
Behold the ſtring on which hangs many a tooth,
Drawn from the gentle jaw of wandring knights!
I dare not ſtay to ſound; he will appear. [*Exit.*

Ralph,

Ralph. Oh, faint not, heart! Suſan, my lady dear,
The cobler's maid in Milk-Street, for whoſe ſake
I take theſe arms, oh, let the thought of thee
Carry thy knight thro' all th' adventurous deeds:
And, in the honour of thy beauteous ſelf,
May I deſtroy this monſter Barbaroſo!
Knock, Squire, upon the baſon, 'till it break
With the ſhrill ſtrokes, or 'till the giant ſpeak.

Enter Barber.

Wife. Oh, George, the giant, the giant! Now, Ralph, for thy life!

Bar. What fond unknowing wight is this, that dares
So rudely knock at Barbaroſo's cell,
Where no man comes, but leaves his fleece behind?

Ralph. I, traiterous caitiff, who am ſent by Fate
To puniſh all the ſad enormities
Thou haſt committed againſt ladies gent,
And errant-knights, traitor to God and men!
Prepare thyſelf; this is the diſmal hour
Appointed for thee to give ſtrict account
Of all thy beaſtly treacherous villainies.

Bar. Fool-hardy knight, full ſoon thou ſhalt aby
This fond reproach: Thy body will I bang;
[*He takes down his pole.*
And lo! upon that ſtring thy teeth ſhall hang.
Prepare thyſelf, for dead ſoon ſhalt thou be.

Ralph. Saint George for me! [*They fight.*

Bar. Gargantua for me!

Wife. To him, Ralph, to him! hold up the giant; ſet out thy leg before, Ralph!

Cit. Falſify a blow, Ralph, falſify a blow! the giant lies open on the left ſide.

Wife. Bear't off, bear't off ſtill: There, boy. Oh, Ralph's almoſt down, Ralph's almoſt down!

Ralph. Suſan, inſpire me! now have up again.

Wife. Up, up, up, up, up! ſo, Ralph! down with him, down with him, Ralph!

Cit. Fetch him over the hip, boy!

Wife.

Wife. There, boy! kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, Ralph!

Cit. No, Ralph; get all out of him firſt.

Ralph. Preſumptuous man! ſee to what deſperate end
Thy treachery hath brought thee: The juſt gods,
Who never proſper thoſe that do deſpiſe them,
For all the villainies which thou haſt done
To knights and ladies, now have paid thee home,
By my ſtiff arm, a knight adventurous.
But ſay, vile wretch, before I ſend thy ſoul
To ſad Avernus, (whither it muſt go)
What captives holdſt thou in thy ſable cave?

Bar. Go in, and free them all; thou haſt the day.

Ralph. Go, Squire and Dwarf, ſearch in this dreadful cave,
And free the wretched priſoners from their bonds.

[*Exeunt Tim and George.*

Bar. I crave for mercy, as thou art a Knight,
And ſcorn'ſt to ſpill the blood of thoſe that beg.

Ralph. Thou ſhew'ſt no mercy, nor ſhalt thou have any;
Prepare thyſelf, for thou ſhalt ſurely die.

Enter Tim leading one winking, with a baſon under his chin.

Tim. Behold, brave Knight, here is one priſoner,
Whom this vile man hath uſed as you ſee[43].

Wife. This is the wiſeſt word I heard the ſquire ſpeak.

---

[43] *Whom this* wild *man.*] Though all the copies agree in this reading, 'tis yet highly probable that a corruption has taken place here. Inhumanity and barbarity are the characteriſtics this giant is diſtinguiſhed by, and as ſuch I would have what I take to be the right lection reſtored, and make the line run thus,

Whom this vilde *man*, &c.

Vilde for *vile* is the common lection both in Shakeſpear and Spencer, and I am ſurprized that the great Oxford editor of Shakeſpear ſhould ſo frequently (I believe univerſally) alter this reading in his fine edition of that poet, into the modern *vile*. *Sympſon.*

We cannot conceive why Mr. Sympſon ſhould be ſurprized at this: Himſelf confeſſes that it is only modernizing the orthography; and if that is not allowable in this word, why is it in any other?

Ralph.

Ralph. Speak what thou art, and how thou haſt been us'd,
That I may give him condign puniſhment.

1 *Knight.* I am a Knight that took my journey poſt
Northward from London; and, in courteous wiſe,
This giant train'd me to his loathſome den,
Under pretence of killing of the itch;
And all my body with a powder ſtrew'd,
That ſmarts and ſtings; and cut away my beard,
And my curl'd locks, wherein were ribands tied;
And with a water waſh'd my tender eyes,
(Whilſt up and down about me ſtill he ſkipt)
Whoſe virtue is, that 'till my eyes be wip'd
With a dry cloth, for this my foul diſgrace,
I ſhall not dare to look a dog i' th' face.

Wife. Alas, poor Knight! Relieve him, Ralph; relieve poor knights, whilſt you live.

Ralph. My truſty Squire, convey him to the town,
Where he may find relief. Adieu, fair Knight!
[*Exit Knight.*

Enter George, leading one with a patch over his noſe.

George. Puiſſant Knight, o' th' Burning Peſtle hight,
See here another wretch, whom this foul beaſt
Hath ſcotch'd [44] and ſcor'd in this inhuman wiſe.

Ralph. Speak me thy name, and eke thy place of birth,
And what hath been thy uſage in this cave.

2 *Knight.* I am a Knight, Sir Pockhole is my name,
And by my birth I am a Londoner,
Free by my copy, but my anceſtors
Were Frenchmen all; and riding hard this way,
Upon a trotting horſe, my bones did ache;
And I, faint Knight, to eaſe my weary limbs,
Lit at this cave; when ſtraight this furious fiend,

[44] Scorch'd *and ſcor'd.*] The account that the Knight, here handed out by the Dwarf, gives of himſelf a little after, makes much againſt the reading of *ſcorch'd*, but naturally agrees with the alteration Mr. Theobald and myſelf have advanced. *Sympſon.*

With

With ſharpeſt inſtrument of pureſt ſteel,
Did cut the griſtle of my noſe away,
And in the place this velvet plaiſter ſtands:
Relieve me, gentle Knight, out of his hands!

Wife. Good Ralph, relieve Sir Pockhole, and ſend him away; for in truth his breath ſtinks.

Ralph. Convey him ſtraight after the other Knight. Sir Pockhole, fare you well!

2 *Knight.* Kind Sir, good night! [*Exit.*

Man [*within*]. Deliver us! [*Cries within.*

Woman [*within*]. Deliver us!

Wife. Hark, George, what a woful cry there is! I think ſome woman lies-in there.

Man. Deliver us!

Woman. Deliver us!

Ralph. What ghaſtly noiſe is this? ſpeak, Barbaroſo; Or, by this blazing ſteel, thy head goes off!

Bar. Priſoners of mine, whom I in diet keep.
Send lower down into the cave,
And in a tub that's heated ſmoaking hot,
There may they find them, and deliver them.

Ralph. Run, Squire and Dwarf; deliver them with ſpeed. [*Exeunt Tim and George.*

Wife. But will not Ralph kill this giant? Surely I am afraid, if he let him go he will do as much hurt as ever he did.

Cit. Not ſo, mouſe, neither, if he could convert him.

Wife. Ay, George, if he could convert him; but a giant is not ſo ſoon converted as one of us ordinary people. There's a pretty tale of a witch, that had the devil's mark about her, God bleſs us! that had a giant to her ſon, that was call'd Lob-lie-by-the-fire; didſt never hear it, George?

Enter Tim leading Third Knight, with a glaſs of lotion in his hand, and George leading a Woman, with diet-bread and drink.

Cit. Peace, Nell; here comes the priſoners.

George. Here be theſe pined wretches, manful Knight,

That

That for this ſix weeks have not ſeen a wight.

Ralph. Deliver what you are, and how you came
To this ſad cave, and what your uſage was?

3 *Knight.* I am an errant-Knight[45] that follow'd arms,
With ſpear and ſhield; and in my tender years
I ſtrucken was with Cupid's fiery ſhaft,
And fell in love with this my lady dear,
And ſtole her from her friends in Turnball-ſtreet[46],
And bore her up and down from town to town,
Where we did eat and drink, and muſick hear;
'Till at the length at this unhappy town
We did arrive, and coming to this cave,
This beaſt us caught, and put us in a tub,
Where we this two months ſweat, and ſhould have done
Another month, if you had not reliev'd us.

Woman. This bread and water hath our diet been,
Together with a rib cut from a neck
Of burned mutton; hard hath been our fare!
Releaſe us from this ugly giant's ſnare!

3 *Knight.* This hath been all the food we have receiv'd;
But only twice a-day, for novelty, [*Pulls out a ſyringe.*
He gave a ſpoonful of this hearty broth
To each of us, thro' this ſame ſlender quill.

Ralph. From this infernal monſter you ſhall go,
That uſeth knights and gentle ladies ſo.
Convey them hence. [*Exeunt Third Knight and Woman.*

Cit. Cony, I can tell thee the gentlemen like Ralph.

Wife. Ay, George, I ſee it well enough. Gentlemen, I thank you all heartily for gracing my man Ralph; and I promiſe you, you ſhall ſee him oftener.

Bar. Mercy, great Knight! I do recant my ill,
And henceforth never gentle blood will ſpill.

Ralph. I give thee mercy; but yet thou ſhalt ſwear
Upon my Burning Peſtle, to perform

---

[45] Man. *I am an errant* Knight.] Surely then this character ſhould be called THIRD *Knight*, as well as the others FIRST and SECOND *Knights*. *M. R.*

[46] *Turnball-Street.*] See note 46 on the Scornful Lady.

Thy

Thy promiſe utter'd.

Bar. I ſwear and kiſs.

Ralph. Depart then, and amend!
Come, Squire and Dwarf; the ſun grows towards his ſet,
And we have many more adventures yet. [*Exeunt.*

Cit. Now Ralph is in this humour, I know he would ha' beaten all the boys in the houſe, if they had been ſet on him.

Wife. Ay, George, but it is well as it is: I warrant you the gentlemen do conſider what it is to overthrow a giant. But look, George; here comes miſtreſs Merrythought, and her ſon Michael: Now you are welcome, miſtreſs Merrythought; now Ralph has done, you may go on.

Enter Mrs. Merrythought and Michael.

Mrs. Mer. Micke, my boy?

Mich. Ay, forſooth, mother!

Mrs. Mer. Be merry, Micke; we are at home now; where I warrant you, you ſhall find the houſe flung out of the windows. Hark! hey dogs, hey! this is the old world i'faith with my huſband: I get in among them, I'll play them ſuch a leſſon, that they ſhall have little liſt to come ſcraping hither again!—Why, maſter Merrythought! huſband! Charles Merrythought!

Mer. [*within.*] If you will ſing, and dance, and laugh,
And hollow, and laugh again!
And then cry, there boys, there; why then,
One, two, three, and four,
We ſhall be merry within this hour.

Mrs. Mer. Why, Charles! do you not know your own natural wife? I ſay, open the door, and turn me out thoſe mangy companions; 'tis more than time that they were fellow-like with you: You are a gentleman, Charles, and an old man, and father of two children; and I myſelf, (though I ſay it) by my mother's ſide,

niece

niece to a worſhipful gentleman, and a conductor; he has been three times in his majeſty's ſervice at Cheſter; and is now the fourth time, God bleſs him, and his charge, upon his journey.

Mer. Go from my window, love, go;
Go from my window, my dear:
The wind and the rain
Will drive you back again,
You cannot be lodged here.

Hark you, miſtreſs Merrythought, you that walk upon adventures, and forſake your huſband, becauſe he ſings with never a penny in his purſe; what, ſhall I think myſelf the worſe? Faith no, I'll be merry.

You come not here, here's none but lads of mettle,
Lives of a hundred years, and upwards,
Care never drunk their bloods, nor want made them warble.
Hey-ho, my heart is heavy.

Mrs. Mer. Why, maſter Merrythought, what am I, that you ſhould laugh me to ſcorn thus abruptly? am I not your fellow-feeler, as we may ſay, in all our miſeries? your comforter in health and ſickneſs? have I not brought you children? are they not like you, Charles? Look upon thine own image, hard-heated man! and yet for all this——

Mer. Begone, begone, my juggy, my puggy,
Begone, my love, my dear!
The weather is warm,
'Twill do thee no harm;
Thou canſt not be lodged here.

Be merry, boys! ſome light muſick, and more wine!

Wife. He's not in earneſt, I hope, George; is he?

Cit. What if he be, ſweetheart?

Wife. Marry if he be, George, I'll make bold to tell him he's an ingrant old man[47], to uſe his bedfellow ſo ſcurvily.

[47] *Ingrant*] Is the reading of all the copies but that of 1711, which exhibits *ignorant*; of which word it may be a vitiation, as *ingrum*

Cit. What! how does he uſe her, honey?

Wife. Marry come up, Sir Saucebox! I think you'll take his part, will you not? Lord, how hot are you grown! you are a fine man, an you had a fine dog; it becomes you ſweetly!

Cit. Nay, prithee, Nell, chide not; for as I am an honeſt man, and a true Chriſtian grocer, I do not like his doings.

Wife. I cry you mercy then, George! you know we are all frail, and full of infirmities.—D'ye hear, maſter Merrythought? may I crave a word with you?

Mer. Strike up, lively lads!

Wife. I had not thought in truth, maſter Merrythought, that a man of your age and diſcretion, as I may ſay, being a gentleman, and therefore known by your gentle conditions, could have uſed ſo little reſpect to the weakneſs of his wife: For your wife is your own fleſh, the ſtaff of your age, your yoke-fellow, with whoſe help you draw through the mire of this tranſitory world; nay, ſhe's your own rib. And again——

Mer. I come not hither for thee to teach,
I have no pulpit for thee to preach,
I would thou hadſt kiſs'd me under the breech,
As thou art a lady gay.

Wife. Marry, with a vengeance, I am heartily ſorry for the poor gentlewoman! but if I were thy wife, i'faith, greybeard, i'faith——

Cit. I prithee, ſweet honeyſuckle, be content!

Wife. Give me ſuch words, that am a gentlewoman born? hang him, hoary raſcal! Get me ſome drink, George; I am almoſt molten with fretting: Now beſhrew his knave's heart for it!

Mer. Play me a light lavalto. Come, be frolick; fill the good fellows wine!

Mrs. Mer. Why, maſter Merrythought, are you

ingrum is in Wit without Money (ſee note 77 on that play): *Ingrant* here ſeems to ſtand for *ingrateful*.

diſpoſed

diſpoſed to make me wait here? You'll open, I hope; I'll fetch them that ſhall open elſe.

Mer. Good woman, if you will ſing, I'll give you you ſomething; if not——

You are no love for me, Margret,
I am no love for you[47].

Come aloft, boys, aloft[48]!

Mrs. Mer. Now a churl's fart in your teeth, Sir! Come, Micke, we'll not trouble him; a ſhall not ding us i' th' teeth with his bread and his broth, that he ſhall not. Come, boy; I'll provide for thee, I warrant thee: We'll go to maſter Venterwels, the merchant; I'll get his letter to mine hoſt of the Bell in Waltham; there I'll place thee with the tapſter; will not that do well for thee, Micke? and let me alone for that old cuckoldly knave your father! I'll uſe him in his kind, I warrant you!

FINIS ACTUS TERTII.

Wife. Come, George; where's the beer?

Cit. Here, love!

Wife. This old fornicating fellow will not out of my mind yet. Gentlemen, I'll begin to you all; and I deſire more of your acquaintance, with all my heart. Fill the gentlemen ſome beer, George. [*Boy danceth.*] Look, George, the little Boy's come again! methinks he looks ſomething like the prince of Orange in his long ſtocking, if he had a little harneſs about his neck. George, I will have him dance Fading; Fading is a fine jig[49], I'll aſſure you, gentlemen. Begin, brother; now a capers, ſweet heart! now a turn a th' toe, and then tumble! Cannot you tumble, youth?

[47] *You are no love*, &c.] Theſe lines are to be found in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 120.

[48] *Come aloft, boys, aloft.*] This line has hitherto been printed as part of the *ſong*; to which we cannot think it belongs.

[49] Fading; fading *is a fine jig.*] This dance is mentioned by Ben Jonſon, in the Iriſh Maſque at Court: 'Daunſh a *fading* at te ved-'ding;' and again, 'Show tee hqw teye can foot te *fading* and te 'fadow.'

Boy. No indeed, forſooth.

Wife. Nor eat fire?

Boy. Neither.

Wife. Why then, I thank you heartily; there's two-pence to buy you points withal.

ACT IV[50].

Enter Jaſper and Boy.

Jaſp. THERE, boy; deliver this: But do it well.
Haſt thou provided me four luſty fellows,
Able to carry me? and art thou perfect
In all thy buſineſs?

Boy. Sir, you need not fear;
I have my leſſon here, and cannot miſs it:
The men are ready for you, and what elſe
Pertains to this employment.

Jaſp. There, my boy;
Take it: but buy no land.

Boy. Faith, Sir, 'twere rare
To ſee ſo young a purchaſer. I fly,
And on my wings carry your deſtiny. [*Exit.*

Jaſp. Go, and be happy! Now, my lateſt hope,
Forſake me not, but fling thy anchor out,
And let it hold! Stand, fix'd, thou rolling ſtone,
'Till I enjoy my deareſt! Hear me, all
You powers, that rule in men, celeſtial! [*Exit.*

Wife. Go thy ways; thou art as crooked a ſprig as ever grew in London! I warrant him, he'll come to ſome naughty end or other; for his looks ſay no leſs: Beſides, his father (you know, George) is none of the beſt; you heard him take me up like a Gill-flirt, and

[50] *Act* IV.] All the copies concur in making this *act* begin with the *Boy's dancing*; but as the *dance* was certainly introduced by way of interlude, here as well as at the end of the firſt act, we have made this *act* begin with a part of the real play, as all the others do.

ſing

ſing bawdy ſongs upon me; but i'faith, if I live, George——

Cit. Let me alone, ſweetheart! I have a trick in my head ſhall lodge him in the Arches for one year, and make him ſing *peccavi*, ere I leave him; and yet he ſhall never know who hurt him neither.

Wife. Do, my good George, do!

Cit. What ſhall we have Ralph do now, Boy?

Boy. You ſhall have what you will, Sir.

Cit. Why, ſo, Sir; go and fetch me him then, and let the ſophy of Perſia come and chriſten him a child.

Boy. Believe me, Sir, that will not do ſo well; 'tis ſtale; it has been had before at the Red Bull[51].

Wife. George, let Ralph travel over great hills, and let him be weary, and come to the king of Cracovia's houſe, covered with black velvet[52], and there let the king's daughter ſtand in her window all in beaten gold, combing her golden locks with a comb of ivory; and let her ſpy Ralph, and fall in love with him, and come down to him, and carry him into her father's houſe, and then let Ralph talk with her!

Cit. Well ſaid, Nell; it ſhall be ſo: Boy, let's ha't done quickly.

Boy. Sir, if you will imagine all this to be done already, you ſhall hear them talk together; but we cannot preſent a houſe covered with black velvet, and a lady in beaten gold.

Cit. Sir Boy, let's ha't as you can then.

Boy. Beſides, it will ſhew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's prentice to court a king's daughter.

Cit. Will it ſo, Sir? You are well read in hiſtories!

---

[51] *The Red Bull.*] The *Red Bull* was one of the playhouſes in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. It was ſituated in St. John's Street. *R.*

[52] *Cracovia's houſe covered with velvet.*] I have inſerted the *colour* of the *velvet*, which was here wanting, from what the Boy ſays the ſecond ſpeech below, as to the impoſſibility of their complying with this requeſt of the Citizen's Wife,

But we can't preſent an houſe covered with black *velvet.*

Sympſon.

I pray you, what was Sir Dagonet[53]? Was not he prentice to a grocer in London? Read the play of the Four Prentices of London[54], where they toſs their pikes ſo. I pray you fetch him in, Sir, fetch him in!

[53] *Sir Dagonet.*] In the Second Part of Shakeſpeare's Henry IV. act iii. ſcene iv. this character is mentioned by Juſtice Shallow: 'I 'remember at Mile-End Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, I was 'Sir *Dagonet* in Arthur's Show;' upon which Mr. Warton remarks, 'Arthur's Show ſeems to have been a theatrical repreſentation made 'out of the old romance of Morte Arthure, the moſt popular one of 'our Author's age. *Sir Dagonet* is king Arthur's ſquire.'

[54] *The Foure Prentices of London.*] The commentators on Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Peſtle have not obſerved that the deſign of that play is founded upon a comedy called, 'The Four 'Prentices of London, with the Conqueſt of Jeruſalem; as it hath 'been diverſe times acted at the Red Bull, by the Queen's Majeſty's 'Servants. Written by Tho. Heywood, 1612.' For as in Beaumont and Fletcher's play, a grocer in the Strand turns knight-errant, making his apprentice his ſquire, *&c.* ſo in Heywood's play four apprentices accoutre themſelves as knights, and go to Jeruſalem in queſt of adventures. One of them, the moſt important character, is a goldſmith, another a grocer, another a mercer, and a fourth an haberdaſher. But Beaumont and Fletcher's Play, though founded upon it, contains many ſatyrical ſtrokes againſt Heywood's comedy; the force of which is entirely loſt to thoſe who have not ſeen that comedy.

Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's Prologue, or firſt ſcene, a Citizen is introduced declaring that, in the play, he 'will have a grocer, and 'he ſhall do admirable things.'

Again, act i. ſcene i. Ralph ſays, 'Amongſt all the worthy books 'of atchievements, I do not call to mind that I have yet read of a 'grocer-errant: I will be the ſaid knight. Have you heard of any 'that hath wandered unfurniſhed of his ſquire and dwarf? My elder 'prentice Tim ſhall be my truſty ſquire, and George my dwarf.'

In the following paſſage the alluſion to Heywood's comedy is demonſtrably manifeſt, act iv. ſcene i.

'*Boy.* It will ſhew ill-favouredly to have a grocer's prentice court 'a king's daughter.

'*Cit.* Will it ſo, Sir? You are well read in hiſtories; I pray you 'who was Sir Dagonet? Was he not prentice to a grocer in London? 'Read the play of *The Four Prentices*, where they toſs their pikes ſo.'

In Heywood's comedy, Euſtace the grocer's prentice is introduced courting the daughter of the king of France; and in the frontiſpiece the Four Prentices are repreſented in armour tilting with javelins. Immediately before the laſt-quoted ſpeeches we have the following inſtances of alluſion.

'*Cit.* Let the Sophy of Perſia come, and chriſten him a child.

'*Boy.* Believe me, Sir, that will not do ſo well; 'tis flat; it has 'been before at the Red Bull.'

A circumſtance

Boy. It ſhall be done.—It is not our fault, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Wife. Now we ſhall ſee fine doings, I warrant thee, George. Oh, here they come! How prettily the king of Cracovia's daughter is dreſſed.

Enter Ralph, Lady, Tim, and George.

Cit. Ay, Nell, it is the faſhion of that country, I warrant thee.

Lady. Welcome, Sir Knight, unto my father's court,
King of Moldavia; unto me, Pompiona,
His daughter dear! But ſure you do not like
Your entertainment, that will ſtay with us
No longer but a night.

Ralph. Damſel right fair,
I am on many ſad adventures bound,
That call me forth into the wilderneſs:
Beſides, my horſe's back is ſomething gall'd,
Which will enforce me ride a ſober pace.
But many thanks, fair lady, be to you,
For uſing errant-Knight with courteſy!

Lady. But ſay, brave Knight, what is your name and birth?

Ralph. My name is Ralph, I am an Engliſhman,
(As true as ſteel, a hearty Engliſhman)
And 'prentice to a grocer in the Strand,
By deed indent, of which I have one part:
But Fortune calling me to follow arms,
On me this holy order I did take
Of Burning Peſtle, which in all mens' eyes
I bear, confounding ladies' enemies.

Lady. Oft have I heard of your brave countrymen,
And fertile ſoil, and ſtore of wholeſome food;
My father oft will tell me of a drink

A circumſtance in Heywood's comedy; which, as has been already ſpecified, was acted at the Red Bull. Beaumont and Fletcher's play is pure burleſque. Heywood's is a mixture of the droll and ſerious, and was evidently intended to ridicule the reigning faſhion of reading romances. *Warton.*

In England found, and Nipitato call'd,
Which driveth all the ſorrow from your hearts.
Ralph. Lady, 'tis true; you need not lay your lips
To better Nipitato than there is.
Lady. And of a wild-fowl he will often ſpeak,
Which powder'd beef and muſtard called is:
For there have been great wars 'twixt us and you;
But truly, Ralph, it was not long of me.
Tell me then, Ralph, could you contented be
To wear a lady's favour in your ſhield?
Ralph. I am a knight of a religious order,
And will not wear a favour of a lady
That truſts in Antichriſt, and falſe traditions.
Cit. Well ſaid, Ralph! convert her, if thou canſt.
Ralph. Beſides, I have a lady of my own
In merry England; for whoſe virtuous ſake
I took theſe arms; and Suſan is her name,
A cobler's maid in Milk-Street; whom I vow
Ne'er to forſake, whilſt life and Peſtle laſt.
Lady. Happy that cobling dame, whoe'er ſhe be,
That for her own, dear Ralph, hath gotten thee!
Unhappy I, that ne'er ſhall ſee the day
To ſee thee more, that bear'ſt my heart away!
Ralph. Lady, farewell! I needs muſt take my leave.
Lady. Hard-hearted Ralph, that ladies doſt deceive!
Cit. Hark thee, Ralph! there's money for thee;
Give ſomething in the king of Cracovia's houſe; be
not beholding to him.
Ralph. Lady, before I go, I muſt remember
Your father's officers, who, truth to tell,
Have been about me very diligent:
Hold up thy ſnowy hand, thou princely maid!
There's twelve-pence for your father's chamberlain;
And there's another ſhilling for his cook,
For, by my troth, the gooſe was roaſted well;
And twelve-pence for your father's horſe-keeper,
For 'nointing my horſe-back, and for his butter
There is another ſhilling; to the maid
That waſh'd my boot-hoſe, there's an Engliſh groat;
And

And two-pence to the boy that wip'd my boots!
And, laſt, fair lady, there is for yourſelf
Three-pence, to buy you pins at Bumbo-fair!

Lady. Full many thanks; and I will keep them ſafe
'Till all the heads be off, for thy ſake, Ralph.

Ralph. Advance, my Squire and Dwarf! I cannot ſtay.

Lady. Thou kill'ſt my heart in parting thus away.
[*Exeunt.*

Wife. I commend Ralph yet, that he will not ſtoop to a Cracovian; there's properer women in London than any are there, I wis. But here comes maſter Humphrey and his love again; now, George!

Cit. Ay, cony, peace!

Enter Merchant, Maſter Humphrey, Luce, and Boy.

Merch. Go, get you up! I will not be entreated.
And, goſſip mine, I'll keep you ſure hereafter
From gadding out again, with boys and unthrifts:
Come, they are womens' tears; I know your faſhion.
Go, ſirrah, lock her in, and keep the key
[*Exeunt Luce and Boy.*
Safe, as you love your life[55]. Now, my ſon Humphrey,
You may both reſt aſſured of my love
In this, and reap your own deſire.

Hum. I ſee this love you ſpeak of, thro' your daughter,
Altho' the hole be little; and hereafter
Will yield the like in all I may or can,
Fitting a Chriſtian and a gentleman.

Merch. I do believe you, my good ſon, and thank you;

[55] *Safe as your life.*] We ought to read here, ſays the gentleman quoted ſo often above, thus,

Safe as you love *your life.* *Sympſon.*

The reader will probably be ſurprized at Sympſon's ſaying, 'quoted 'SO OFTEN,' when we have mentioned the gentleman SO SELDOM; The cauſe is, the gentleman ſcarcely ever propoſed a variation from the old books, but (as in the preſent caſe; for they exhibit the words *you love*) recommended *reſtorations* from them; which Sympſon, from his wonderful inattention to the authorized copies, ſuppoſed were *corrections*.

For 'twere an impudence to think you flatter'd.
Hum. It were indeed; but ſhall I tell you why?
I have been beaten twice about the lie.
Merch. Well, ſon, no more of compliment. My daughter
Is yours again; appoint the time and take her:
We'll have no ſtealing for it; I myſelf
And ſome few of our friends will ſee you married.
Hum. I would you would, i'faith! for be it known,
I ever was afraid to lie alone.
Merch. Some three days hence then——
Hum. Three days? let me ſee!
'Tis ſomewhat of the moſt; yet I agree,
Becauſe I mean againſt the appointed day
To viſit all my friends in new array.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a gentlewoman without would ſpeak with your worſhip.
Merch. What is ſhe?
Serv. Sir, I aſk'd her not.
Merch. Bid her come in.

Enter Mrs. Merrythought and Michael.

Mrs. Mer. Peace be to your worſhip! I come as a poor ſuitor to you, Sir, in the behalf of this child.
Merch. Are you not wife to Merrythought?
Mrs. Mer. Yes, truly; 'Would I had ne'er ſeen his eyes! he has undone me and himſelf, and his children; and there he ſives at home, and ſings and hoits, and revels among his drunken companions! but, I warrant you, where to get a penny to put bread in his mouth he knows not: And therefore, if it like your worſhip, I would entreat your letter to the honeſt hoſt of the Bell in Waltham, that I may place my child under the protection of his tapſter, in ſome ſettled courſe of life.
Merch. I'm glad the Heav'ns have heard my prayers!
Thy huſband,

When

When I was ripe in ſorrows, laugh'd at me;
Thy ſon, like an unthankful wretch, I having
Redeem'd him from his fall, and made him mine,
To ſhew his love again, firſt ſtole my daughter,
Then wrong'd this gentleman; and, laſt of all,
Gave me that grief had almoſt brought me down
Unto my grave, had not a ſtronger hand
Reliev'd my ſorrows: Go, and weep as I did,
And be unpitied; for I here profeſs
An everlaſting hate to all thy name.

Mrs. Mer. Will you ſo, Sir? how ſay you by that? Come, Micke; let him keep his wind to cool his pottage! We'll go to thy nurſe's, Micke; ſhe knits ſilk ſtockings, boy, and we'll knit too, boy, and be beholding to none of them all. [*Exit with Michael.*

Enter a Boy with a letter.

Boy. Sir, I take it you are the maſter of this houſe.

Merch. How then, Boy?

Boy. Then to yourſelf, Sir, comes this letter.

Merch. From whom, my pretty Boy?

Boy. From him that was your ſervant; but no more
Shall that name ever be, for he is dead!
Grief of your purchas'd anger broke his heart:
I ſaw him die, and from his hand receiv'd
This paper, with a charge to bring it hither:
Read it, and ſatisfy yourſelf in all.

Merch. [*reading.*] 'Sir, that I have wronged your 'love I muſt confeſs; in which I have purchaſed to 'myſelf, beſides mine own undoing, the ill opinion 'of my friends. Let not your anger, good Sir, out-'live me, but ſuffer me to reſt in peace with your 'forgiveneſs: Let my body (if a dying man may ſo 'much prevail with you) be brought to your daughter, 'that ſhe may know my hot flames are now buried, 'and withal receive a teſtimony of the zeal I bore her 'virtue. Farewell for ever, and be ever happy! 'Jaſper.'

God's

God's hand is great in this! I do forgive him;
Yet I am glad he's quiet, where I hope
He will not bite again. Boy, bring the body,
And let him have his will, if that be all.

Boy. 'Tis here without, Sir.

Merch. So, Sir; if you pleaſe,
You may conduct it in; I do not fear it!

Hum. I'll be your uſher, Boy; for, tho' I ſay it,
He ow'd me ſomething once, and well did pay it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Luce alone.

Luce. If there be any puniſhment inflicted
Upon the miſerable, more than yet I feel,
Let it together ſeize me, and at once
Preſs down my ſoul! I cannot bear the pain
Of theſe delaying tortures!—Thou that art
The end of all, and the ſweet reſt of all,
Come, come, oh, Death! bring me to thy peace,
And blot out all the memory I nouriſh
Both of my father and my cruel friend!
Oh, wretched maid, ſtill living to be wretched,
To be a ſay[56] to Fortune in her changes,
And grow to number times and woes together!
How happy had I been, if, being born,
My grave had been my cradle!

Enter Servant.

Serv. By your leave,
Young miſtreſs! Here's a boy hath brought a coffin;
What a would ſay I know not; but your father
Charg'd me to give you notice. Here they come!

Enter two bearing a coffin, Jaſper in it.

Luce. For me I hope 'tis come, and 'tis moſt welcome.

Boy. Fair miſtreſs, let me not add greater grief
To that great ſtore you have already. Jaſper,

[56] *To be a ſay.*] *A ſay* ſeems corrupt; perhaps we ſhould read, *aſſay.*

(That whilſt he liv'd was yours, now dead,
And here enclos'd) commanded me to bring
His body hither, and to crave a tear
From thoſe fair eyes, (tho' he deſerv'd not pity)
To deck his funeral, for ſo he bid me
Tell her for whom he died.

Luce. He ſhall have many. [*Exe. coffin-carriers and boy.*
Good friends, depart a little, whilſt I take
My leave of this dead man, that once I lov'd.
Hold yet a little, life! and then I give thee
To thy firſt heavenly being. Oh, my friend!
Haſt thou deceiv'd me thus, and got before me?
I ſhall not long be after. But, believe me,
Thou wert too cruel, Jaſper, 'gainſt thyſelf,
In puniſhing the fault I could have pardon'd,
With ſo untimely death: Thou didſt not wrong me,
But ever wert moſt kind, moſt true, moſt loving;
And I the moſt unkind, moſt falſe, moſt cruel!
Didſt thou but aſk a tear? I'll give thee all,
Even all my eyes can pour down, all my ſighs,
And all myſelf, before thou goeſt from me:
Theſe are but ſparing rites; but if thy ſoul
Be yet about this place, and can behold
And ſee what I prepare to deck thee with,
It ſhall go up, borne on the wings of peace,
And ſatisfied: Firſt will I ſing thy dirge,
Then kiſs thy pale lips, and then die myſelf,
And fill one coffin, and one grave together.

Come, you whoſe loves are dead,
And whiles I ſing,
Weep and ring
Every hand, and every head
Bind with cypreſs and ſad yew;
Ribbons black and candles blue,
For him that was of men moſt true!
Come with heavy moaning [57],
And on his grave
Let him have
Sacrifice of ſighs and groaning;

[57] *With heavy* mourning.] Amended in 1750.

Let him have fair flowers enow,
White and purple, green and yellow,
For him that was of men moſt true!

Thou ſable cloth, ſad cover of my joys,
I lift thee up, and thus I meet with death.

Jaſp. And thus you meet the living.

Luce. Save me, Heaven!

Jaſp. Nay, do not fly me, fair; I am no ſpirit:
Look better on me; do you know me yet?

Luce. Oh, thou dear ſhadow of my friend!

Jaſp. Dear ſubſtance,
I ſwear I am no ſhadow; feel my hand!
It is the ſame it was; I am your Jaſper,
Your Jaſper that's yet living, and yet loving!
Pardon my raſh attempt, my fooliſh proof
I put in practice of your conſtancy!
For ſooner ſhould my ſword have drunk my blood,
And ſet my ſoul at liberty, than drawn
The leaſt drop from that body; for which boldneſs
Doom me to any thing! if death, I take it,
And willingly.

Luce. This death I'll give you for it! [*Kiſſes him.*
So; now I'm ſatisfied, you are no ſpirit,
But my own trueſt, trueſt, trueſt friend!
Why do you come thus to me?

Jaſp. Firſt, to ſee you;
Then to convey you hence.

Luce. It cannot be;
For I am lock'd up here, and watch'd at all hours,
That 'tis impoſſible for me to 'ſcape.

Jaſp. Nothing more poſſible: Within this coffin
Do you convey yourſelf; let me alone,
I have the wits of twenty men about me;
Only I crave the ſhelter of your cloſet
A little, and then fear me not. Creep in,
That they may preſently convey you hence.
Fear nothing, deareſt love! I'll be your ſecond;
Lie cloſe; ſo! all goes well yet. Boy!

Boy. At hand, Sir.

Jaſp. Convey away the coffin, and be wary.

Boy.

Boy. 'Tis done already.
Jaſp. Now muſt I go conjure. [*Exit.*

Enter Merchant.

Merch. Boy, Boy!
Boy. Your ſervant, Sir.
Merch. Do me this kindneſs, Boy; (hold; here's a crown)
Before thou bury the body of this fellow,
Carry it to his old merry father, and ſalute him
From me, and bid him ſing; h' hath cauſe.
Boy. I will, Sir.
Merch. And then bring me word what tune he is in,
And have another crown; but do it truly.
I've fitted him a bargain, now, will vex him.
Boy. God bleſs your worſhip's health, Sir!
Merch. Farewell, Boy! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Old Merrythought.

Wife. Ah, old Merrythought, art thou there again? Let's hear ſome of thy ſongs.

Mer. Who can ſing a merrier note
Than he that cannot change a groat?

Not a denier left, and yet my heart leaps: I do wonder yet, as old as I am, that any man will follow a trade, or ſerve, that may ſing and laugh, and walk the ſtreets. My wife and both my ſons are, I know not where; I have nothing left, nor know I how to come by meat to ſupper; yet am I merry ſtill; for I know I ſhall find it upon the table at ſix o' clock; therefore, hang thought!

I would not be a ſerving-man
To carry the cloak-bag ſtill,
Nor would I be a falconer
The greedy hawks to fill;
But I would be in a good houſe,
And have a good maſter too;
But I would eat and drink of the beſt,
And no work would I do.

This

This is that keeps life and ſoul together, mirth! This is the philoſpher's ſtone that they write ſo much on, that keeps a man ever young!

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, they ſay they know all your money is gone, and they will truſt you for no more drink.

Mer. Will they not? let 'em chuſe! The beſt is, I have mirth at home, and need not ſend abroad for that; let them keep their drink to themſelves.

For Jillian of Berry ſhe dwells on a hill,
And ſhe hath good beer and ale to ſell,
And of good fellows ſhe thinks no ill,
And thither will we go now, now, now,
And thither will we go now.
And when you have made a little ſtay,
You need not know what is to pay,
But kiſs your hoſteſs, and go your way.
And thither, *&c.*

Enter another Boy.

2 *Boy.* Sir, I can get no bread for ſupper.

Mer. Hang bread and ſupper! let's preſerve our mirth, and we ſhall never feel hunger, I'll warrant you. Let's have a catch: Boy, follow me; come, ſing this catch.

Ho, ho, nobody at home,
Meat, nor drink, nor money ha' we none?
Fill the pot, Eedy,
Never more need I.

Mer. So, boys; enough. Follow me: let's change our place, and we ſhall laugh afreſh. [*Exeunt.*

Wife. Let him go, George; a ſhall not have any countenance from us; not a good word from any i'th' company, if I may ſtrike ſtroke in't.

Cit. No more a ſhannot, love. But, Nell, I will have Ralph do a very notable matter now, to the eternal honour and glory of all grocers. Sirrah! you there! Boy! Can none of you hear?

Boy.

Boy. Sir, your pleaſure?

Cit. Let Ralph come out on May-day in the morning, and ſpeak upon a conduit, with all his ſcarfs about him, and his feathers, and his rings, and his knacks.

Boy. Why, Sir, you do not think of our plot; what will become of that then?

Cit. Why, Sir, I care not what become on't! I'll have him come out, or I'll fetch him out myſelf; I'll have ſomething done in honour of the city. Beſides, he hath been long enough upon adventures: Bring him out quickly; or if I come amongſt you——

Boy. Well, Sir, he ſhall come out; but if our play miſcarry, Sir, you are like to pay for't. [*Exit.*

Cit. Bring him away then!

Wife. This will be brave, i'faith! George, ſhall not he dance the morris too, for the credit of the Strand?

Cit. No, ſweetheart, it will be too much for the boy. Oh, there he is, Nell! he's reaſonable well in reparrel; but he has not rings enough.

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. London, to thee I do preſent
The merry month of May;
Let each true ſubject be content
To hear me what I ſay:
For from the top of Conduit-Head,
As plainly may appear,
I will both tell my name to you,
And wherefore I came here.
My name is Ralph, by due deſcent
Tho' not ignoble I,
Yet far inferior to the flock
Of gracious grocery;
And by the common counſel of
My fellows in the Strand,
With gilded ſtaff, and croſſed ſcarf,
The May-lord here I ſtand.

Rejoice,

Rejoice, oh, Engliſh hearts, rejoice,
Rejoice, oh, lovers dear;
Rejoice, oh, city, town, and country,
Rejoice eke every ſhire!
For now the fragrant flowers do ſpring
And ſprout in ſeemly ſort,
The little birds do ſit and ſing,
The lambs do make fine ſport;
And now the burchin-tree doth bud,
That makes the ſchoolboy cry,
The morrs rings, while hobby-horſe
Doth foot it featuouſly;
The lords and ladies now abroad,
For their diſport and play,
Do kiſs ſometimes upon the graſs,
And ſometimes in the hay.
Now butter with a leaf of ſage
Is good to purge the blood,
Fly Venus and phlebotomy,
For they are neither good!
Now little fiſh on tender ſtone
Begin to caſt their bellies,
And ſluggiſh ſnails, that erſt were mew'd[58],
Do creep out of their ſhellies.
The rumbling rivers now do warm,
For little boys to paddle;
The ſturdy ſteed now goes to graſs,
And up they hang his ſaddle.
The heavy hart, the blowing buck[59],
The raſcal and the pricket,
Are now among the yeoman's peaſe,
And leave the fearful thicket.
And be like them, oh, you, I ſay,
Of this ſame noble town,
And lift aloft your velvet heads,
And ſlipping of your gown:

58. *That erſt were* mute.] Corrected by Sympſon.

59 *The* blowing *buck.*] The firſt quarto reads *bellowing*. The judicious are left to their choice. *Sympſon.*

We cannot ſuppoſe any of the *judicious* will prefer *bellowing*.

With

With bells on legs, and napkins clean
  Unto your ſhoulders tied,
With ſcarfs and garters as you pleaſe,
  And hey for our town cried.
March out and ſhew your willing minds,
  By twenty and by twenty,
To Hogſdon, or to Newington,
  Where ale and cakes are plenty!
And let it ne'er be ſaid for ſhame,
  That we the youths of London,
Lay thrumming of our caps at home,
  And left our cuſtom undone.
Up then, I ſay, both young and old,
  Both man and maid a-maying,
With drums and guns that bounce aloud,
  And merry tabor playing!
Which to prolong, God ſave our king,
  And ſend his country peace,
And root out treaſon from the land!
  And ſo, my friends, I ceaſe. [*Exit.*

FINIS ACTUS QUARTI.

ACT V.

Enter Merchant ſolus.

Merch. I Will have no great ſtore of company at the wedding; a couple of neighbours and their wives; and we will have a capon in ſtewed broth, with marrow, and a good piece of beef, ſtuck with roſemary [60].

Enter Jaſper, with his face mealed.

Jaſp. Forbear thy pains, fond man! it is too late.
Merch. Heav'n bleſs me! Jaſper?
Jaſp. Ay, I am his ghoſt,

[60] *Roſemary.*] See note 33 on the Elder Brother.

Whom thou haſt injur'd for his conſtant love.
Fond worldly wretch! who doſt not underſtand
In death that true hearts cannot parted be.
Firſt know, thy daughter is quite borne away
On wings of angels, thro' the liquid air,
Too far out of thy reach, and never more
Shalt thou behold her face: But ſhe and I
Will in another world enjoy our loves;
Where neither father's anger, poverty,
Nor any croſs that troubles earthly men,
Shall make us ſever our united hearts.
And never ſhalt thou ſit, or be alone
In any place, but I will viſit thee
With ghaſtly looks, and put into thy mind
The great offences which thou didſt to me.
When thou art at thy table with thy friends,
Merry in heart, and fill'd with ſwelling wine,
I'll come in midſt of all thy pride and mirth,
Inviſible to all men but thyſelf[61],
And whiſper ſuch a ſad tale in thine ear,
Shall make thee let the cup fall from thy hand,
And ſtand as mute and pale as death itſelf.

Merch. Forgive me, Jaſper! Oh, what might I do,
Tell me, to ſatisfy thy troubled ghoſt?

Jaſp. There is no means; too late thou think'ſt on this.

Merch. But tell me what were beſt for me to do?

Jaſp. Repent thy deed, and ſatisfy my father,
And beat fond Humphrey out of thy doors. [*Exit.*

Enter Humphrey.

Wife. Look, George; his very ghoſt would have folks beaten.

Hum. Father, my bride is gone, fair miſtreſs Luce.
My ſoul's the fount of vengeance, miſchief's ſluice.

Merch. Hence, fool, out of my ſight, with thy fond paſſion!

[61] *Inviſible to all men but thyſelf.*] This ſeems to be meant as a ridicule on the appearance of Banquo's ghoſt in Macbeth.

Thou

Thou haſt undone me.

Hum. Hold, my father dear!
For Luce thy daughter's ſake, that had no peer.

Merch. Thy father, fool? There's ſome blows more; be gone! [*Beats him.*
Jaſper, I hope thy ghoſt be well appeas'd
To ſee thy will performed. Now I'll go
To ſatisfy thy father for thy wrongs. [*Exit.*

Hum. What ſhall I do? I have been beaten twice,
And miſtreſs Luce is gone? Help me, Device!
Since my true love is gone, I never more,
Whilſt I do live, upon the ſky will pore;
But in the dark will wear out my ſhoe-ſoles
In paſſion, in Saint Faith's church under Paul's. [*Exit.*

Wife. George, call Ralph hither; if you love me, call Ralph hither! I have the braveſt thing for him to do——George! prithee, call him quickly.

Cit. Ralph! why, Ralph, boy!

Enter Ralph.

Ralph. Here, Sir.

Cit. Come hither, Ralph; come to thy miſtreſs, boy.

Wife. Ralph, I would have thee call all the youths together in battle-ray, with drums, and guns, and flags, and march to Mile-End in pompous faſhion, and there exhort your ſoldiers to be merry and wiſe, and to keep their beards from burning, Ralph; and then ſkirmiſh, and let your flags fly, and cry, 'kill, kill, kill!' My huſband ſhall lend you his jerkin, Ralph, and there's a ſcarf; for the reſt, the houſe ſhall furniſh you, and we'll pay for't. Do it bravely, Ralph; and think before whom you perform, and what perſon you repreſent.

Ralph. I warrant you, miſtreſs; if I do it not, for the honour of the city, and the credit of my maſter, let me never hope for freedom!

Wife. 'Tis well ſpoken, i'faith! Go thy ways; thou art a ſpark indeed.

Cit. Ralph, Ralph, double your files bravely, Ralph!

Ralph. I warrant you, Sir. [*Exit.*

Cit. Let him look narrowly to his ſervice; I ſhall take him elſe. I was there myſelf a pike-man once, in the hotteſt of the day, wench; had my feather ſhot ſheer away, the fringe of my pike burnt off with powder, my pate broken with a ſcouring-ſtick, and yet, I thank God, I am here. [*Drums within.*

Wife. Hark, George, the drums!

Cit. Ran, tan, tan, tan, ran, tan! Oh, wench, an thou hadſt but ſeen little Ned of Aldgate, drum Ned, how he made it roar again, and laid on like a tyrant, and then ſtruck ſoftly till the ward came up, and then thundered again, and together we go? ſa, ſa, ſa, bounce, quoth the guns! courage, my hearts, quoth the captains! Saint George, quoth the pike-men! and withal, here they lay, and there they lay! And yet for all this I am here, wench.

Wife. Be thankful for it, George; for indeed 'tis wonderful.

Enter Ralph and his company, with drums and colours.

Ralph. March fair, my hearts[61]! lieutenant, beat the rear up.
Ancient, let your colours fly; but have
A great care of the butchers' hooks at Whitechapel;
They have been the death of many a fair ancient.
Open your files, that I may take a view
Both of your perſons and munition.
Sergeant, call a muſter.

Serg. A ſtand!—William Hamerton, pewterer!

Ham. Here, captain.

Ralph. A croſlet and a Spaniſh pike! 'tis well:
Can you ſhake it with a terror?

Ham. I hope ſo, captain.

Ralph. Charge upon me—'Tis with the weakeſt:
Put more ſtrength, William Hamerton, more ſtrength.

[61] *March fair, my hearts*, &c.] As Ralph's part ſeems intended for metre (though this whole ſcene has hitherto been printed as proſe), we have endeavoured to divide it accordingly, and hope it is ſettled tolerably right.

As

As you were again. Proceed, Sergeant.

Serg. George Greengooſe, poulterer!

Green. Here!

Ralph. Let me ſee your piece, neighbour Greengooſe; When was ſhe ſhot in?

Green. An't like you, maſter captain, I made a ſhot even now, partly to ſcour her, and partly for audacity.

Ralph. It ſhould ſeem ſo
Certainly; for her breath is yet inflamed.
Beſides, there is a main fault in the touch-hole,
It runs and ſtinketh:
And I tell you moreover, and believe it,
Ten ſuch touch-holes would breed the pox i' th' army.
Get you a feather, neighbour; get you a feather,
Sweet oil, and paper, and your piece may do
Well enough yet. Where's your powder?

Green. Here.

Ralph. What, in a paper?
As I'm a ſoldier and a gentleman,
It craves a martial court! You ought to die for't.
Where's your horn? Anſwer me to that.

Green. An't like you, Sir, I was oblivious.

Ralph. It likes me not it ſhould be ſo; 'tis a ſhame
For you, and a ſcandal to all our neighbours,
Being a man of worth and eſtimation,
To leave your horn behind you: I'm afraid
'Twill breed example. But let me tell you no more on't.
Stand, till I view you all. What's become
O' th' noſe of your flaſk?

1 *Sold.* Indeed-la, captain, 'twas blown away with powder.

Ralph. Put on a new one at the city's charge.
Where's the ſtone of this piece?

2 *Sold.* The drummer took it out to light tobacco.

Ralph. 'Tis a fault, my friend; put it in again.
You want a noſe, and you a ſtone; Sergeant, take a note on't,
For I mean to ſtop it in the pay. Remove and march!
Soft and fair, gentlemen, ſoft and fair! Double your files;

As you were! faces about[63]! Now, you with the ſodden face,
Keep in there! Look to your match, ſirrah,
It will be in your fellow's flaſk anon.
So; make a creſcent now; advance your pikes;
Stand and give ear!—Gentlemen, countrymen,
Friends, and my fellow-ſoldiers, I have brought you
This day from the ſhops of ſecurity,
And the counters of content, to meaſure out
In theſe furious fields, honour by the ell,
And proweſs by the pound. Let it not,
Oh, let it not, I ſay, be told hereafter,
The noble iſſue of this city fainted;
But bear yourſelves in this fair action
Like men, valiant men, and free men! Fear not
The face of the enemy, nor the noiſe of the guns;
For believe me, brethren, the rude rumbling
Of a brewer's carr is more terrible,
Of which you have a daily experience:
Neither let the ſtink of powder offend you,
Since a more valiant ſtink is nightly with you.
To a reſolved mind, his home is every where.
I ſpeak not this to take away
The hope of your return; for you ſhall ſee
(I do not doubt it) and that very ſhortly,
Your loving wives again, and your ſweet children,
Whoſe care doth bear you company in baſkets.
Remember then whoſe cauſe you have in hand,
And, like a ſort of true-born ſcavengers,
Scour me this famous realm of enemies.
I have no more to ſay but this:
Stand to your tacklings, lads, and ſhew to th' world,
You can as well brandiſh a ſword
As ſhake an apron. Saint George, and on, my hearts!

Omnes. Saint George, Saint George! [*Exeunt.*

Wife. 'Twas well done, Ralph! I'll ſend thee a cold capon a-field, and a bottle of March beer; and, it may be, come myſelf to ſee thee.

[63] *Faces about.*] See note 63 on the Scornful Lady.

Cit. Nell, the boy hath deceiv'd me much! I did not think it had been in him. He has perform'd ſuch a matter, wench, that, if I live, next year I'll have him captain of the gallifoiſt, or I'll want my will.

Enter Old Merrythought.

Mer. Yet, I thank God, I break not a wrinkle more than I had. Not a ſtoop, boys? Care, live with cats; I defy thee! My heart is as ſound as an oak; and tho' I want drink to wet my whiſtle, I can ſing,

Come no more there, boys, come no more there;
For we ſhall never whilſt we live come any more there.

Enter a Boy, with a coffin.

Boy. God ſave you, Sir!

Mer. It's a brave boy. Canſt thou ſing?

Boy. Yes, Sir, I can ſing; but 'tis not ſo neceſſary at this time.

Mer. Sing we, and chaunt it,
Whilſt love doth grant it.

Boy. Sir, Sir, if you knew what I have brought you, you would have little liſt to ſing.

Mer. Oh, the mimon round,
Full long I have thee ſought,
And now I have thee found,
And what haſt thou here brought?

Boy. A coffin, Sir, and your dead ſon Jaſper in it.

Mer. Dead? Why, farewell he!
Thou waſt a bonny boy,
And I did love thee.

Enter Jaſper.

Jaſp. Then I pray you, Sir, do ſo ſtill.

Mer. Jaſper's ghoſt?
Thou art welcome from Stygian-lake ſo ſoon;
Declare to me what wondrous things
In Pluto's court are done.

Jaſp. By my troth, Sir, I ne'er came there; 'tis too hot for me, Sir.

Mer. A merry ghoſt, a very merry ghoſt!
And where is your true love? Oh, where is yours?

Jaſp. Marry, look you, Sir! [*Heaves up the coffin.*

Mer. Ah, ha! art thou good at that, i'faith?
With hey trickſy terlerie-whiſkin,
The world it runs on wheels.
When the young man's ——
Up goes the maiden's heels.

Mrs. Merrythought and Michael within.

Mrs. Mer. What, maſter Merrythought! will you not let's in? What do you think ſhall become of us?

Mer. What voice is that that calleth at our door?

Mrs. Mer. You know me well enough; I am ſure I have not been ſuch a ſtranger to you.

Mer. And ſome they whiſtled, and ſome they ſung,
Hey down, down!
And ſome did loudly ſay,
Ever as the lord Barnet's horn blew,
Away, Muſgrave, away [64].

Mrs. Mer. You will not have us ſtarve here, will you, maſter Merrythought?

Jaſp. Nay, good Sir, be perſuaded; ſhe's my mother:
If her offences have been great againſt you,
Let your own love remember ſhe is yours,
And ſo forgive her.

Luce. Good maſter Merrythought,
Let me entreat you; I will not be denied.

Mrs. Mer. Why, maſter Merrythought, will you be a vex'd thing ſtill?

Mer. Woman, I take you to my love again;
But you ſhall ſing before you enter; therefore

64 *And ſome they whiſtled*, &c.] The ballad from which this ſtanza is taken is printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 63. *R.*

Diſpatch

Diſpatch your ſong, and ſo come in.

Mrs. Mer. Well, you muſt have your will, when all's done. Micke, what ſong canſt thou ſing, boy?

Mich. I can ſing none forſooth, but A Lady's Daughter of Paris, properly.

Mich. [*ſings.*] It was a lady's daughter, *&c.*

Mer. Come, you're welcome home again.
If ſuch danger be in playing,
And jeſt muſt to earneſt turn,
You ſhall go no more a-maying——

Merch. [*within.*] Are you within, Sir? maſter Merrythought!

Jaſp. It is my maſter's voice; good Sir, go hold him
In talk whilſt we convey ourſelves into
Some inward room.

Mer. What are you? are you merry?
You muſt be very merry, if you enter,

Merch. I am, Sir.

Mer. Sing then.

Merch. Nay, good Sir, open to me,

Mer. Sing, I ſay,
Or, by the merry heart, you come not in!

Merch. Well, Sir, I'll ſing.
Fortune my foe [65], *&c.*

Mer. You're welcome, Sir, you're welcome!
You ſee your entertainment; pray you be merry.

Merch. Oh, maſter Merrythought, I'm come to aſk you
Forgiveneſs for the wrongs I offer'd you,
And your moſt virtuous ſon; they're infinite,
Yet my contrition ſhall be more than they,
I do confeſs my hardneſs broke his heart,
For which juſt Heaven hath giv'n me puniſhment
More than my age can carry; his wandring ſpirit,
Not yet at reſt, purſues me every where,
Crying, 'I'll haunt thee for thy cruelty.'

[65] *Fortune my foe.*] See note 2 on the Cuſtom of the Country.

My

My daughter ſhe is gone, I know not how,
Taken inviſible, and whether living,
Or in the grave, 'tis yet uncertain to me.
Oh, maſter Merrythought, theſe are the weights
Will ſink me to my grave! Forgive me, Sir.

Mer. Why, Sir, I do forgive you; and be merry!
And if the wag in's life-time play'd the knave,
Can you forgive him too?

Merch. With all my heart, Sir.

Mer. Speak it again, and heartily.

Merch. I do, Sir;
Now, by my ſoul, I do.

Mer. With that came out his paramour;
She was as white as the lilly flower,
Hey troul, troly, loly!

Enter Luce and Jaſper.

With that came out her own dear knight,
He was as true as ever did fight, *&c.*
Sir, if you will forgive 'em, clap their hands
Together; there's no more to be ſaid i' th' matter.

Merch. I do, I do.

Cit. I do not like this: Peace, boys! Hear me, one of you! every body's part is come to an end but Ralph's, and he's left out.

Boy. 'Tis long of yourſelf, Sir; we have nothing to do with his part.

Cit. Ralph, come away! Make an end on him[66], as you have done of the reſt, boys; come!

Wife. Now, good huſband, let him come out and die.

Cit. He ſhall, Nell. Ralph, come away quickly, and die, boy.

Boy. 'Twill be very unfit he ſhould die, Sir, upon no occaſion; and in a comedy too.

Cit. Take you no care for that, Sir Boy; is not his part at an end, think you, when he's dead? Come away, Ralph!

[66] *Make on him.*] The two words which we have added ſeem abſolutely neceſſary to the completion of the ſenſe.

Enter

Enter Ralph, with a forked arrow through his head.

Ralph. When I was mortal [67], this my coſtive corps
Did lap up figs and raiſins in the Strand;
Where ſitting, I eſpied a lovely dame,
Whoſe maſter wrought with lingell [68] and with awl,
And underground he vamped many a boot:
Straight did her love prick forth me, tender ſprig,
To follow feats of arms in warlike wiſe,
Thro' Waltham-Deſart; where I did perform
Many atchievements, and did lay on ground
Huge Barbaroſo, that inſulting giant,
And all his captives ſoon ſet at liberty.
Then honour prick'd me from my native ſoil
Into Moldavia, where I gain'd the love
Of Pompiona, his beloved daughter;
But yet prov'd conſtant to the black-thumb'd maid
Suſan, and ſcorned Pompiona's love;
Yet liberal I was, and gave her pins,
And money for her father's officers.
I then returned home, and thruſt myſelf
In action, and by all men choſen was
The lord of May; where I did flouriſh it,
With ſcarfs and rings, and poſy in my hand [69].
After this action I preferred was,
And choſen city-captain at Mile-End,
With hat and feather, and with leading ſtaff,
And train'd my men, and brought them all off clean,
Save one man that bewray'd him with the noiſe.
But all theſe things I Ralph did undertake,
Only for my beloved Suſan's ſake.
Then coming home, and ſitting in my ſhop

67 *When I was mortal*, &c.] This ſpeech is a parody on that of the Ghoſt of Andrea, at the beginning of the famous play of Jeronimo:

'When this eternal ſubſtance of my ſoul
'Did live impriſon'd in my wonted fleſh, &c.' *R.*

68 *Lingell.*] A thread of hemp rubbed with roſin, &c. uſed by ruſtics for mending their ſhoes. *Percy.*

69 *And* poeſie *in my hand.*] The orthography varied by Sympſon to *poſie*.

With

With apron blue, Death came unto my ſtall
To cheapen *aquavitæ*; but ere I
Could take the bottle down, and fill a taſte,
Death caught a pound of pepper in his hand,
And ſprinkled all my face and body o'er,
And in an inſtant vaniſhed away.

Cit. 'Tis a pretty fiction, i'faith!

Ralph. Then took I up my bow and ſhaft in hand,
And walked in Moorfields to cool myſelf:
But there grim cruel Death met me again,
And ſhot this forked arrow thro' my head;
And now I faint; therefore be warn'd by me,
My fellows every one, of forked heads!
Farewell, all you good boys in merry London!
Ne'er ſhall we more upon Shrove-Tueſday meet,
And pluck down houſes of iniquity;
(My pain encreaſeth) I ſhall never more
Hold open, whilſt another pumps both legs,
Nor daub a ſattin gown with rotten eggs;
Set up a ſtake, oh, never more I ſhall!
I die! fly, fly, my ſoul, to Grocers' Hall! Oh, oh, oh, oh, *&c.*

Wife. Well ſaid, Ralph! do your obeiſance to the gentlemen, and go your ways. Well ſaid, Ralph!

[*Exit Ralph.*

Mer. Methinks all we, thus kindly and unexpectedly reconciled, ſhould not part without a ſong.

Merch. A good motion.

Mer. Strike up then!

Better muſick ne'er was known,
Than a quire of hearts in one.
Let each other, that hath been
Troubled with the gall or ſpleen,
Learn of us to keep his brow
Smooth and plain, as ours are now!
Sing, tho' before the hour of dying,
He ſhall riſe, and then be crying,
'Heyho, 'tis nought but mirth
'That keeps the body from the earth.'

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUS.

EPILOGUS.

Cit. Come, Nell, ſhall we go? the play's done.

Wife. Nay, by my faith, George, I have more manners than ſo; I'll ſpeak to theſe gentlemen firſt. I thank you all, gentlemen, for your patience and countenance to Ralph, a poor fatherleſs child! and if I may ſee you at my houſe, it ſhould go hard but I would have a pottle of wine, and a pipe of tobacco for you; for truly I hope you like the youth; but I would be glad to know the truth: I refer it to your own diſcretions, whether you will applaud him or no; for I will wink, and, whilſt, you ſhall do what you will.—I thank you with all my heart. God give you good night! Come, George.

THE privy mark of irony, which runs through this play, not being underſtood, was the reaſon, ſays Walter Burre, [In his Dedication of the quarto of 1613, to his many ways endeered friend, maiſter Robert Keyſar] that it was ready to give up the ghoſt, and ran the danger of being ſmothered in perpetual oblivion, had not Mr. Keyſar been moy'd to relieve and cheriſh it. And that the Reader may not think the hint of ridiculing Romance-Writers was taken from Don Quixote, the ſame Burre aſſures us, in very ſtrong terms, that our Knight came out into the world above a full year before the Spaniard. If this be ſo, then the preſent play was wrote at leaſt in the year 1604, for Cervantes did not publiſh his firſt part before *A. D.* 1605.

However, this eight days performance has more gall in it than I could wiſh; and the Poet, againſt whom the keeneſt part of this ſatire is ſeemingly levell'd, deſerv'd better treatment than we find he has met with: And it might be owing perhaps to Spenſer's friends that this piece was ſuppreſſed for at leaſt the term of nine years, *i. e.* from 1604, in which it might be wrote, to *A. D.* 1613, when the firſt quarto copy came out into the world. *Sympſon.*

We by no means credit the aſſertion of Walter Burre, that 'our 'Knight came into the world' before Don Quixotte: It muſt be obvious to every attentive reader of both, that our Authors derived many principal hints from that ſource. But a much ſtronger proof of this play being of a later date than Burre aſſerts, is, that it followed Heywood's Four Prentices (the reference to which is fully proved by the very ingenious Mr. Warton, p. 436 of this volume) of which we have no account till the year 1612. It therefore appears probable, that Cervantes began the ridicule on Knight-Errantry; that Heywood followed his track; and that our Authors (even while they laughed at Heywood) burleſqued the ſame folly, in the ſucceeding year.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

00052974

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016